

SEPTEMBER 1983

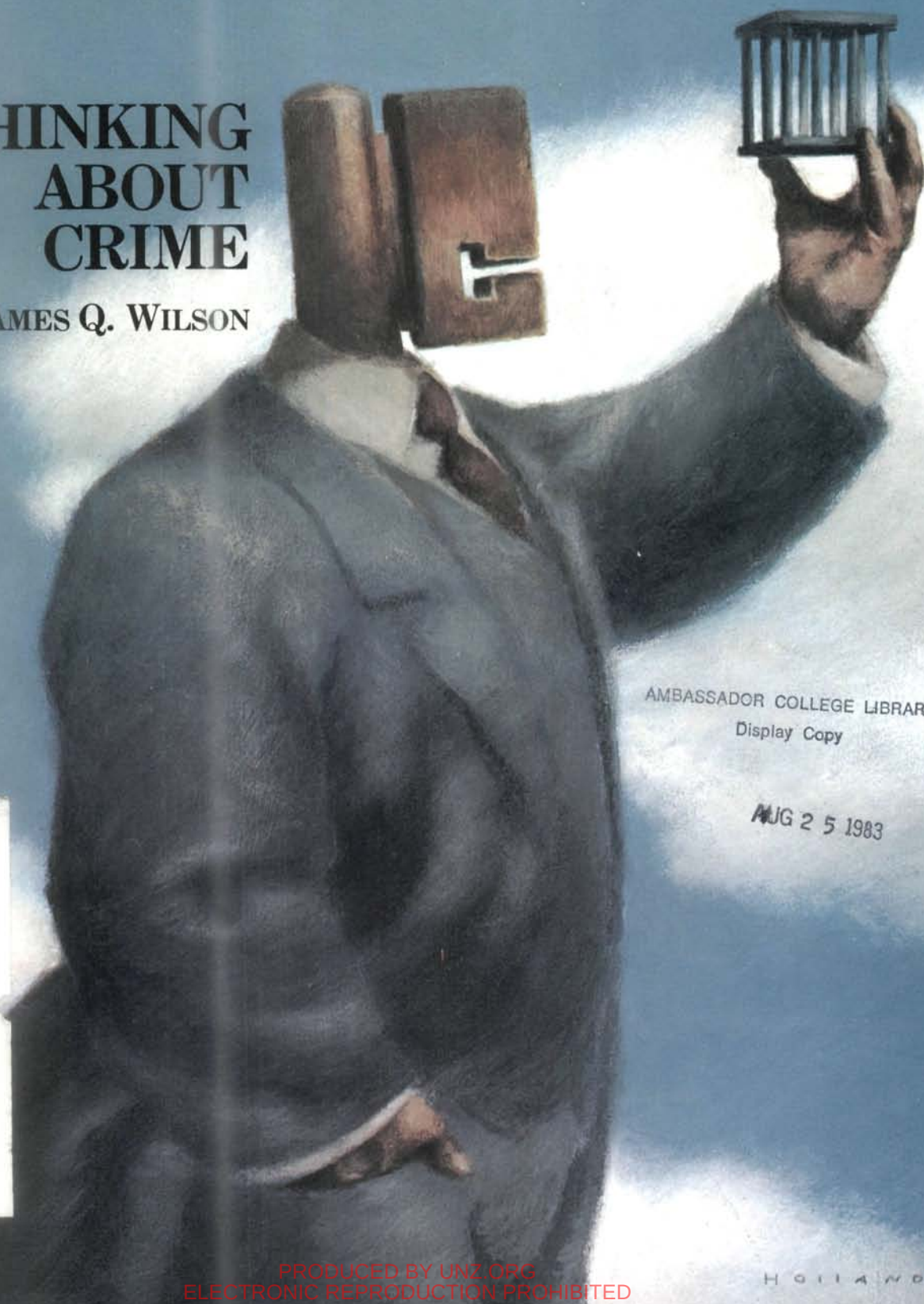
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THE Atlantic

MICHAEL MASSING ON REAGAN'S JAMAICA EXPERIMENT / HUMOR BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

THINKING ABOUT CRIME

BY JAMES Q. WILSON



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ORDEAL OF KENNETH ADELMAN

James Fallows's article "The Ordeal of Kenneth Adelman" (July *Atlantic*), despite an ostensibly bipartisan conclusion, is essentially a defense not only of Mr. Adelman and his arch-conservative politics but of the administration he serves loyally. His "ordeal" was avoidable; he need not have accepted appointment to a job for which he is largely unqualified. Indeed, it was, purely and simply, his lack of qualifications that motivated opposition to his confirmation in the Congress.

ROBERT S. KANE
New York, N.Y.

James Fallows's account of the political forces that came to bear on the Kenneth Adelman arms-control appointment should be studied and admired by journalism students everywhere. This is classical journalism, the antithesis of the modern "adversary" variety, which substitutes passion for hard work. As a journalist of twenty-five years, several of them in the Washington press corps, I've watched the erosion of the classical journalistic form—at times, I'm sorry to say, contributing to that erosion. Fallows reminds us of the great benefits to a readership or audience when journalists work to a golden rule. He and *The Atlantic* deserve at least a Pulitzer Prize for this achievement.

JUDE WANNISKI
Morristown, N.J.

and frustration went hand in hand when a simple task such as checking the oil level or the tire pressure of a truck needed to be done. As an engineer, I was subject to a formal grievance if I did either of these myself, instead of searching out an available mechanic. No matter that it would take me thirty seconds to check the oil as opposed to fifteen minutes to get a mechanic to do it. When I questioned mechanics as to the wisdom of this, the consensus was that these simple tasks created another union job—and that was good for the union.

Non-union employees working with union ones tend to see only one side of the story. Thanks to Mr. Easterbrook's research, I now better understand union motives and actions. But it still seems they're asking too much and compromising too little.

DANIEL M. ROCHE
Dayton, Ohio

MILITARY SPENDING GAP

Franklyn D. Holzman concludes his essay "Military Spending: Are We Falling Behind the Soviets?" (July *Atlantic*) with the observation that from a military-potential standpoint the "correlation of forces" is clearly unfavorable to the Soviet bloc and that the Reagan Administration has therefore overestimated the level of threat posed by the Soviet Union and its allies. While I am generally sympathetic to his argument, I have trouble with two components of his reasoning.

First, Professor Holzman contends that the level of military expenditures, expressed either as an absolute figure (regardless of the method) or as a percentage of GNP, can serve as a proxy for intentions. I believe that this emphasis on military spending is misplaced. What difference does it make whether the Soviets can field their forces with greater or less spending than the U.S.? It is the capabilities of the Soviet military establishment that are so disquieting, not the amount of resources the Politburo devotes to the military sector of the Soviet economy.

The Soviet practice of incrementalism

VOTING FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

Gregg Easterbrook's article "Voting for Unemployment" (May *Atlantic*) beautifully spelled out and explained the sometimes baffling behavior of labor-union employees.

During my two years as an engineer for International Harvester, I was continually amazed at the excessive protection the UAW gave its members. It seemed absurd when I had to persuade a UAW mechanic not to abort a crucial test in mid-run simply because it was ten o'clock and break time according to union-contract stipulations. Inefficiency

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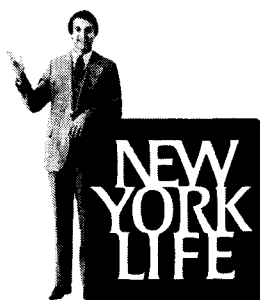
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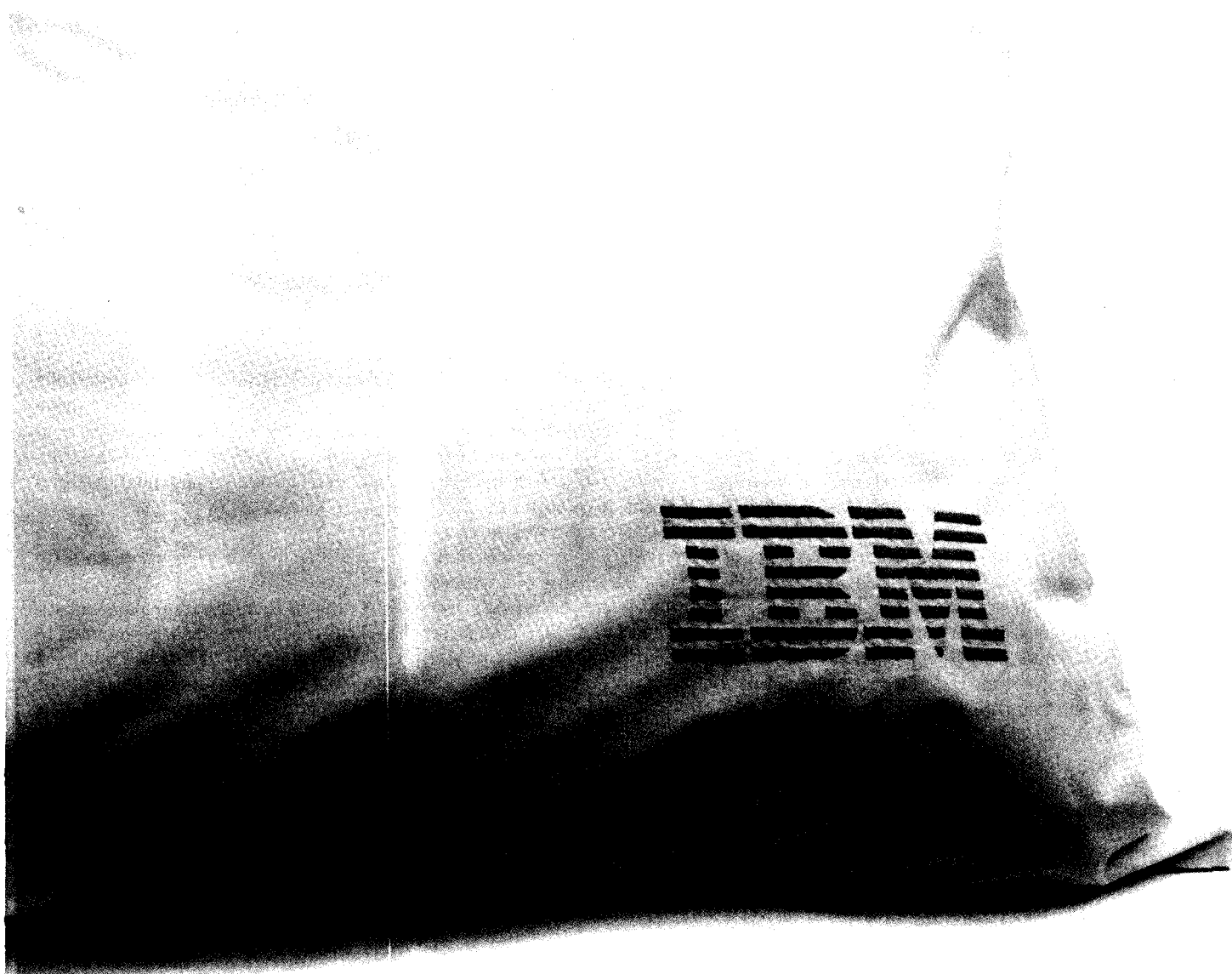


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in the production of weapons (whereby design bureaus make marginal improvements in each generation of weapons rather than redesign a completely new system, as is usually the case in the U.S.) combined with incredibly small labor costs probably accounts for the Soviets' ability to field such large forces. Perhaps the U.S. should go to conscription and modify the competitive-bid process for winning major defense contracts, but in any case few military analysts will contest the view that the Soviet Union has at least strategic parity and conventional superiority when compared with the United States.

Second, Dr. Holzman seems to believe that it is fair to subtract the resources the Soviets devote to countering China when calculating the U.S.-Soviet balance. Perhaps in certain scenarios this would be appropriate. However, the nonmechanized nature of Chinese conventional forces and the small size of China's nuclear forces suggest that the PRC does not constitute a major threat to the USSR, unless the Soviets invade it. Furthermore, not all U.S. forces are oriented toward anti-Soviet contingencies. While the NATO commitment drives U.S. defense planning, missions in Latin America, the Middle East, and East Asia also demand resources. Of course, both U.S. and Soviet forces geared up for combat against non-superpower states can always be restructured and redeployed. Therefore it seems unbalanced to count, as Professor Holzman does, all U.S. and only NATO-oriented Soviet forces when calculating the abstraction of the U.S.-Soviet balance.

ETHAN S. BURGER
Washington, D.C.

Franklyn D. Holzman replies:

Using the level of military expenditures as a proxy for intentions is not my invention, as Mr. Burger implies, but one used by most political figures, including President Reagan, as quoted in my essay. Since expenditures are often used for this purpose, it was necessary to call attention to the errors in and misleading interpretations of the data that permeate public discussions of the arms race. This was the major purpose of my essay.

I agree that the "capabilities of the Soviet military establishment . . . are . . . disquieting." My point was that to the Soviets, the capabilities of their adversaries—the U.S., Canada, China, West-

ern Europe, and Japan—are undoubtedly even more disquieting. Add to this the impact on them of seeing their military equipment substantially outperformed by U.S.-made equipment in the past two Middle East wars. We know and they know that while they have a quantitative edge over us in some dimensions of the arms race, our qualitative edge is still substantial, something admitted even by the Department of Defense.

The PRC may not, in Burger's view, constitute a major threat to the USSR, but, apparently, the Russians consider it so: according to the most recent DOD and CIA estimates, approximately 20 percent of Soviet military spending is directed at the Chinese. In my rough calculations, I subtracted not 20 percent but only 15 percent, to allow for the facts that 1) we have forces devoted to other areas of the world (but much less than theirs in China); 2) some of their forces opposing China might be quickly deployed in a crisis; but 3) they also have forces directed at other areas (e.g. Afghanistan).

LANGUAGE IN QUEBEC

In his excellent article on Quebec's language problems (June *Atlantic*), Mordecai Richler employs a significant phrase: "French Power in Ottawa." It is this French Power, embodied in the Trudeau government, that has dedicated itself to imposing the French language on the English-speaking provinces of Canada—at the same time that English and all other non-French languages are legally outlawed in Quebec. Anglophone Canadians are notoriously apathetic when it comes to politics, but now even they are beginning to realize they've been had.

Prime Minister Trudeau describes Canada as "this country which is ours (i.e. the French Canadians'), this country we discovered, colonized, and explored." But native North Americans "discovered" Canada in the first place, and Scandinavian and Italian explorers came to Canadian shores before the French, as no doubt did the European fishermen operating out of Newfoundland. And, if Canada's ten provinces were all colonized by the French, how is it that the Canadians in nine of them speak English?

Vraiment, les français did settle, per-

manently, in the portion of Canada that is now Quebec Province—with this there is no argument. But theirs is one province out of ten, and they have about one quarter of the national population—a proportion that hardly justifies the obsessive political preoccupation with the "French Fact" in Canada.

We "*maudits anglais*" have no axes to grind in Quebec. We don't wish to "rule" or exploit the Québécois; we don't care what language they choose to speak; we have no ambitions against their territorial or cultural or economic integrity. But we do object to having millions of our tax dollars squandered on the promotion of a "bilingualism and biculturalism" drive that we neither need nor want—particularly when truly vital areas, such as national defense and employment, are given a back seat.

H. WARD
Corunna, Ontario

Mordecai Richler rather paternalistically concedes that in supporting the PQ program, "French Canadians were not acting vengefully without cause." Like so many Anglophones, Mr. Richler assumes that the language legislation is purely an expression of revenge, that it has no social purpose. He fails to address the problem of national survival on an overwhelmingly English-speaking continent. Québécois nationalism derives from something far more fundamental than the legitimate economic grievances Mr. Richler discusses; French in North America is in the long run more threatened than English is now in Quebec. The absurd and mean-spirited aspects of the language legislation are the unfortunate concomitants of the struggle for nationhood, which is in itself good, and beautiful.

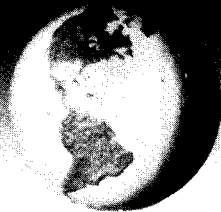
D. S. PROUDFOOT
Outremont, Quebec

How curious that the Quebec government is going to have all the "Stop/Arrêt" road signs in that province changed to read only "Arrêt"!

In France, the stop signs say "Stop."
JEFFREY T. CHAMBERLAIN
Louisville, Ky.

Mordecai Richler has made his name as a fiction writer, which may explain some of the comments in his article on Quebec language legislation. The Parti Québécois government's Bill 101 did not declare French "the only official

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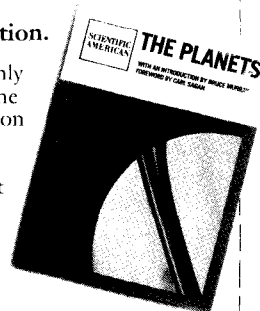
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language in Quebec"; that had been done by the anti-independence Liberal Party long before the PQ came to power.

The fact is nobody has been elected in Quebec since the late 1960s who did not stand for legislative protection of the French language. Federal Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, a bitter foe of the PQ, launched his career as author of the Official Languages Act. Its goal was to put French on a par with English across the country, though its application—according to the agency responsible for its supervision—has been a sorry failure.

The Lévesque government's Bill 101 has found admirers around the world, because it is firm but tolerant, and because it works. Mr. Richler should be aware that the Québécois are not the only group to fear for linguistic survival. Mexican legislators, for example, took Bill 101 as a model of enlightened language legislation. And the law is relatively temperate compared with the harsh language legislation of some countries, such as Israel.

Richler longs for the Montreal of the 1940s and 1950s, when English reigned supreme and the French "knew their place." Anglophone satirists, Richler among them, ridiculed the butchered patois of Montreal's East End. Yet now that the Québécois attempt to protect their tongue from deterioration and eventual destruction, Richler has nothing but mockery.

We are supposed to stand back in horror when Richler trots out accusations of anti-Semitism. The fact is, Quebec has a well-earned reputation for hospitality toward the Jewish people, dating back to the early days of colonization. When the city of Trois-Rivières elected a Jewish member of Parliament during the 1820s, His Majesty's government intervened to annul the election. The mainly French electorate responded by re-electing their Jewish leader. Quebec republicans in the 1830s were the first in any British colony to abrogate anti-Semitic legislation. And today, in the 1980s, Quebec has the largest publicly funded network of Jewish schools in the world outside of Israel.

To the extent that anti-Semitism may exist in Quebec, we can give some credit to the novels of Mordecai Richler, and their hackneyed, stereotyped caricatures of Montreal's Jewish community. The Quebec leader of the Canadian Jewish Congress recently said that Jews were more secure in Quebec than anywhere else in the world. And why not:

How could a people struggling for cultural survival after centuries of assimilation be indifferent to the rights of minorities?

BILL SCHABAS
Montreal, Quebec

Mordecai Richler replies:

Mr. Schabas is quite right about the election of a Jewish MP to Parliament in Trois-Rivières in the 1820s. But since then, it has been rather a steep fall to the blatant anti-Semitism of Premier Maurice Duplessis and the celebration of such bigots as the Abbé Groulx, both resurrected as PQ heroes. I do not know of any "Quebec leader" of the Canadian Jewish Congress who was sufficiently silly to say Jews were more secure in Quebec than anywhere else in the world, but I do know that the congress has supplied me with figures showing that the Montreal Jewish community, once 115,000 strong, has diminished by some 15,000 since the PQ came to power. The congress's surveys, which I have here, also indicate that many more of the young plan to leave as soon as they graduate from university. Mr. Schabas's note about a publicly funded network of Jewish schools is true, but disingenuous. Ours is a confessional school system. Schools in Quebec are Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish, and they are funded by the government.

I thought I had made it abundantly clear in my article that many English-speaking people in Montreal have behaved arrogantly in the past, bringing a good deal of their present troubles on themselves. Speaking for myself, far from longing for the Montreal of the forties and fifties, on my return to Canada from England in 1972, my wife and I plunged our three eldest children into French schools and the two younger ones into French immersion classes.

The Liberal Party's Bill 22, put in place to ensure supremacy of the French language, was nothing like the PQ's Bill 101 in the meanness of its details, and it is dishonest of Mr. Schabas to pretend as much. Only a small right-wing fringe here questions the supremacy of French in Quebec. The rest of us are campaigning for a repeal of Bill 101's most vindictive articles. We are encouraged by the fact that, according to the most recent opinion polls, we enjoy the support of the French community, who also find the bill altogether too repressive. According to these same polls, the PQ is now fa-

vored by a mere 19 percent of Quebec's electorate.

Like Prime Minister Trudeau, I would like Canada to be a truly bilingual country, the rights of each community being respected rather than trampled on. The Prime Minister's policy, far from being a failure, continues to have encouraging results. According to Statistics Canada, since 1971, the percentage increase of bilingual speakers who previously spoke only one of the official languages is 56.7 for the English and 13.4 for the French. Furthermore, in Quebec at this time, it is the English, not the French, whose linguistic survival is threatened.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Donald Hall's "The Difficult Marriage" (July *Atlantic*) is a clever poem, but mistaken. Emily and Walt were married by Ralph Waldo Emerson sometime in the 1850s, or earlier.

ENNIS REES
Columbia, S.C.

It would be extremely helpful if the excellent article by the Harvard Nuclear Study Group (June *Atlantic*) were followed by another study on methods of developing "political accommodation and trust" between the two powers. This study may well start with their last statement: "... arms control must be accompanied by some improvement in U.S.-Soviet relations if humanity is to cope with its nuclear predicament."

This comment is prompted by the fact that so little effort is being made toward solving this basic problem.

JEROME SCHIFFER
Clearwater, Fla.

You routinely publish the best fiction, but the Richard Bausch story "All the Way in Flagstaff, Arizona" (April *Atlantic*) is the best of the best.

DAVID WERNER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Peter Davison's review of Elizabeth Bishop's *Complete Poems*, in your May issue, is wonderful—warm, perceptive, gracefully balanced—words fail me! I am sure Miss Bishop's old friends and fellow poets will appreciate this fine assessment of her talent.

JOHN JAMIESON
Leonia, N.J.

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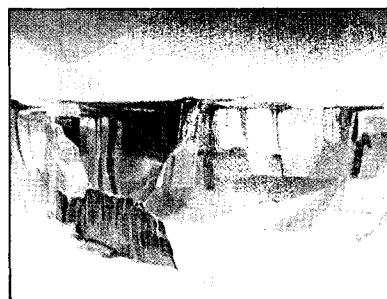
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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON LEARNING PEACE

*Bills in Congress to found
a national peace academy have
started a debate over who should
teach and study peace*



AMONG THE SUGGESTIONS contained in the U.S. Catholic bishops' recent pastoral letter on war and peace is a call to establish an official, federally chartered United States Academy of Peace. Referring to a statement by John Paul II that "scientific studies on war, its nature, causes, means, objectives, and risks have much to teach us on the conditions for peace," the bishops declare that "such an academy would not only provide a center for peace studies and activities, but also be a tangible evidence of our nation's sincerity in its often pro-

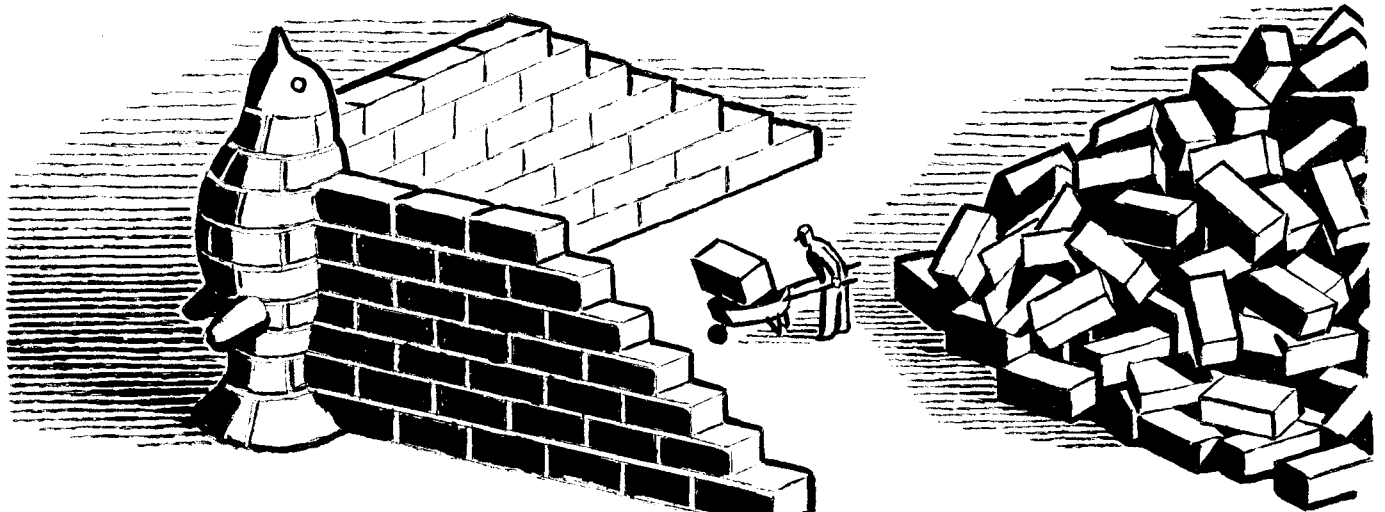
fessed commitment to international peace and the abolition of war."

With these words, the bishops joined some forty-five national organizations and nine state legislatures in formally supporting the idea of a national academy to research and teach peacemaking skills. Most of the newspaper editorials on the subject have been favorable. Membership in the National Peace Academy Campaign, the political-action committee created to move enabling legislation through Congress, has risen in the past two years from 3,000 to 35,000. Bills to establish a U.S. Academy of Peace were introduced in both houses of Congress last February; the House bill has so far collected nearly 150 co-sponsors, while the Senate bill has fifty-four. "The Peace Academy," says Senator Spark Matsunaga, of Hawaii, "is an idea whose time has come at long last."

The Reagan Administration does not agree. Citing "severe budget stringencies," representatives from the Department of State, the White House, and the Department of Education have submit-

ted testimony opposing the academy. Concerned about the "messianism" and "Orwellian overtones" that might emanate from a peace academy, Senator Jeremiah Denton, of Alabama, its most prominent opponent in the Senate, believes it would be "on the wrong side of realism." An editorial by the president of the Heritage Foundation, a conservative think tank, called the Senate co-sponsors "Jane Fondas of the Senate." Other critics, including ambassadors, military leaders, and deans of professional schools of international affairs, have characterized the idea as simplistic, vague, and abstract. "To every complicated question, there is a simple, direct answer," says Harvey Picker, dean of the Graduate School of International and Public Affairs at Columbia. "And it's usually wrong."

PROponents of the academy are sensitive to such criticisms, and want to avoid possibly damaging parallels between a peace academy and the nuclear-freeze resolution. They say that





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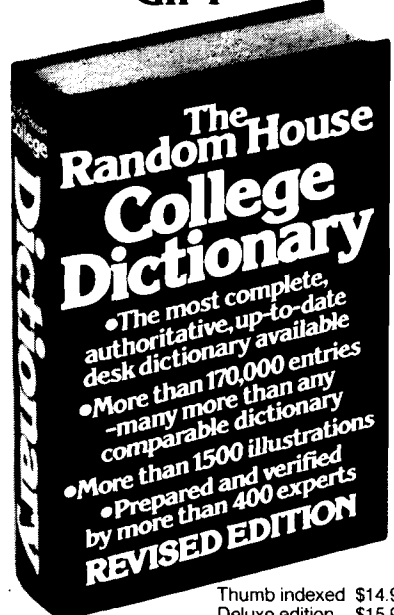
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while the idea of a formal institution for codifying and teaching the specific skills of peacemaking may be new, the wish for the government to set up *something* dedicated solely to promoting peace goes back to the eighteenth century. As early as 1793, five years after the Constitution was ratified, one commentator complained in print that the document did not include "an office for promoting and preserving perpetual peace in our country," and suggested balancing the Department of War with a Department of Peace, a suggestion that recurred in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. In 1945, the year the United Nations was chartered in hopes of ensuring that future international conflicts would be resolved peacefully, Jennings Randolph, then a member of the House and now a leading peace-academy advocate in the Senate (where, at the age of eighty-one, he is still a year and a half away from retirement), introduced his first bill to form a U.S. Peace Department. His wish was that the world could become "acclimated to peace instead of war."

One problem with Randolph's bill, along with the dozens of similar ones introduced in Congress over the next thirty years, was that no one has ever been able to pin down just what such a Peace Department would do. How, for instance, would it differ from the State Department, one of whose major duties is peacemaking? Lacking much that was concrete, either most peace bills were never seriously considered or their goals were incorporated into existing government plans.

In 1975, Senators Vance Hartke, of Indiana, and Mark Hatfield, of Oregon, introduced a bill to establish a George Washington Peace Academy. If the country wasn't ready for an entire Peace Department, maybe it could accept a peace school. The bill never got out of committee, but during the hearings the vague idea of considering "the dimensions of peaceful resolutions of differences" became linked to the more specific idea of examining how techniques used for resolving conflicts within the United States might apply to international ones. There was general agreement that this emphasis on conflict resolution gave the academy more focus, but there was also recognition that a peace school would need more support if it were ever to pass a skeptical Congress. The suggestion was made to appoint a commission to examine the state of peacemaking studies

and to determine whether existing educational institutions needed help in addressing them. By holding public hearings around the country, a commission not only would be refining the concept of a peace academy but would be building a national constituency for one. On July 4, 1976, the National Peace Academy Campaign was founded by citizens who wanted to help speed things along.

A commission was not appointed by Congress until three years later, and in 1980 its nine members, including representatives from government, business, education, and conflict-resolution groups, heard testimony in cities from Honolulu to Boston. They heard from church groups, military men, peace activists, social scientists, businessmen, civil-rights leaders, and, in the words of one commissioner, "people who just walked in off the street." In all, the commission received almost 8,000 oral and written statements. Again and again, it heard the same concern about the prospect of nuclear war—a concern that, during 1981, provided the basis for the beginnings of the nuclear-freeze movement. Though specific recommendations varied, the same demand was made in most of the testimony: something must be done to teach people and nations to resolve their differences without reaching for guns and bombs.

The commission suggested in its final report, submitted to Congress and the White House in October of 1981, that a concentrated national effort was needed to study America's peacemaking tradition, both domestically and internationally. In preparing the report, the commissioners asked themselves questions they thought the peace academy should examine: Why hadn't the labor and civil-rights movements been more violent? Could those lessons be applied internationally? How could individual citizens and private and religious groups contribute to making peace? How had the Camp David accords been reached? What skills could be abstracted from them? Finally, the commission noted the promising development since World War II of the interdisciplinary field of "peace learning," and found that although serious peace research was, in fact, being done at various institutions around the country, it still lacked coordination and money.

The report to Congress, and the legislation modeled upon it, recommends "an interdisciplinary institution devoted to international peace." The institution



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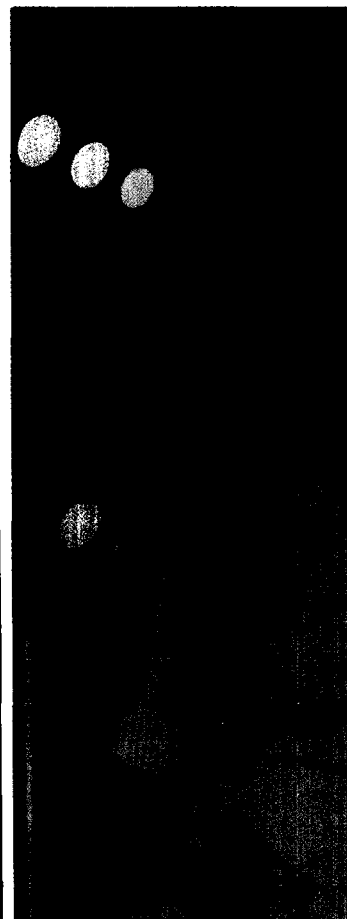
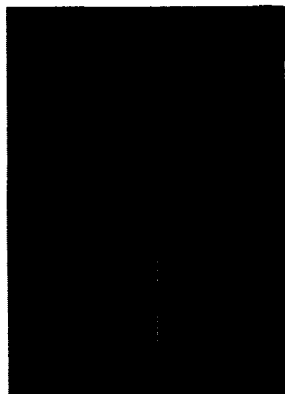


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would receive its core funding from the federal government and would be governed by a board of directors made up of congressional and presidential appointees. The commissioners outlined an institution responsive to the needs of policy-makers but, in the interest of independence, without any role to make policy or to intervene in other countries. It would have the "focus and stimulation" provided by government, but not the contamination that too close an affiliation might imply.

The academy would have three functions: to research, to teach, and to supply information. It would also fund research at other institutions. All three functions would concentrate on "the elements of peace, the causes of war, and the skills needed for resolution of international conflicts without violence." Domestic conflicts could be studied for their relevance to international ones; the vision of most of the commissioners was of an institution that relied heavily on case studies. Students could attend the academy for graduate or post-graduate programs or for mid-career seminars and workshops.

TO PEOPLE WHO fear they may be living in a world moving toward war, this vision of a school teaching peace is powerful. Supporters of the academy hope that it may someday effect nothing less than a transformation of attitudes. Hazel Dukes, of the NAACP, told the commission that a peace academy might "overcome the natural resistance of Americans to the notion that conflicts can be settled with dignity and justice through peaceful means instead of by force and violence."

Supporters tend to stress the symbolism of the academy, saying that it would be an important corrective to the image of the United States as a leading arms supplier. The peace academy would be an inexpensive symbol: it would cost only \$25 million over its first two years; after that, the annual budget would be about \$20 million. Senator Matsunaga, who was chairman of the peace-academy commission, likes to point out that building ninety-nine B-1 bombers instead of a hundred would provide enough money to keep a peace academy going for twenty years. Proponents of the academy have been careful to say that the academy would in no way become an adversary of the military; they concede that a strong deterrence is itself a peacemaking prop-

osition, and that the peace academy would provide only another way of preserving peace. Such arguments have made co-sponsors of a number of conservative congressmen, who may be looking for a cost-effective way of assuaging their constituents' unhappiness about their votes for large increases in defense spending. Senator Roger Jepsen, a conservative Republican from Iowa, and a strong supporter of the peace academy from the start, has calculated that the funding for it represents about one one-hundredth of one percent of the defense budget.

Even among the opponents of the peace academy, there is nearly universal



agreement about the value of serious peace studies. "There's no question that this is an exciting area of research and that more needs to be done," says Stephen Low, the director of the State Department's Foreign Service Institute and the Administration's chief spokesman on the subject. Most opponents also agree that peace studies are underfunded and that the federal government should be doing more to help. Where agreement ends, however, is at the idea of creating yet another cumbersome government institution—a federal school—to do what some educators believe is already being done at universities and research institutes around the country.

The peace-academy commission's report says that there are seventy-nine institutions in the United States per-

forming peace and conflict research. Traditional negotiating and peacemaking skills are now taught at the Foreign Service Institute, which trains federal employees involved in foreign affairs, as well as at professional schools of international affairs. The deans of these schools bristle at the suggestion that they are not doing enough; they are trying to cope with the Reagan Administration's wish to reduce federal funding for language, regional, and foreign-affairs studies to zero, and have little sympathy for any plan that would use \$25 million to establish a federal school that could end up competing with theirs for faculty, students, and foundation grants. They would rather see this money channeled to their own schools—earmarked for peace studies, perhaps, or at least distributed through a federal peace endowment, like the ones for the arts and humanities—than see \$7.5 million allocated just to acquire a peace-academy site, as the Senate bill would authorize.

Proponents insist that a peace academy would function cooperatively and not competitively with existing schools, and that it could include such an endowment. A federal institution is needed, they say, in order to serve as "the hub of the wheel," bringing national attention to peace research, and thus attracting new sources of private funding, which everyone could share.

BYOND THIS DISAGREEMENT over means, however, is a more interesting one over substance. A number of former diplomats and international-affairs scholars fear that a peace academy would encourage research that is "evangelical" rather than "serious," that is based on an elusive vision of what a perfect world might be rather than on useful observations of what the actual world is. Their difficulty begins with the word "peace," which in politics is often used as a kind of talisman for conferring celestial virtue on whatever it touches. (Why else would the Reagan Administration, for example, have chosen the name Peacekeeper for the MX missile?) Supporters of the peace academy have touched off a discussion not only of how peace is best studied and achieved but of who should be trying to achieve it. That the very idea of a peace academy has provoked such a debate within government may be the most compelling argument for starting one.

Much of the debate is over the defini-

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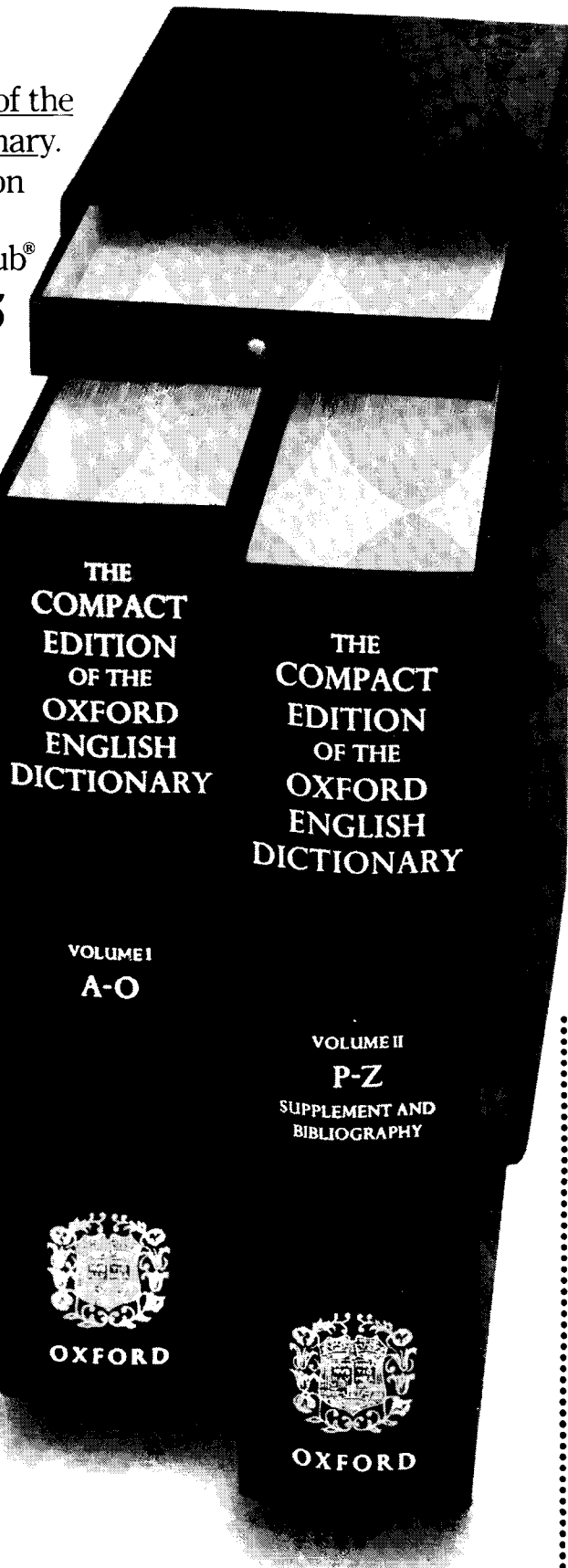
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tion and efficacy of the young field of "peace learning," a term coined by the commission to include everything from arms control to the "social and interpersonal means to promote affirmative human capabilities." That a more concrete definition is not possible is only further evidence, according to the commission report, that the field is loosely knit and neglected by policy-makers. Nevertheless, the report bravely tries to divide peace researchers into three groups, according to their assumptions about the nature of peace.

The first group consists of those most concerned with "conflict resolution," or the techniques of peacemaking. These researchers, mostly social and behavioral scientists, are more concerned with making peace than with defining it. They begin with the assumption that conflict is an unavoidable part of family, community, national, and international life, and that societies have used a number of mechanisms in order to manage this conflict—including laws, diplomacy, negotiation, conciliation, and mediation. The result has been an accumulation of largely unstudied cases in which fighting and violence have been averted. The study of conflict resolution, then, is the study of how these cases have been resolved, or might have been resolved, in a way that protects the interests of all conflicting parties—what theorists call a "win-win" situation.

The mainstream of peace researchers—the second group—sees peace as simply the absence of war, a definition sometimes referred to as "negative peace." This group has been around the longest. It includes arms-control researchers and most of those studying politics and diplomacy. It is best represented by organizations like the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Upon walking into a room where a husband and wife are throwing china at each other—to use an analogy from a House hearing held last year on the peace academy—a researcher from this group would try immediately to reduce the number of plates in the room, and then would replace those left with plastic ones.

Confronted with the same situation, the third group of peace researchers would probably sit the husband and wife down and get them to resolve their inner need to hurl things at each other. (The first group would stop at a resolution of their immediate conflict.) True peace, in

the view of this group, is impossible without social justice: to prevent wars between nations, the economic and social inequalities within those nations must be addressed. "Having agreed, then, to probe beyond the immediate questions of peace as absence of war," the commission report says, "peace as social justice research seeks to identify at least decently arguable if not yet scientifically causal explanations of fundamental social discord and human misery and to suggest ways to overcome them."

Perhaps as a result of the commission's wish to build a peace-academy constituency, the report, citing the American tradition of citizen involvement in public matters, often takes on a vague, contradictory, and populist tone. Peace may indeed be too important to be anything but "everyone's business," as it says, but just how everyone would fit into peacemaking is not made clear.

In some ways, the idea of a peace academy is an understandable response to what the commission report calls the "professionalization of peace-related expertise." At the commission's hearings, speakers complained again and again of powerlessness, of the sense that decisions on matters of war and peace were being made by people they were not sure they could trust. In an attempt to address such fears, the academy, according to the report, "is structured to serve and engage Americans from all walks of life," because "one premise of the Academy is that the Nation's interest in international peace ought not to be placed solely in the hands of a few competent government technicians. . . ." Not surprisingly, some of these government technicians, as well as their teachers, have taken offense.

They find many of the proponents' assumptions about peace to be naive. One of these critics is Theodore Eliot, a former ambassador to Afghanistan and now the dean of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, at Tufts. "I wish the world were as simple as the proponents think it is," he says. "Educating the Phil Habibs of this world is a very complicated process." The peace-academy proposal, though noble, is flawed, Eliot and his fellow critics believe, because it has been shaped by people with too little experience in the day-to-day workings of international affairs.

These critics complain that supporters of the academy do not realize forcefully enough that wars break out because of

the fundamental intractability of issues of power, territory, national pride, and sovereignty. They say that a United States Academy of Peace, governed by political appointees, would be about as credible around the world as a Soviet Academy of Peace; but even if it were accepted as the symbol its proponents claim it would be, differences among cultures are so great, in their view, that the techniques used in resolving conflicts within the United States—those the academy would presumably spend most of its time studying—would have little applicability in, say, Oman or Qatar. To suggest that Israel and the PLO, for example, have not resolved their differences because they lack the right conflict-resolution technique, the critics say, is to have an absurdly reductionistic view of international affairs.

Proponents of the peace academy deny that they are suggesting any such thing, of course, and in fact the gap between supporters and opponents is narrowing. Both camps recognize that efforts at making peace fail much too often around the world, and want to understand why. Their debate is over emphasis, not over the need for more and better studies about peace.

The opposition of the Reagan Administration may be more of a problem. With its policy of pulling the federal government as far out of funding education as possible, the Administration is unlikely to go along with spending millions to set up a new federal educational institution. Secretary of Education T. H. Bell has himself sent letters to the Senate opposing the academy.

But the Administration's resistance could backfire. Although the idea of a federal institution devoted entirely to finding peaceful ways of resolving international crises may have been around for almost 200 years, the political climate for it has seldom been more favorable. Apprehension about the huge sums of money in the defense budget continues to rise. People are frightened that not enough is being done to promote peace in a nonmilitary way, and Congress, mindful of the 1984 election, is noticing. If this is indeed the year for the creation of a United States Academy of Peace, the man who will have done most to assure it may finally be Ronald Reagan.

—Norman Boucher

Norman Boucher is a writer who lives in Boston.



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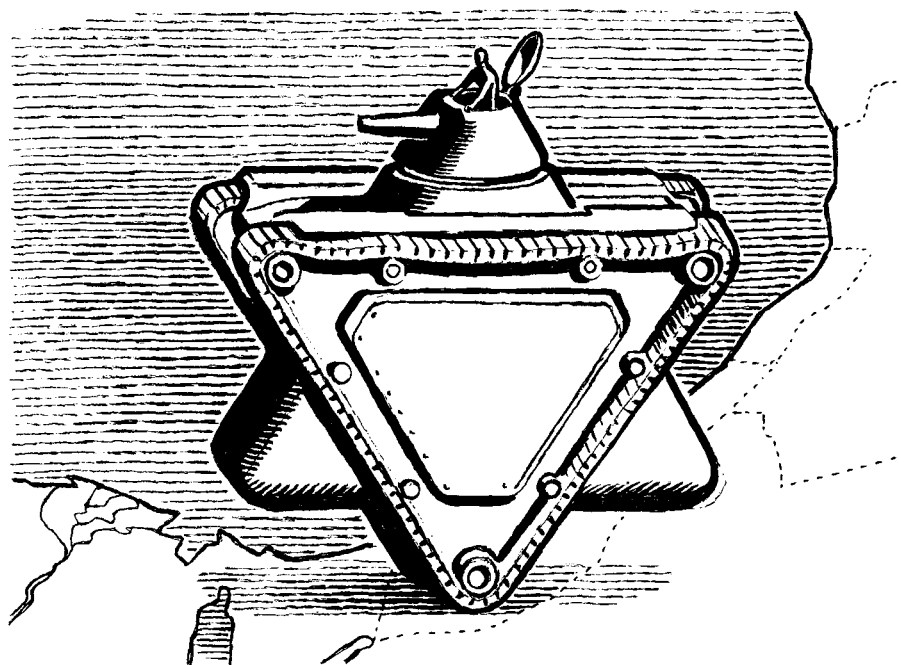
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JERUSALEM A PRAGMATIC IDEOLOGUE

Israel's new defense minister, Moshe Arens, is less abrasive than his predecessor, but no less fervent in his devotion to a Greater Israel



THE APPOINTMENT, IN February, of Moshe Arens to replace Ariel Sharon as Israel's defense minister was greeted with almost universal cheer—in the Israeli press, in Washington, and among both the Egyptians and the Lebanese. One Israeli Cabinet minister said at the time, "I have the feeling that the secret of Arens's popularity is to be found in the theory of relativity. After Sharon, anyone is a relief."

The respite may prove to be temporary, for Moshe Arens is no less a hawk than was Ariel Sharon. His style, however, is vastly different. He has, according to one senior American diplomat, the ability to disagree without being disagreeable. Sharon was a bully, who was absolutely convinced of the justice of the cause he espoused. He was a talker, whose ears were hermetically sealed to the reasoning of others. He was a shrewd politician, who stopped at nothing to get his way, including a heavy reliance on double-talk and overt threat.

Arens is a listener. His style is Anglo-

Saxon. He wears an MIT graduation ring on his right hand and speaks with an American accent in both English and Hebrew. But he is an Israeli patriot, and believes in the principle of a Greater Israel as conceptualized by Vladimir Jabotinsky and brought to political reality by Menachem Begin.

To Arens, the West Bank is properly called Judea and Samaria, and he has felt this way since he joined the Betar Revisionist youth movement, four decades ago. His Zionist education and philosophy dictate that these areas are an integral part of Israel. He believes not only that they are essential from a security point of view but that they belong to Israel historically, and are therefore not negotiable.

The new minister's ideology regarding Judea and Samaria is, in fact, far more steadfast than was Sharon's. Only six years ago, when running on an independent ticket in the 1977 elections, Sharon announced that he was prepared to agree to a Palestinian state on the West Bank in exchange for a durable peace. For him, the West Bank was a lever on the fulcrum of Menachem Begin's Likud government. Development of the West Bank was included in Sharon's portfolio as minister of agriculture, and he understood that he could expediently use the authority vested in him to win the hearts and trust of Begin's Herut Party, which regarded him as a maverick and an opportunist. He translated its dreams of a Greater Israel into reality.

For Arens, the retention of the West

Bank has been a matter not of expediency but of belief. True, some cracks in that belief have become evident of late, probably attributable to Arens's education in the months he served as Israel's ambassador to Washington, prior to being called back last February to take over from Sharon.

In a recent interview, Arens was asked if he thought Israel would ever give up the West Bank. "In politics," he replied, "only a fool says never."

That may seem a mild enough statement, but it is a profound change from previous "not-one-inch" pronouncements. Arens was also conspicuously absent from a government-sponsored ceremony naming a new Israeli town—Nablus Elite—in Samaria. The ceremony was supposed to have been the centerpiece of Israel's Independence Day celebrations on April 18, but instead it turned into the focus of political debate in the country.

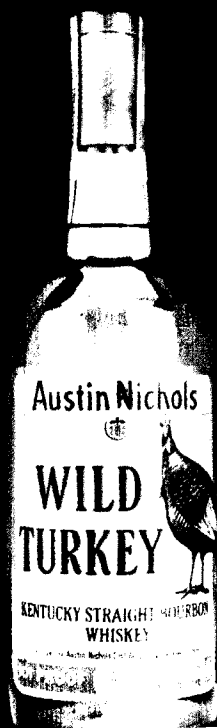
Arens's aides explained away his absence by claiming that he had other duties. Industrious Israeli journalists discovered that the Minister's agenda for the day could have allowed for his presence at Nablus Elite. The truth is that Arens feels that more settlement on the West Bank at this time is not propitious, in view of diplomatic considerations. King Hussein's fallout with the PLO, Yasser Arafat's own weakness within that organization, and Saudi Arabian-American tensions over the Saudis' lack of enthusiasm for helping with the Lebanese negotiations have all provided an opportunity to cement Israeli-American relations. It is folly to irritate the Americans now, when the time is ripe to be courting them, he thinks, and he knows that there is no greater source of irritation to the Americans at present than Israeli settlement.

But, for Arens, suspending settlement would be a tactical move. He believes that, strategically, Jordan is a Palestinian state, and that the best the 800,000 inhabitants of the West Bank territories under Israeli control can hope for is limited autonomy. Ideally, in his view, the inhabitants would become citizens of a Greater Israel, enjoying the same fruits of Israeli democracy as Israel's 600,000 Arab citizens.

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The war in Lebanon has cost billions of dollars, stretching Israel's already over-extended economy to the breaking point. The war has also taken a toll on Israel's military inventory, which now has to be replenished.

Moreover, Israeli military planners are extremely worried about the growing imbalance of the Middle East strategic equation. It is estimated that the Arab states in confrontation with Israel have spent \$83 billion on arms since 1973; their combined arsenals boast the most advanced weaponry from both East and West. In order to maintain strategic balance, and thus a viable deterrent, Israel needs more sophisticated weapons, and more aid dollars to buy them with.

In short, this is not a time for exacerbating relations with the Americans, without whom these problems become almost insoluble. This realization has had a profound impact on Arens, but he might not ever have come to think this way had he not stepped out of the hermetic environment of internal Israeli politics into the reality of Washington, where Menachem Begin's policies are viewed as detrimental to American interests by more and more of those who mold policy.

Arens was quick to find a way to speak to Americans in a language they understand. He managed to articulate the same philosophies held dear by Begin but to do so in a way that his listeners could at least comprehend, and even sympathize with to some extent.

"It is such a relief," a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee said at a cocktail party in Washington in October of last year, "to get a rational answer to a rational question."

"I asked Arens why Israel was so opposed to our selling F-16s to the Jordanians," he continued. "He took out a pen and paper and explained the problem. And the most incredible thing of all is that he did not mention either the Holocaust or the Bible."

Arens also spotted a potential ally in Secretary of State George Shultz. An unusual rapport developed between the two men. That Shultz invited Arens, early this year, to a concert at the Kennedy Center, followed by a private dinner, was a demonstration of their friendship. It was an unusual gesture by the Secretary toward an ambassador, and especially the ambassador of a country officially being given the cold shoulder,

as Israel was at the time, following its rejection of President Reagan's plan for peace in the Middle East.

Arens has displayed his sensitivity to the American position on several occasions. He was privately appalled by the Begin government's outright, almost hostile, rejection of the Reagan peace plan, and is reported to have suggested to the Israeli government that it should reconsider its settlement policy.

Almost immediately upon occupying the defense minister's office, Arens opened a hot line to Washington. When there was trouble in Beirut between the Israel Defence Forces and the Marines, he worked out a solution with Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. What had been becoming a major incident—a test of wills—when Sharon was minister was handled by Arens with quiet diplomacy. Arens refrained from chastising either side and from casting blame. He simply suggested that better liaison be set up in the future to ensure rapid communication in the event of trouble.

Arens then announced that he had decided to release technical and operational information derived from Israel's experience in the Lebanese war. An agreement in principle on this issue had been signed by Israel and the U.S. last November, but Weinberger had refused to ratify it, asserting that Sharon's demands for reciprocity were outrageous.

Realizing that the Americans would never agree to Israel's demands that the information passed on be linked to unrealistic promises for the future, and that the CIA had managed to provide the Administration with most of the data anyway, Arens announced Israel's unilateral gesture. Obviously, Israel had little to lose and much to gain.

Arens had a deeper reason, as well. As an engineer who fathered Israel's fighter-aircraft program, he knows how dependent Israel is on American technology. Israel's Merkava tank, Kfir fighter, air-to-air missiles, avionics, and electronics are all derived from American technology and components. The relationship began in a mutuality of need: America needed Israel's combat experience to make better weapons, and the Israelis needed frontline American technology to maintain a qualitative advantage. It was therefore essential, Arens concluded, that this relationship be fostered, not hindered.

Arens's gesture was not lost on

Shultz. Within two weeks, the Secretary informed Arens that the Administration had decided to release the technology Israel had requested for the Lavi fighter program, the delivery of which had been suspended since last November.

In order to manufacture the fighter, Israel needs American help on the composite wing structure of the aircraft, and on fly-by-wire (computer-activated) technology. Three studies, commissioned from General Dynamics, Grumman, and LTV, at a cost of just under \$1 million apiece, had been completed but were being held up by the State Department, primarily on the insistence of Weinberger, whose position was that the embargo should remain in force until Israel withdrew from Lebanon.

Arens phoned Shultz and explained that if the U.S. was not forthcoming, Israel would be forced to seek the same technology elsewhere, or else downgrade the aircraft. It would be built with or without American help.

It is impossible to know what impact Arens's argument had on the Secretary, but an argument that Shultz did take seriously was made by a former Israeli official who maintains regular informal contact with the Administration on Israel's behalf.

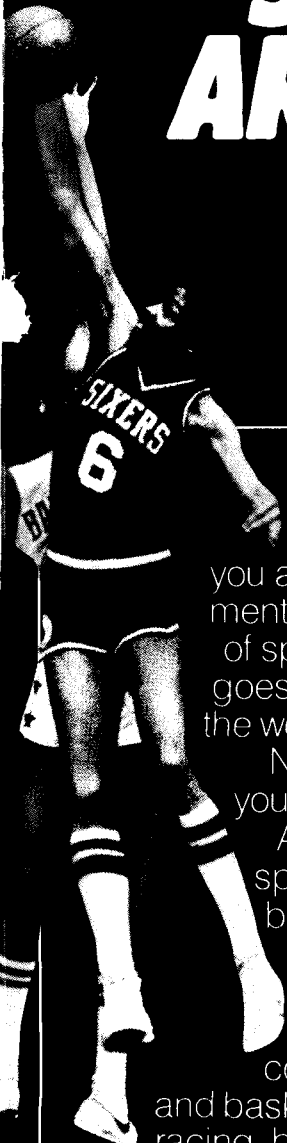
"What you are doing," the Israeli said, "is forcing Arens to become Sharon. He stands in danger of being accused [of being] weak if he pursues compromise and is spurned in return. You will force him into hard-nosed positions, or at least give those who support Sharon the opportunity to say 'We told you so.'"

Shultz accepted the argument that if Arens's moderation was to be encouraged, it had to be supported; armed with this argument, Shultz persuaded the President to allow the Lavi transfer when they met to discuss Israel at Camp David last April.

IF ARENS IS GOING to have any real impact on Israeli policy, however, he is going to have to build support within the Israeli Cabinet. At present, his position seems strong. He is supported by key figures in the Israeli political establishment, who represent the two largest political blocs in the governing coalition—Herut and the Liberals. Arens apparently enjoys the support of Prime Minister Begin as well. He became acting chairman of Herut when Begin became prime minister, in 1977.

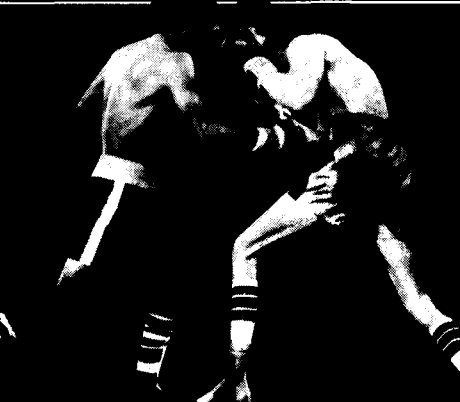
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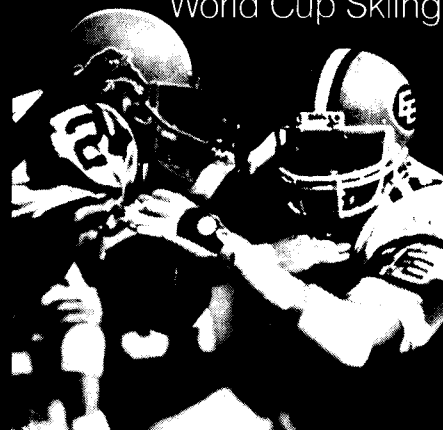


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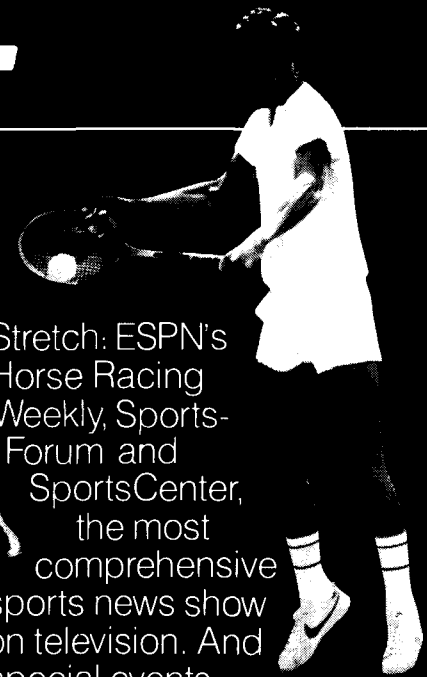


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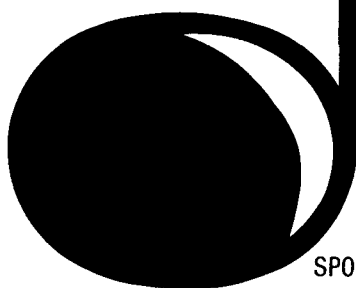


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became clear in May when he managed to push through the controversial accord reached by Israel, Lebanon, and the U.S. for the withdrawal of all foreign forces from Lebanon. The ministers were unhappy with the terms reached, and Sharon was particularly so, but few could argue with Arens's logic: Israel was bogged down, caught in the cross-fire of Lebanon's warring factions, and sustaining heavy casualties. These in turn were affecting the government's popularity to a point where, for the first time in six years, the Labor opposition was ahead at the polls.

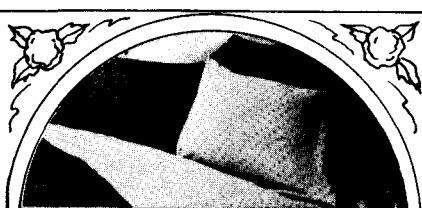
If the Israeli government agreed to the accord, Arens argued, not only would it restore the public's confidence in the government, it would further cement ties between Jerusalem and Washington. Arens was well aware of the fact that if the agreement worked, Israel would be giving the Reagan Administration its first foreign-policy success.

Arens argued that by agreeing Israel had nothing to lose. If the accord was successful, Israeli forces would be withdrawn from Lebanon simultaneously with those of the Syrians and the PLO, creating circumstances that would at least give President Amin Gemayel's pro-Western government a chance to survive. Furthermore, Israel would have a peace treaty of sorts with a second Arab state, in addition to Egypt, as well as adequate security arrangements on its northern frontier. If it failed, the onus for failure would fall on the Syrians, and thus deflect any American and European pressure from Israel.

"Pragmatically," Arens explained to the Cabinet at the time, "agreement is our only course." The Cabinet agreed, the only opposition coming from Sharon and Yuval Ne'Eman, the development minister. The new defense minister had won his first round.

Sharon, on the other hand, seems isolated, but knows that he has the right wing in his corner, waiting to re-anoint him. Since his dismissal in February, for his indirect responsibility for the massacres at the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps last September, Sharon has been silent. He hardly speaks at Cabinet meetings, and has not been invited to any of the important Cabinet consultations on Lebanon, although he is a member of the Lebanese steering committee.

"He is waiting for Arens to slip," one Cabinet minister said in an interview recently. "Sharon is wounded, but not out.



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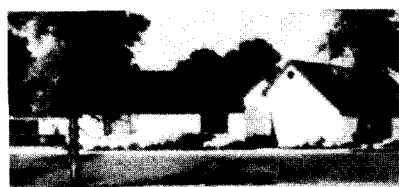
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Any sign of weakness by Arens, and Sharon will strike. For that is the way of the shark."

Arens will not be easy bait. He has, in addition to political support, the support of the military, which is relieved to be rid of Sharon—especially after the war in Lebanon.

"What is best about his appointment," a general commented recently, "is that Arens has never worn a uniform, and, unlike Sharon, will not appoint himself commander-in-chief over the general staff. Arens will provide the logistics and the policy. We will do the fighting. We prefer it that way."

Arens, fifty-seven, has been closely associated with the defense establishment for nearly thirty years. He was the deputy director of the Israel Aircraft Industries, heading some of the country's largest defense projects. He was the driving force behind the Kfir-fighter development team, and other systems that remain classified. He was an outspoken advocate for increased defense spending when he was a member of the Knesset and was seen as one of the military's most important lobbyists in the House when he headed the important Knesset foreign-affairs and defense committee.

Arens makes no pretense of being a general. He hired one—Major-General Menachem Meron—as a senior aide, to provide him with an independent assessment of Israel Defence Force demands.

Arens has also brought in a low-key but highly respected officer, Moshe Levy, as chief of staff of the IDF, and has appointed former Air Force commander David Ivri as deputy chief of staff. Both Levy and Ivri are proven technocrats and managers, and pivotal players in the defense team Arens is hoping to build. In his first meeting with his staff upon assuming office in February, Arens said, "We are a team. I, the manager."

As opposed to Sharon, Arens believes in the delegation of responsibility. He has set up teams of experts to look into how law and order can be maintained in the administered territories until an agreement is reached, and to guide Israeli military production. He has chosen officers known for understatement, who will keep out of politics.

More important, one can expect from Arens a fundamentally different attitude toward the use of force. Sharon and the chief of staff who served under him, Rafael Eitan, believed that the use of force was a legitimate, and even preferred,



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means of attaining primary policy goals. Operation Peace for Galilee was a façade for radically changing the Lebanese power structure. The destruction of the PLO infrastructure and the removal of the knife from Galilee's throat was a goal, but it was only part of a master plan in the pursuance of which force was used mercilessly. Similarly, Eitan's and Sharon's orders for trying to ensure subservience on the West Bank and in Gaza were testimony to their belief that might is right. The use of force was seriously discussed with regard to Syria.

Arens disagrees with Sharon over the use of force in general, and over certain basic concepts of what is in the interests of Israel's security.

Both Arens and Levy believe that a strong Israel is one that projects an image of strength. For the image to be credible, the IDF has to be efficient, non-controversial, technologically attuned to the twenty-first century, and backed by strong ties with the U.S.

Arens inherited the defense ministry at a time of almost unprecedented turmoil in Israel. There was a war to be dealt with in Lebanon; there were riots and disorder on the West Bank and in Gaza; the Americans were withholding technology necessary for Israel's immediate security, and would not lift the embargo on seventy-five F-16 fighters; the ranks of the IDF had been decimated by the findings of the Kahan Commission on Sabra and Shatila, and the army badly needed to rebuild. It is incredible that Arens managed to keep his head above water, let alone find the time to evolve policy.

Arens has amply displayed that he is a man of principle. He voted against the Camp David accords, despite a call for coalition unity from Menachem Begin, and refused an offer to become defense minister after Ezer Weizman's resignation, in 1980, because he was "not prepared to serve in a government that has decided to give up all of Sinai," as he said at the time.

But he is also a pragmatist, as the latest agreement in Lebanon has illustrated. He came out against the Israeli government's flat rejection of both the Fez proposal and the Reagan proposal for peace in the Middle East, and is known to support a continued American dialogue with the moderate Arab world. Such a dialogue is essential if war is to be prevented, and essential if Israel is to find America on its side in time of war.

He is a man who has a maximalist ideology, but understands that compromise, at least as a tactical exercise, is essential if the dream of a Greater Israel is ever to be realized. It is in the belief that policy goals are best attained through debate rather than with the sword that Arens differs so profoundly from Sharon. But only to a point. For Arens also believes in that old Hebrew maxim: Rather the sword in my hand than at my throat.

—Hirsh Goodman

Hirsh Goodman is the defense correspondent of The Jerusalem Post and the Israel correspondent of The Sunday Times.



SCOTLAND A SENSE OF ESTRANGEMENT

Despite the dormancy of the Scottish National Party, the nationalist impulse lives in the hearts of Scots



THE BRITISH GENERAL election this year illustrated a truth of which every Scot has always been very much aware: though Scotland is linked to England, it is not a part of England. The political climate changes when you cross the border that separates the two countries. Margaret Thatcher won an impressive victory in the United Kingdom in

this summer's election. But the Conservative Party was still very much in a minority in Scotland. It had barely more than half as many seats there as Labour: twenty-one against forty-one. Nor was this a mere aberration. Not since the general election of 1955 have the Conservatives had a majority of the Scottish seats, even though they have won four out of the eight general elections held since then.

The Scots are very conscious of being a distinctive nation within the sovereign state of the United Kingdom. So too is Wales, and so too was Ireland. But these are not strict comparisons. The majority of the Irish people were not happy to remain within the Kingdom: now it is only the province of Northern Ireland that does so, and it does not have the history and traditions of a separate nation. Wales is certainly a nation. But it was conquered by England in the thirteenth century, and both legally and governmentally it has been to all intents and purposes absorbed by England. The Welsh retain a strong sense of their own culture, but not of Wales as a country with a separate political history.

It is very different with Scotland, which was for centuries an independent nation-state, with its own monarchy and its own Parliament. The Union of the Crowns took place in 1603, when King James VI of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth on the throne of England as James I. The Union of Parliaments occurred a century later, when it was agreed, in 1707, that the Scottish Parliament should be disbanded and that Scotland should henceforth elect members to the Parliament at Westminster.

All this may seem a long time ago, but there are some nations with an intense romantic attachment to their own history. Scotland is one of them. There are, moreover, living reminders. Edinburgh is not a provincial city: it is a capital city that has lost its court and its Parliament. But there is still the Royal Palace of Holyrood, where the monarchs of Scotland used to live and where the Queen stays now when she visits Edinburgh. Take a cab anywhere in the city and ask for Parliament House, and the driver will know not only where to take you but also why the building bears that name. The people of Scotland are well aware of what used to be.

This does not mean that a majority of them actually want to restore it. The opinion polls consistently suggest that

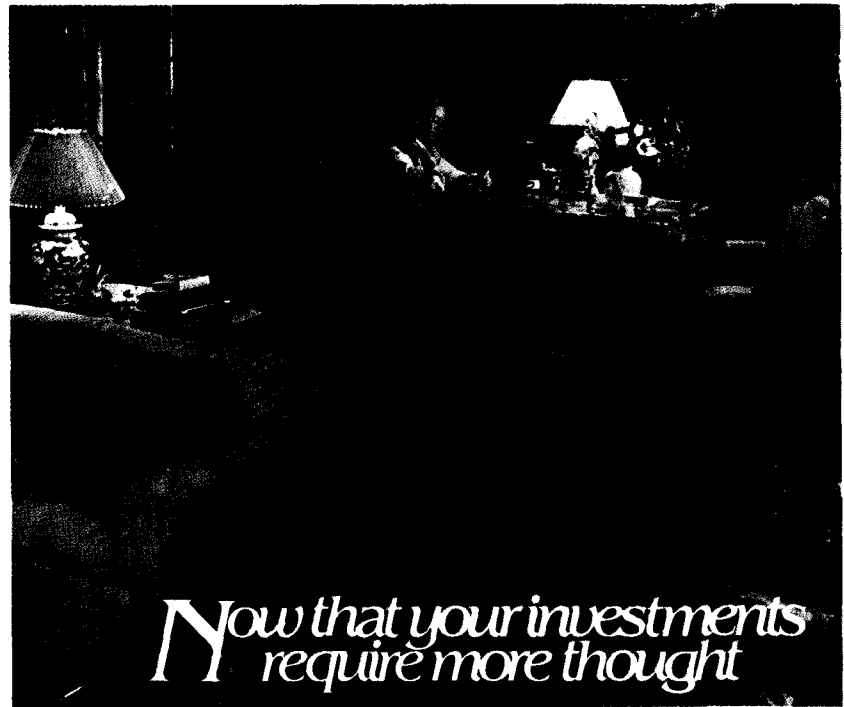
no more than about a quarter of the Scottish electorate want full independence, and support ebbs and flows for the Scottish National Party, which champions this cause. The coming together of the two countries brought increased prosperity and greater stability to Scotland. In the United Kingdom both the English and the Scots have enjoyed greater standing in the world than either could have had separately.

Yet the Scots are aware of a sense of loss as well as of gain. The nation to which they belong, to which they feel an instinctive and emotional loyalty, is no longer coterminous with the state of which they are a part. "With an Englishman, the love of Great Britain means the love of England," declared Lord Rosebery, a Scot who became prime minister of Britain, in a speech a century ago. "the larger and lesser patriotisms are one. He speaks, for instance, of the English government and the English army without condescending to the terms British and Great Britain. . . ." For the Scots, it is impossible to think like that.

The English habit of referring to all of Britain as England infuriates the Scots. I am an Englishman who went to university in Scotland and worked there for some years after that. I had gone up to Edinburgh only a few months before the present queen came to the throne, and I can still remember my surprise at the resentment felt by many level-headed Scots at her assumption of the title Elizabeth II. To me, as to any other Englishman, it seemed natural that she should thereby be distinguished from the Elizabeth who had been queen in Shakespeare's time. But the first Elizabeth had been queen of England only; the present queen may have been the second Elizabeth to reign over England, but she was the first Elizabeth to reign over Britain. Why, then, growled the Scots, should she be known as Elizabeth II? There were even some petrol bombs placed in postal boxes bearing the royal crest with the offending symbol: E II R (Elizabeth II Regina). Such petty violence was, of course, the work of the lunatic fringe. But it was not only the lunatics who were upset.

This apparently trivial dispute over a title aroused strong feelings because it illustrated a deeper difference: the tendency of English people to think of Scotland as having joined England, whereas the Scots see the two countries as having merged to form Britain. Any usage that

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fails to take account of this fact is hurtful to the Scots, because it denies their nationhood. The matter of the Queen's title could be excused on grounds of overwhelming convenience. But in 1967, at a time when Scottish national feeling was rising strongly, the English casually compounded the offense. A massive new ocean liner was built at Clydebank; it was the pride of Scottish shipbuilding, a celebration of Scotland's traditional industrial skills, the first of its kind since the *Queen Elizabeth* had been built, also at Clydebank, before the war. The English shipowners named it *Queen Elizabeth II*. I happened to be staying at the time with a Scottish middle-class professional family, and even such steady upholders of established authority felt insulted.

SCOTLAND HAS REMAINED culturally distinct from England partly through sentiment—it has just felt itself to be different—but also because it has always retained its own church, its own educational structure, and its own legal system. The Church of England is the established church in England, with the Queen as its head. But north of the border it is the Church of Scotland that is officially recognized, and the Queen worships there when in Scotland.

This is not simply a matter of royal protocol. The Church of Scotland has traditionally been nearer the people than has the Church of England. Its Calvinist roots have become embedded in the Scottish character, even though we have now moved into a more secular age. It has tended to make the Scots more intense than the English, both in their work and in their pleasures. It has also been more concerned with secular issues than the Church of England has been until recently. For years it was said that the Church's annual General Assembly in Edinburgh was the closest substitute that the people of Scotland had for their lost Parliament. The Church has therefore helped to develop a different Scottish personality and to give the Scots a sense of their own identity.

The difference in legal systems is also more than a technicality. Whereas England's is based upon common law, the Scottish system is based upon Roman law—which may perhaps partly account for a greater Scottish preference for precise formulations; even, the critics might say, for the element of pedantry in a Scotsman's soul.

But the most important difference has lain in the educational systems. Although Scotland has only about a tenth of the United Kingdom's population—about 5.1 million out of 55 million—it had for centuries four universities north of the border to set against just Oxford and Cambridge in England. Edinburgh celebrated its four-hundredth anniversary this summer. When it was founded, in the sixteenth century, it was the youngest of the Scottish universities, Aberdeen, St. Andrew's, and Glasgow having been established the previous century. Schooling was more extensive and more readily available, regardless of income, in Scotland than in England for generations before the coming of compulsory education for all British children, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

The "lad o' parts"—the lad of parts, the poor boy of high scholastic achievement—became an important person in Scottish folklore. He symbolized both the national respect for education and the recognition that it was not a luxury, available only to the rich. A far higher proportion of young people traditionally went to university in Scotland than in England. The difference remains to the present day. In 1980–1981, the latest year for which figures are available, nearly twice as many Scottish youths went on to further education: 24 percent in Scotland, compared with 13.6 percent in England. So, a higher proportion of well-educated Scots have always had to look outside their own country for appropriate employment.

That is one reason why so many able young Scots made their careers in the overseas empire during Britain's imperial heyday. The proportion of people of Scottish descent is far higher in Canada and in New Zealand especially than would be suggested by the population of the mother country. The colonial administrator, the doctor, and the trader often spoke with a Scottish accent. For the ambitious Scot, the United Kingdom opened not only the highway to England but also the sea-lanes to a worldwide empire that Scotland could never have acquired on its own.

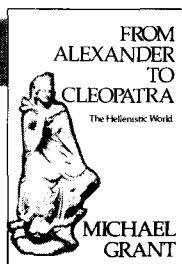
There has been much speculation that it was after the decline of the Empire that Scotland's relations with the rest of the United Kingdom became more tense. Scottish talents, energies, and frustrations were turned inward. England ceased to be the gateway to world power, an opening to exciting opportuni-

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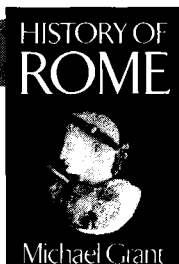
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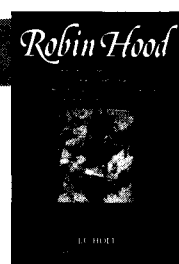
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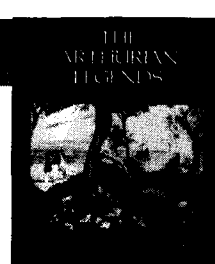
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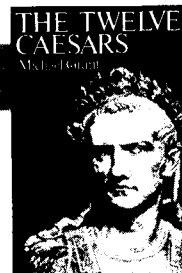


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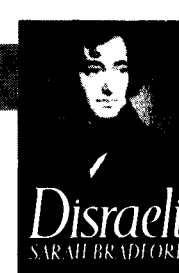


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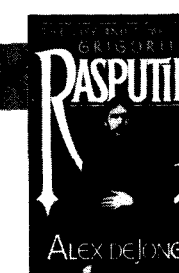
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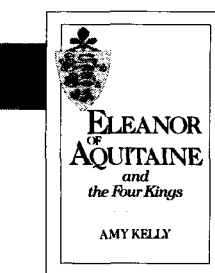
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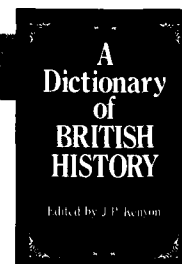


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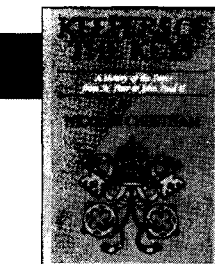
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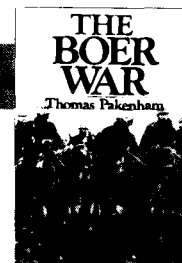


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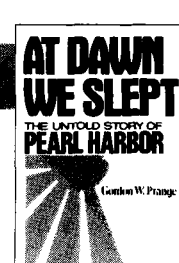


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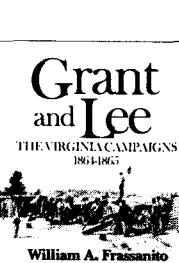
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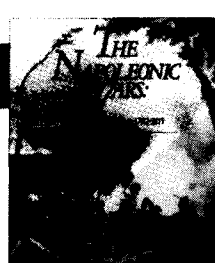
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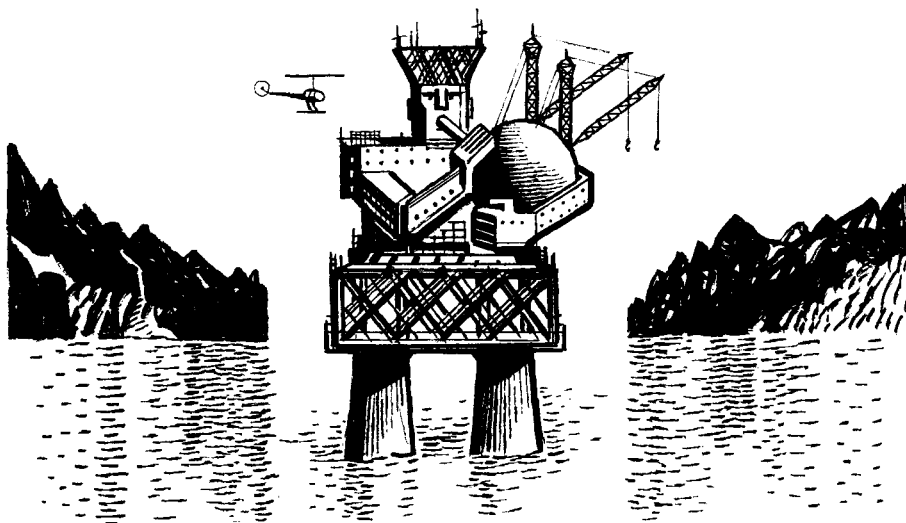
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ties. Instead of the big time, it came to represent the place where they made a mess of things.

Traditionally, unemployment in Scotland has been significantly higher than in England, and Scottish living standards lower. No longer. Unemployment in Scotland, at 14.5 percent, is no more than a couple of percentage points above the United Kingdom average, though that is nonetheless a postwar record. In 1981, personal disposable income was 97 percent of the figure for the UK as a whole. The change in the relative position of the Scottish economy became evident during the years 1975–1976, when Scotland hardly suffered from the general British recession. Not that the Scots have been prosperous: they simply no

manding home rule for Scotland within a federal United Kingdom. Some 2 million people put their names to it—though it was rumored that some of them demonstrated their enthusiasm by signing more than once. But that movement faded.

Throughout the 1950s, when I was first a student and then a journalist in Edinburgh, I was always conscious of the undercurrent of Scottish feeling. But it was no more than an undercurrent; I never felt ill at ease there as an Englishman. By the middle 1960s, Scottish dissatisfaction had become much more intense. But it was the two general elections of 1974, in February and in October, that marked the transformation of Scottish opinion.



longer had much cause to envy the English. The old, declining industries of coal, shipbuilding, steel, and textiles, on which the Scottish economy had been based in earlier years, had been replaced in importance by new, expanding industries. Foremost among them were electronics and other light-engineering companies—and oil. If Scotland were an independent state, most of the British oil in the North Sea would be in Scottish territorial waters. So the discovery of oil in such quantities gave a boost not only to the Scottish economy but also to the political cause of the Nationalists.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL Party first won a seat in the House of Commons in April of 1945, only to lose it in the general election a few months later. This was hardly evidence of mounting popular enthusiasm. More significant was the signing in 1950 of a covenant de-

In February, the SNP won seven out of the seventy-one Scottish seats: scarcely a revolution, but enough to frighten the main British parties, especially since the opinion polls suggested that the Nationalists might do much better next time. They did, in October, with eleven seats and close to 30 percent of the total Scottish vote. Shortly afterward, the polls indicated that if a third election had been held then, the SNP might well have won a majority of the Scottish seats, and precipitated a constitutional crisis. Indeed, the crisis would have been of more than constitutional significance, because of the North Sea oil.

By this time, the "question of Scotland" had come to dominate British politics. Having been ignored and patronized for generations, Scotland was suddenly the great British anxiety. How could the Scots be kept within the Unit-

ed Kingdom? What could be done, if not to buy off the Nationalists, at least to undermine their support? It was in this spirit that the scheme known by the inelegant title "legislative devolution" was born, and with it began one of the most extraordinary episodes in British political history for many years.

THE PROPOSAL WAS for a Scottish assembly with legislative powers within the United Kingdom and an executive to administer these responsibilities—a form of quasi-federalism. To Americans, accustomed to a full federal system in which the states exercise powers far beyond those that would have been conferred upon the Scottish assembly, the scheme would not seem particularly daring. But it was contrary to the British tradition of unitary government.

When the Scots joined forces with England, they renounced their Parliament. Britain has a vigorous system of local government, but it exists essentially to administer, with such local variations as are possible and desired, the policies determined at the center. True, Northern Ireland had its own parliamentary assembly, subject to the overriding authority of Westminster, for fifty-one years after the province was created, in 1921. But in this, as in so much else, Northern Ireland was simply an exception: too small and too different to affect what was practiced in the rest of the United Kingdom. Scotland is a different matter; the possibility of even a form of quasi-federalism there was regarded by many people as a dangerous constitutional innovation that would put the unity of the Kingdom in jeopardy.

After the issue had dominated Parliament for two sessions between 1976 and 1978, the act was passed at Westminster. But the assembly was to be set up only if it was approved in a referendum by a weighted majority of the Scottish electorate—at least 40 percent of those entitled to vote. That seemed to be no more than a formality, because opinion polls had shown consistently that a large majority of Scots were in favor. But when the referendum was held, the following year, only 33 percent voted for the assembly, with 31 percent against and 36 percent abstaining.

So the scheme died because not enough Scots were prepared to vote for it when it came to the point. Faced with the opportunity of taking what most of them had been demanding for years,

they didn't say no, but they didn't quite say yes, either. Perhaps a leading Nationalist was right in telling me that it was all the fault of the Scottish soccer team, which had failed so ignominiously in the World Cup competition in Argentina the previous summer as to destroy the confidence of the Scottish people in their ability to do anything on their own. (Mention the name Argentina to many a Scot, and he will think of this national humiliation before his mind turns to the Falklands.) Perhaps it was the innate caution of the Scot, who feared at the moment of decision to imperil the link with England. Perhaps the need of the Scottish people to have their separate identity recognized had already been met by the time and energy devoted by British politicians to drawing up the devolution proposal. The Scots can be a contrary as well as a sensitive people.

Nobody in England is now talking about devolution for Scotland. Nor are many Scots doing more than murmur about it. The Nationalists are torn by internal strife and are no longer, for the time being, the political force that they were. They won only two seats in this year's election. The question of Scotland has faded from the top of the political agenda, because the fear has gone that the Scots might leave the United Kingdom, taking their oil with them.

Yet while the issue of devolution itself may be dead, perhaps never to reappear in quite that form again, the emotions that led to its birth are only sleeping. The Scots still have to reconcile what Rosebery a century ago termed their larger and their lesser patriotisms, the need to feel both British and Scottish. Forms of government are significant only in so far as they help or hinder that process. The English, for their part, have to learn to take Scotland seriously. That does not always come easily. In relations between the two countries, the Scottish vice is an inferiority complex; the English vice is insensitivity.

Whether the question of Scotland re-emerges in the next few years or later, it will certainly do so once again—unless, that is, both the English and the Scots are able to accept what they have not quite come to terms with over the past 300 years: that they have a common destiny with separate identities.

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Geoffrey Smith writes for the editorial page of The Times at London.

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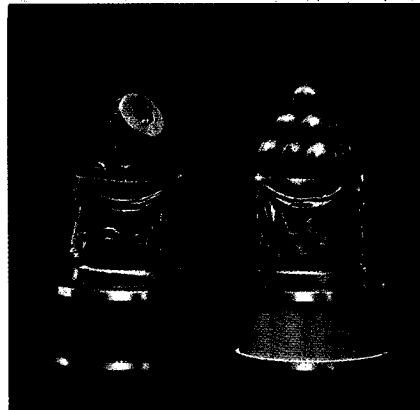
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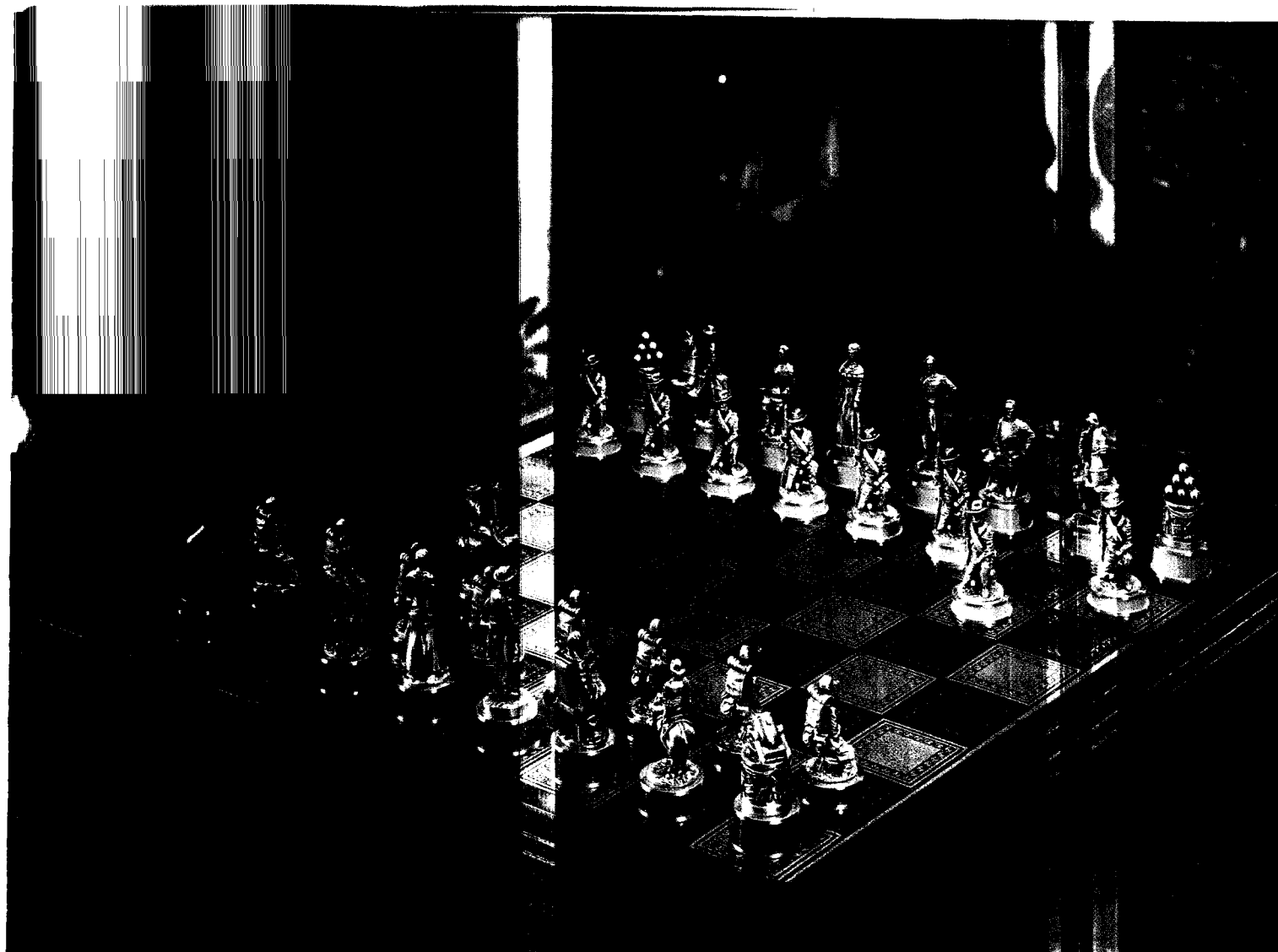
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Trade and Defense

Expanding international trade is one of the best ways to get the economy churning in high gear again and to put people back to work.

Free trade is open, fair, and reciprocal commerce among nations, chiefly in consumer, industrial, and agricultural goods. With appropriate safeguards, it should apply as well to military products and systems.

Defense trade, of course, raises special concerns and considerations, bound up in our national security. These interests must always come first.

Even so, within proper restraints, there's room for the interplay of free-trade precepts and market forces in our relationships with other countries in the buying and selling of products for national defense. When military equipment made in the U.S. is sold abroad, jobs are sustained and created here at home. With millions out of work, America needs those jobs.

At all costs, the nation and its defense contractors must protect our military secrets. Key technologies must be preserved for our own use. We must be ultra-vigilant lest they get into the wrong hands.

Yet, at the same time, our government must guard against the indiscriminate cordoning off of military products, processes, and technologies needed by our friends and allies. Unnecessary restrictions damage the U.S. in the long run. They undermine our economic interests, job opportunities, national defense, and relations with other

countries with which we share common values and maintain bonds of collective security.

Interdependence among nations is a reality of our times. America's economic well-being is linked to the economies of other lands. Our defense and security are tied to those of our friends and allies. They need our technology. We need theirs. In technology transfers, both the givers and receivers gain.

Blocking the export of technologies with real or potential military application should not be allowed to become a guise for trade protectionism.

Excessive strictures alienate our allies, anger our friends abroad, and play into the hands of our adversaries. They threaten the positive trade balance this nation enjoys in defense equipment, with all the jobs and other economic benefits such trade means for Americans.

Technology should be padlocked from export only when it is critical to national security interests and only when it is uniquely ours. It makes no sense for the U.S. to deny a friendly country products that it can readily get elsewhere, including nations that are hostile to us. The U.S. misses out on needed production and jobs, and it loses any control over use of the military equipment purchased.

In defense as well as in commercial sectors, the U.S. should hew to its decades-long dedication to free trade. Any departures from this tradition should be motivated clearly and solely by our vital security interests.



*The Reagan Administration intends to use Jamaica as
a development model that will demonstrate to the Third World the superiority
of capitalism to socialism*

THE JAMAICA EXPERIMENT

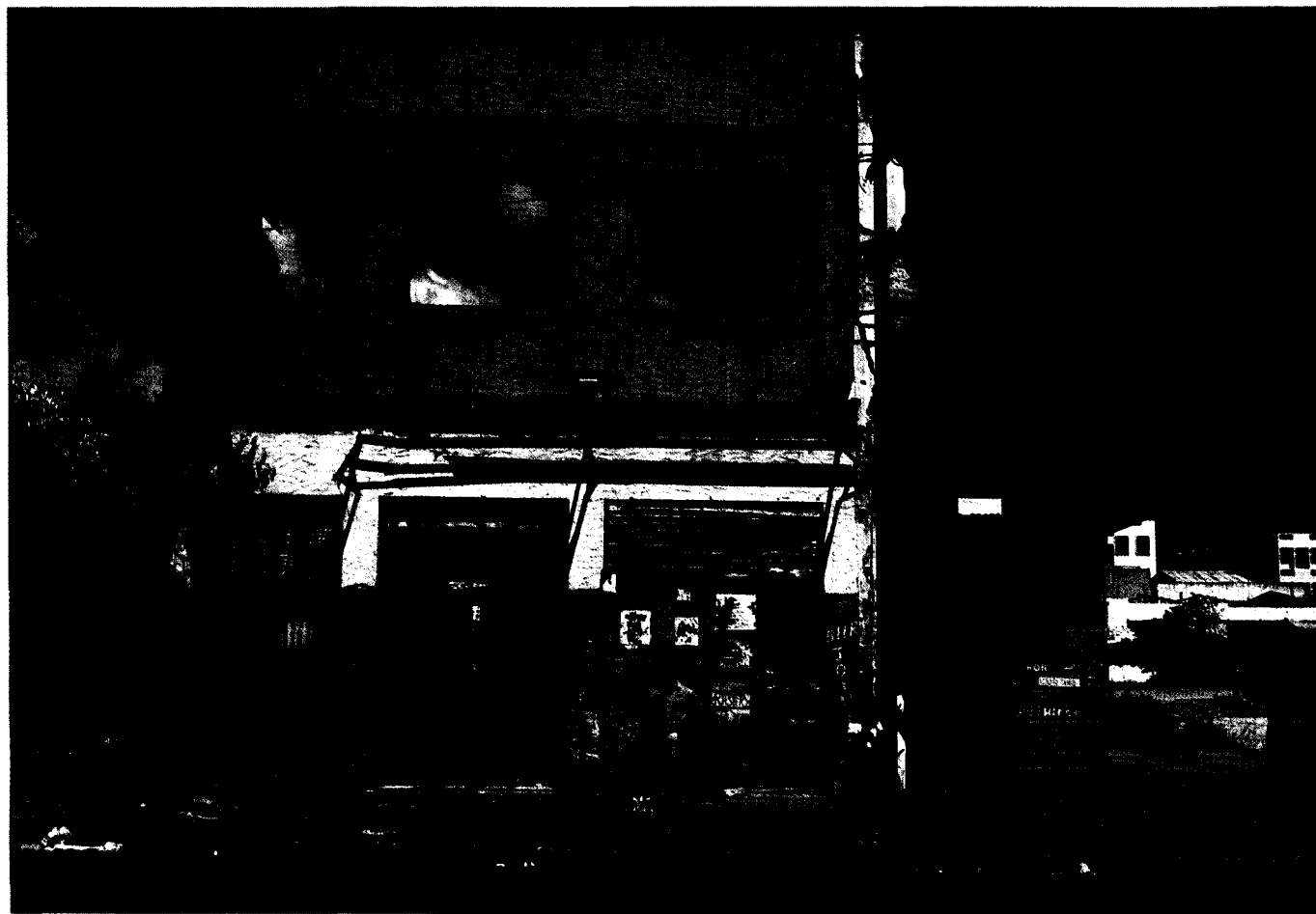
BY MICHAEL MASSING

A LOT IS RIDING ON THE FUTURE OF JAMAICA. IT IS playing a critical economic and political role not only in the Caribbean but in Latin America and, indeed, the Third World. The Reagan Administration has made Jamaica a fulcrum of its national-security plans for the Caribbean Basin. Even more significant, it has selected Jamaica as the site for a high-stakes experiment intended to demonstrate the superiority of capitalism to socialism, the free market to state control. The result of that experiment will have important implications for the future of U.S. foreign policy, as well as for other Third World countries that, like Jamaica, are seeking to solve the mystery of development.

Jamaica entered center stage with the election of Ed-

ward Seaga as prime minister on October 30, 1980—five days before Ronald Reagan's own victory. Seaga, a conservative white in a country that is 80 percent black, replaced Michael Manley, a "brown," or mulatto, who had sought, over the previous eight and a half tumultuous years, to build socialism at home and a new world economic order abroad. Manley drew close to Cuba and frequently denounced U.S. imperialism, severely straining relations between Washington and Kingston.

Jamaica's move leftward under Manley, and uncertainty about its political future, contributed to Reagan's growing concern about developments in the Caribbean Basin. War in El Salvador, insurgency in Guatemala, Marxism in Nicaragua and Grenada, refugees from Haiti—instability was



PETER SIMON

increasing everywhere along America's "third frontier," as the region was being called. Nearly half of U.S. imports and exports pass through the area, as do two thirds of all our imported oil and more than half of our imports of strategic minerals.

To Reagan, Edward Seaga seemed a godsend. Here was a Third World leader who spoke unabashedly of the private sector as the engine of growth—who, in short, spoke the language Ronald Reagan liked to hear. In January of 1981, Seaga, born in Boston, raised in Jamaica, and educated at Harvard, became the first head of state invited to the Reagan White House. The two hit it off at once, and at the end of their meeting, Reagan promised that Seaga could "count on American support for his objectives, especially in his efforts to expand his country's private sector."

Seaga proposed that Reagan formulate a sort of Marshall Plan for the Caribbean, in order to help rescue its faltering economies. That idea became the Caribbean Basin Initiative. Introduced in early 1982, the CBI included large-scale aid for El Salvador but pointedly excluded Cuba, Nicaragua, and Grenada. It also articulated a whole new approach to foreign policy, much favored by Reagan. Traditionally, U.S. assistance to the developing world has consisted of grants to governments; the CBI provided only \$350 million in direct assistance for the entire region. It sought, for the first time, however, to use public policies, such as tax and trade incentives, as a way of enlisting the private sector to help achieve U.S. objectives abroad. American companies were to receive tax credits on their investments in the region, while Caribbean businessmen would prosper through duty-free treatment of their exports to the U.S. The CBI, said Reagan, would enable Caribbean and Central American countries to "make use of the magic of the marketplace" in order to "earn their own way toward self-sustaining growth."

Jamaica was at the heart of the new approach. Even before Reagan introduced the CBI, the Seaga administration had received about \$100 million from Washington; this year, Jamaica, a country of 2.2 million people, is the fifth-largest per capita recipient of U.S. assistance. Although the trade and tax sections of the CBI were held up in Congress, Jamaica has been favored with a number of special

tax breaks and tariff concessions. In the first year of the Reagan Administration, the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) expanded its office in Kingston, with a mandate to increase its links with Jamaica's business community. The Commerce Department established a Caribbean Basin information center to promote Jamaica and its neighbors as attractive places for investment. And missions of businessmen were organized to visit the island.

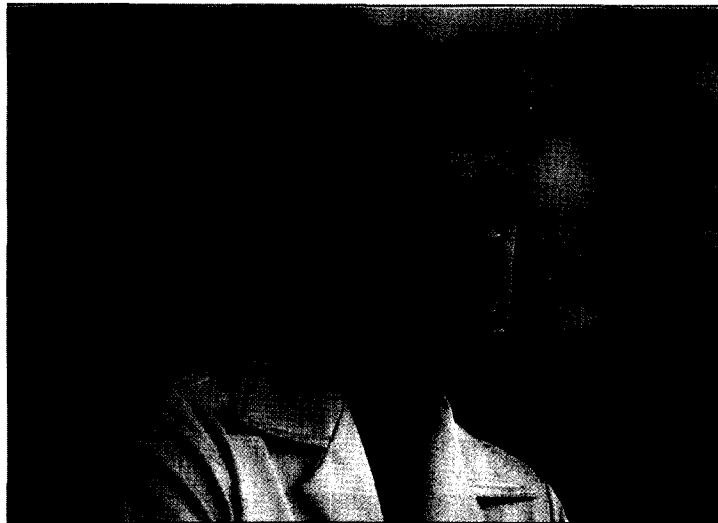
Reagan asked his friend David Rockefeller to pitch in, and Rockefeller obliged by creating the U.S. Business Committee on Jamaica, in order to promote investment in the country and advise Seaga's government on the policies necessary to attract it. The committee included some of the biggest corporations in the U.S., among them Gulf & Western, General Foods, Hilton International, Eastern Airlines, Alcoa, and Atlantic Richfield.

Finally, the White House saw to it that the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, the two giants of

international finance, would share the President's interest in Jamaica's well-being. Both institutions became involved in the economy of Jamaica to an extent unprecedented there.

All in all, it was an unusually ambitious effort—matched by an equally ambitious goal. As Alexander Haig, then the secretary of state, summed it up at the time of Seaga's visit to the White House: "We feel strongly that the future of Jamaica is not only of vital importance in its own right but also as an example for the entire Caribbean Basin, a region where so many newly formed nations and peoples are facing the alternatives of authoritarian solutions and economic determinism, or a market economy and democratic process. We are all vitally concerned that Jamaica succeed."

More than secure borders and shipping lanes, then, was at issue; free-market capitalism itself seemed at stake. Reagan has designated Jamaica a front-line state in the global struggle between East and West—but in this case, the conflict is not military, as in El Salvador, but material and even moral. After nearly a decade of political turmoil and economic decline under Manleyite socialism, Edward Seaga is receiving the means necessary to show that unleashing the private sector can promote growth in a democratic framework. In short, the Reagan Administration hopes to make Jamaica a model for other Third World nations.



MICHAEL MANLEY

RICK SMOLAN/CONTACT

Michael Massing, formerly the executive editor of the Columbia Journalism Review, is a writer who lives in New York City.

I DECIDED TO GO TO JAMAICA RECENTLY FOR A LOOK AT how the model is faring. Prime Minister Seaga's public-relations firm in New York had laden me with glowing accounts of the turnaround of the Jamaican economy. I had met with members of the Rockefeller committee and, in Washington, with officials at the Departments of State and Commerce; all said they were pleased with the progress Seaga was making.

When I arrived in Kingston, the capital, I quickly found much that seemed to bear out their optimism. The streets were crowded with shiny new Mercedes-Benz, Toyotas, and Hondas. Building cranes hovered over new office complexes rising in Kingston's modern business sector. *The Daily Gleaner*, the powerful national paper, was filled with stories about investment projects and a healthy tourist season. At the Pegasus Hotel, I saw a tour bus pull up to the front entrance and disgorge a score of Japanese businessmen, arriving to expand their holdings in Blue Mountain coffee, a popular item in Japan.

The real seat of power in Jamaica these days, in fact, is not Jamaica House, the prime minister's office, nor Parliament, nor the central bank. Rather, it is the Pegasus, a modern, deluxe structure that rises eighteen stories in the center of Kingston. Here gather economists from the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund; officials from the U.S. government; investors from Kansas, Israel, and Hong Kong; bankers, diplomats, journalists, and consultants with expertise on everything from exchange rates to water pumps.

At a reception held for a group of visiting American businessmen at the residence of William Hewitt, the U.S. ambassador, the mood was upbeat. In attendance were top staff members from the embassy, AID executives from Washington, the executive director of the Rockefeller committee, representatives from corporations like United Brands and Control Data, and the cream of the Jamaican political and economic establishment.

"Under Manley, the city was dirty, and people didn't want to work," I was told by a distinguished-looking Jamaican in a dark suit. I later learned that he was the head of a major private-sector organization. "He succeeded in destroying the country's social fabric, especially with his rhetoric, which seemed intentionally aimed at alienating people. Government representatives would come to business functions with their shirts open to the waist and hair

bristling out. Now, at least, government people wear blazers and ties." The comment captured the tone of the evening: things were back to normal, discipline had been restored, profits waited to be made.

There were signs, however, that not all was well. At my hotel (not the Pegasus), the power went out almost every day, and the water stopped running every night. The bauxite industry, the country's largest, was in its worst slump ever. And the powerful trade-union movement, relatively quiescent after Seaga's election, was issuing one strike threat after another.

Most ominous, unemployment, at 27 percent, was rising, and the sense of expectancy that had welcomed Seaga's victory seemed to be giving way to something darker. Visiting a crafts market soon after I arrived, I was accosted by one of the many drug dealers who prowl the area. I turned down his offer, but we began to talk. "Seaga's no good for the people," he said angrily. "He's brought all the capitalists down here with their money. But we don't see any of it. No one has any money."

"At first, you get the impression that things are better here," a Jamaican journalist told me. "But it's just a veneer. Underneath, there's the same level of unemployment, the same disadvantage, the same seething. The ghettos are still there. If you scratch the surface, you find the same feeling of resentment."



EDWARD SEAGA

Kingston is a tense, divided, politicized place. Its very topography provides a lesson in the country's social stratification. The city slopes gently upward from its stunning blue harbor, the seventh-largest natural harbor in the world. Then, at its midsection, the city begins to rise sharply to meet the foothills of the Blue Mountains, which form a dramatic, dark backdrop to the city's life.

In the flat, low-lying section are the mean, smoldering black shanty-

towns of West Kingston, which bear names like Trench Town, Lizard Town, and Concrete Jungle. It is a place of "burnin' and lootin'" and "weepin' and wailin'," in the words of Bob Marley, whose reggae anthems capture the explosive nature of life in Trench Town, where he grew up. Here families of six, eight, or twelve live in ramshackle houses with corrugated zinc roofs and concrete walls. Children run about shirtless and barefoot, alongside chickens and goats that pick at the littered streets. Unemployment in these ghettos can run as high as 80 percent, and survival usually means hustling—peddling, stealing, playing the

black market, or dealing in "ganja," as marijuana is known.

As the city's altitude rises, so does its standard of living. Jamaica's small non-black population—scions of British plantation owners, Syrians, Chinese, and Jews, and upwardly mobile browns—lives in the hills. Here the neighborhoods have names such as Beverly Hills, and the air of country clubs. Elegant mansions are set far behind high concrete walls topped with barbed wire; at night, guard dogs bark ferociously at the slightest rustle. Many yards boast satellite dishes, which pick up American TV programs. These enclaves are visible throughout Kingston; the mansions of Beverly Hills can be seen from Trench Town.

The political divisions in Kingston run as deep as the social ones. National debate breaks along the fault line separating the two major parties: Seaga's Jamaica Labour Party (JLP) and Manley's People's National Party (PNP). The two clearly demarcate right and left, but allegiances often seem to defy logic. West Kingston is a patchwork of political turfs, in which party control changes with the street or neighborhood. Loyalty is enforced by armed gangs, each linked to one of the parties. In Parliament, Edward Seaga represents Denham Town, a poor, tough neighborhood that regularly gives the JLP 95 percent of its vote. PNP supporters do not show themselves here; instead, they stick to their own area, in the next neighborhood over. Every election year, West Kingston's slums erupt into violence, as gangs raid the strongholds of their rivals, eager for the favors a victory for their party would bring them.

Politics in Jamaica seems to touch everyone in deep, personal ways, often splitting families and rupturing friendships. For instance, an interview with Anthony Abrahams, the minister of tourism, began as a rather bland affair, focusing on hotel occupancy rates, tourist arrivals, and the like. Then, in passing, Abrahams mentioned that he had been Manley's director of tourism until 1974, and I asked how he had made such a change in loyalty. Suddenly growing impassioned, Abrahams began nervously pacing his office, and spent the remaining fifteen minutes denouncing Manley with all the fervor of a disillusioned believer.

One day, while sitting on the veranda of my hotel, I fell into conversation with one of the front-desk clerks and her boyfriend. The talk immediately turned to politics, and within minutes, the two of them were shouting at one another about the 1980 election, she defending Manley, he Seaga. Soon another clerk, hearing the uproar, came out

and joined in. They were still going at it ten minutes later, when I excused myself to make a telephone call.

Politics was not always such a divisive business. For years after World War II, the two parties agreed on the path Jamaica should pursue: the island's economy, dominated for centuries by sugar plantations, needed rapid industrialization. Inspired by Puerto Rico's Operation Bootstrap, which seemed to have brought instant prosperity, Jamaica's leadership in the 1950s courted foreign investors with promises of liberal tax breaks, cheap land, and a disciplined work force.

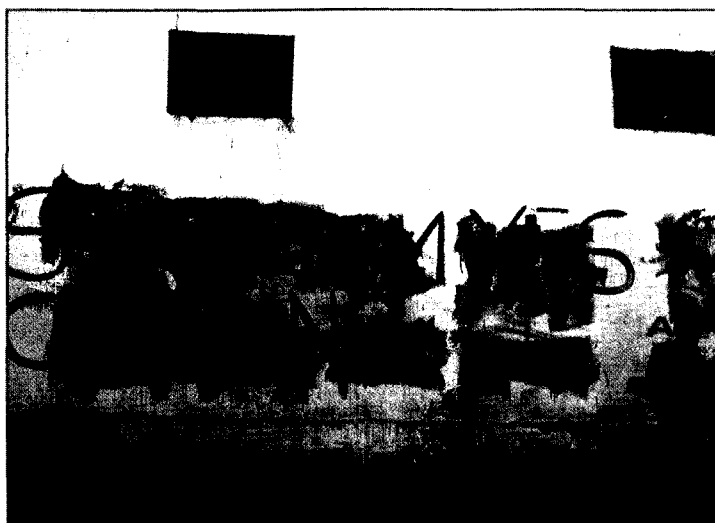
The strategy was successful in many ways. More than a hundred new factories were built, many of them by such companies as Kellogg, Goodyear, Colgate-Palmolive, Pillsbury, and Esso. Hilton, Ramada, and Sheraton, captivated by the beauty of the North Coast and the hospitality of the government, built luxury hotels in Montego Bay and Ocho Rios, and tourism became a major source of revenue.

No industry, however, played quite the role that bauxite did. The rust-colored mineral, the principal raw material in aluminum, was critical to the world's expanding automobile and aerospace industries, and Jamaican soil contained rich deposits of it. Reynolds and Kaiser, among other aluminum companies, began digging huge pits in the Jamaican countryside, and by the late 1950s, the island had become the world's biggest bauxite producer.

In the decade after independence from Britain, beginning in 1962, the gross national product grew by an average of 6 percent a year. But that growth was highly skewed. In the push for industrialization, agriculture was neglected. Sugar began a relentless decline. Peasant farmers were forced to look for work in Kingston and beyond—in New York, Toronto, and London. According to one study, Jamaica in the mid-1960s had the most unequal

distribution of income in the world. The sight of rich Americans sipping rum punches under the palms heightened the deprivation felt by blacks, who were effectively barred from hotels and beaches. This inequality fueled the growth of black protest groups and of Rastafarianism, a religion that preaches black superiority and radical social change. By 1972, social tensions had reached a boil.

During the election campaign that year, the PNP, under Michael Manley, called for a transformation of Jamaican society. Manley, a charismatic young labor leader and a son



POLITICAL GRAFFITI IN THE FRANKLYN TOWN AREA OF KINGSTON

ALON REININGER/CONTACT

of Norman Manley, the party's founder, campaigned on slogans like "Better must come." He took 56 percent of the vote—a clear mandate, he felt, for fundamental change. Jamaica, Manley told the opening session of the new Parliament, was to become a "land of social justice."

As Manley recalls in his recently published assessment of his term, *Jamaica: Struggle in the Periphery*, his government sought a "third path," a "non-capitalist path of development to distinguish experiments like ours from the neo-colonial capitalist model of the Puerto Rican type and the Marxist-Leninist model of the Cuban type." Manley writes that he wanted to create an economy "more independent of foreign control and more responsive to the needs of the majority of the people at home," and to build an "egalitarian society" in which "people felt that they were of equal worth and value." This was to be accomplished by reducing foreign ownership of industry and agriculture, reining in the local oligarchy, increasing state control of the economy, and fostering grass-roots participation in national decision-making. The PNP prepared to make a radical shift in the country's balance of power.

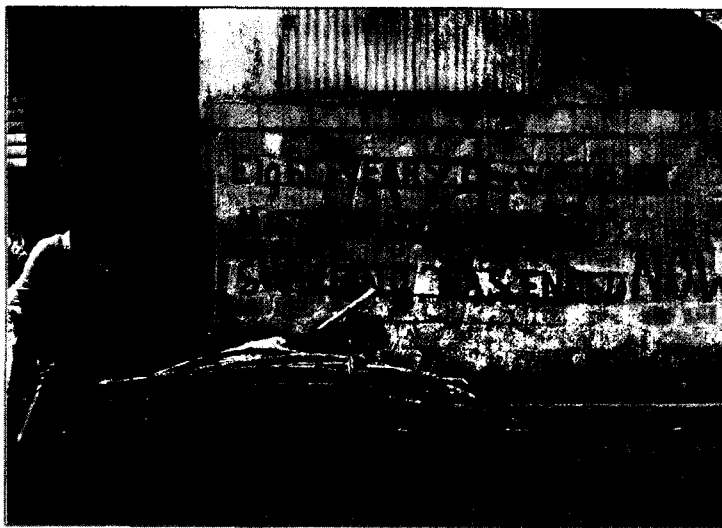
The new government passed laws establishing maternity leave, severance pay, and a minimum wage. It expanded access of the poor to education, initiated a literacy campaign, and opened rural health clinics. A new national housing agency began building thousands of low-cost units. The government established an ambitious jobs program to combat unemployment, and, when that proved inadequate, expanded public enterprises in order to accommodate more employees.

Using revenues from new taxes and levies, the state took over important sectors of the economy, purchasing the country's largest utilities, its only cement plant, several banks, and nearly half the large hotels. It bought all foreign-owned sugar estates and the mills situated on them. And, in the biggest test of all, the government in 1974 decreed a new levy on the bauxite companies, which, in one stroke, multiplied Jamaica's bauxite revenues six times. The government also nationalized 51 percent of Kaiser's and Reynolds's local mining operations.

Manley instituted a number of measures intended both to stimulate balanced growth and to promote equal distribution. He passed a law forcing idle farmland into production and leased much of it to small farmers. He set up sugar cooperatives on the newly acquired plantations. In line

with his belief in economic nationalism, he sought to strengthen local manufacturers, providing them with special credit facilities, tax rebates, and accelerated depreciation rates. The PNP adhered to a policy of "import substitution" introduced in the 1960s, by reinforcing tariffs and import quotas in order to protect factory owners against foreign competitors. Manley also encouraged domestic manufacturers by giving them incentives to export their goods.

Nevertheless, the economy entered a decline. The 1973–



MORE GRAFFITI, ALONG CONSTANT SPRING ROAD

1974 oil crisis and ensuing world recession crippled the island, which remained heavily dependent on trade and thus especially sensitive to developments abroad. Jamaica's oil bill tripled overnight, and the price of bauxite fell. This exacerbated the problems caused by Manley's domestic programs. The sugar cooperatives fared poorly, as a result of inadequate support and poor management. A rise in crime, reported in the U.S. press in such detail

that Manley suspected malice, kept many tourists away.

Most important, the government became engaged in a costly war with the private sector. Its redistributive policies, which included passage of new taxes on wealth and property, unsettled many members of the middle and upper classes. Their insecurity was heightened by the government's rhetoric, especially after 1974, when it declared its commitment to "democratic socialism." The PNP issued frequent denunciations of capitalist exploitation, and domestic investment dried up. At one point, Manley reminded disgruntled members of the elite that five planes a day left for Miami; thousands took his hint, flying away with their money and their appreciable skills.

By the middle of Manley's term, banking windows in the West had closed to the PNP. Foreign reserves fell so low that the government imposed a variety of austerity measures, including strict controls on imports and higher taxes on luxury goods, but nothing seemed to help. In 1977, the government went hat in hand to the IMF, setting in motion a confrontation between one of the Third World's leading anti-imperialists and the premier financial institution of the capitalist world. The IMF placed increasingly stringent conditions on loans; the Jamaican economy kept deteriorating. Finally, in 1980, the PNP resolved to go it alone. It broke with the Fund and called a general election as a referendum on its decision.

Jamaica has still not recovered from the viciousness of

the 1980 campaign. Manley accused the JLP of conniving with the CIA to destabilize his government; the JLP, under Edward Seaga, denounced the PNP as a cabal of communists. As the campaign lengthened, goods became increasingly scarce, and by the end of it, people literally fought over what little food was left on supermarket shelves. Throughout the campaign, Kingston's rival gangs did nightly battle, their M-16 rifles creating a staccato accompaniment to the bitter charges exchanged by the two candidates. By election day, 750 people had been killed.

It is a tribute to the durability of Jamaica's democratic tradition that the vote took place as scheduled, on October 30. A full 87 percent of the electorate voted—58 percent of them for Edward Seaga. He took office the next day, promising to undo the strife and decline of the previous eight years.

The economy was in dismal shape. Inflation was running at 27 percent. So was unemployment. The country's GNP had dropped a cumulative 20 percent over the course of Manley's term. It was estimated that 18,000 Jamaican professionals and managers had left the island, most of them for good. The country's three chief foreign-exchange earners were in crisis: bauxite was hit by world recession; sugar was continuing its steady decline; and tourism had been depressed by election-year violence. A badly shaken public looked to Seaga to make the country whole again.

A year later, it seemed that he had. Inflation went down sharply, to only 5 percent. Construction grew by 4 percent, reversing a 30 percent decline of a year earlier. Tourists began coming back. The country was swamped with foreign-investment proposals. Unemployment, though still high, showed signs of going down. In 1981, the economy overall grew by 1.8 percent—an impressive figure, compared with the 5.4 percent drop in 1980. Washington's investment seemed to be paying off.

HOW HAD SEAGA PULLED OFF SUCH A DRAMATIC change? His first priority upon taking office was to restore a sense of calm. He pledged a crackdown on crime and violence. He called for a return to discipline and, as an example, reinstated the jacket and tie as official attire, in place of the informal bush-jacket look Manley had popularized. Seaga unceremoniously ordered the Cuban ambassador off the island; Cuban doctors and technicians soon followed him.

They were quickly replaced by advisers from the capitalist world, as part of Reagan's plan to make Jamaica a showcase of free-market growth in the Third World. AID expanded its office in Kingston to sixty-eight members. Scores of consultants arrived to conduct time-and-motion studies in Jamaica's factories, to formulate organizational reforms for its bureaucracy, and to assess the condition of its sugar mills. The government hired a British manager to run the national power company and a Canadian to head the railway system.

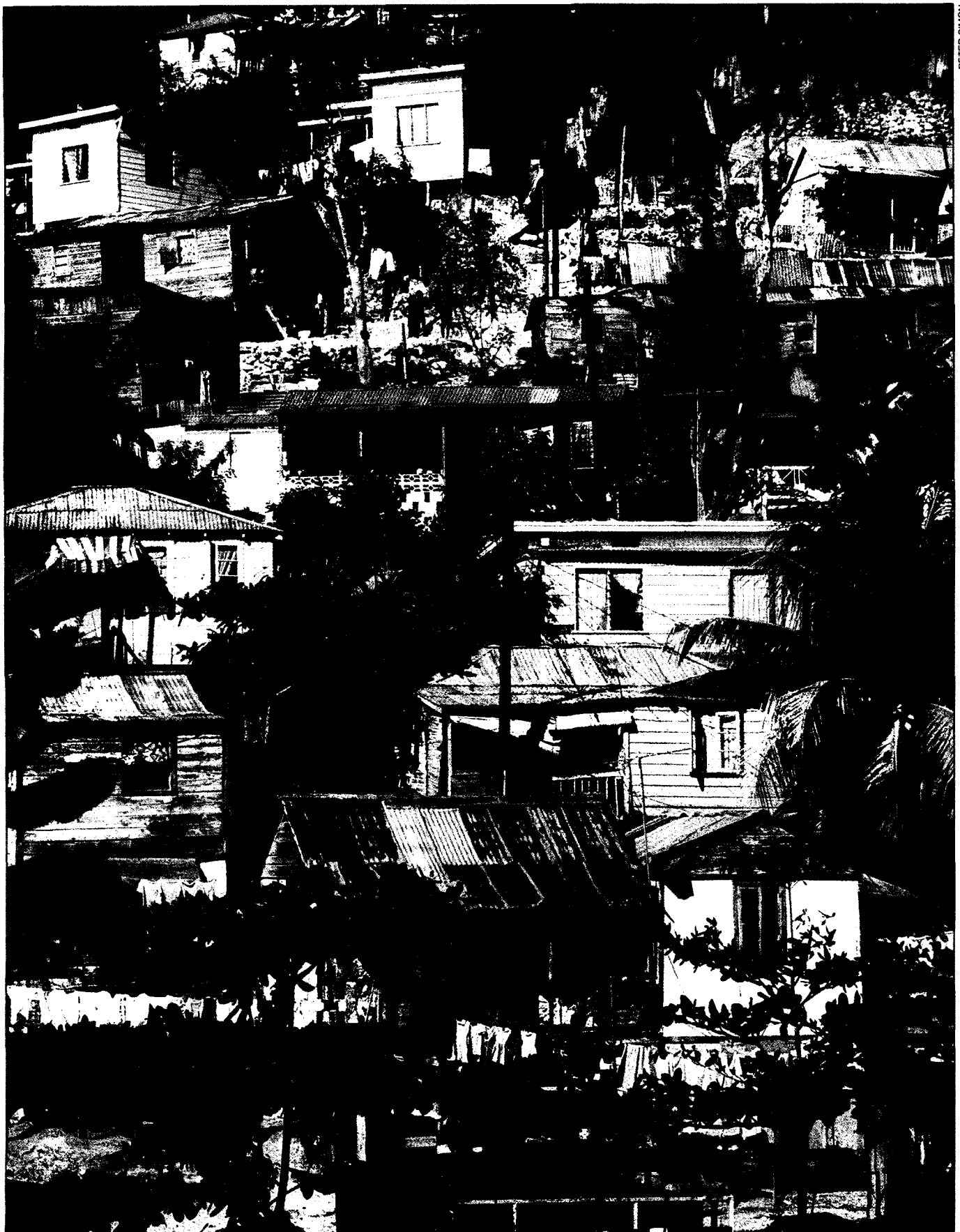
Soon, money—lots of it—began flowing into the country. At a March, 1981, meeting of the Caribbean Group for Cooperation in Economic Development, composed of representatives of major Western donor nations, Jamaica received pledges of \$350 million in grants and loans for the coming year. The World Bank put up an additional \$95.8 million, and the IMF \$698 million over three years—the maximum amount Jamaica could receive under the Fund's quota system.

The World Bank loan was, in many ways, the most important. In return for it, Jamaica agreed to implement a new Bank program called “structural adjustment.” The program called for a transformation of the Jamaican economy over a five-year period. The role of the state was to be cut back, the economy deregulated, foreign investment solicited, and exports promoted. Jamaica was to undergo what Seaga described as “perhaps the most fundamentally ambitious redirection of the economy ever undertaken by a Government of Jamaica.”

A divestment committee was appointed to sell companies that had been state-controlled under Manley. Some thirty to forty enterprises were to be offered for sale, ranging from a small dairy processing plant to the *Jamaica Daily News*, a newspaper founded by the PNP government. Top priority was given to eight luxury hotels that the PNP had bought when their owners threatened to close them during a tourism slump brought on by the 1974 recession. Their condition had deteriorated under state ownership, and Seaga now welcomed bids from the private sector.

As part of Jamaica's agreements with the IMF and the World Bank, Seaga sharply cut public spending and began phasing out many of the price controls that Manley had imposed on necessities, especially food products. Controls were lifted from butter, biscuits, cheese, sugar, infant foods, evaporated milk, and packaged rice. The government eliminated rent-control ceilings, which the Manley government had strictly enforced in order to help protect tenants; to Seaga, such a measure represented interference in the marketplace. The JLP set a low priority on public housing construction, preferring that the private sector take the lead. Building applications came pouring in, and deluxe apartment complexes began to rise in rich neighborhoods.

Seaga sought to deregulate the country's import-licensing system, which Manley had introduced as a means of conserving scarce foreign exchange. For Jamaica, foreign exchange is a precious commodity. Manufacturers need it to pay for the raw materials and machinery they import for their production processes. As investment dried up and loans failed to materialize in the mid-1970s, Manley began rationing foreign exchange in an effort to make sure that it was used for productive purposes only. Commercial banks were prohibited from dealing in foreign exchange. To bring goods into the country, an entrepreneur had to obtain a license from the government, which allocated him the hard



PETER SIMON

HILLSIDE SHANTYTOWN IN MONTEGO BAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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currency to pay for them. Many luxury items were banned altogether. Though well-intentioned, the licensing process was time-consuming, cumbersome, and, in the end, riddled with corruption.

Foreign exchange continued to be in short supply under Seaga, because of drops in earnings from bauxite and sugar. While still barring banks from buying or selling foreign exchange, Seaga issued licenses to importers without providing them with currency; in effect, he sanctioned the use of black-market American dollars to pay for goods abroad. He also removed many items from the prohibited list. Further, customs agents were advised to relax their vigilance, making it easier to bring in goods illegally. Before long, the country was flooded with imports of everything from cheap food and cigarettes to videotape players, color TVs, and expensive cars. One result was a sharp drop in the cost of living.

Nothing received more of the government's attention than the drive for exports. This represented a sharp turn away from the "import-substitution" policy of the Manley years. That strategy had succeeded in building up a diversified industrial plant, but by the late 1970s, its limitations had become obvious. Jamaica offered too small a market to sustain consistent industrial growth, and besides, protection against foreign competition allowed local companies to become sluggish and inefficient, forcing consumers, in effect, to subsidize them through higher prices.

There was an alternative, as demonstrated by the striking success of the so-called newly industrialized countries of East Asia. During the late 1960s and the 1970s, Singapore, Taiwan, South Korea, and Hong Kong achieved phenomenal growth by mounting an aggressive strategy called export-oriented industrialization. Low wages enabled these countries to manufacture light goods far more efficiently than could the industrialized West. As a means of spurring local companies to look to foreign markets, import barriers were lowered and liberal export incentives established. To obtain the capital needed for expansion, the governments lured foreign investment with generous tax holidays and the promise of cheap labor.

The high growth rates that resulted turned the heads of many Third World politicians, not least members of the Jamaica Labour Party. Anthony Johnson, a high-ranking official in the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, explains that during the 1970s, his party "had the opportunity to

look at the countries of the world to determine which were succeeding and which failing." He said, "We saw that those countries with open economies and an export orientation did the best. The closed models, on the other hand, experienced a falling standard of living, high unemployment, high inflation."

So the Seaga government set about converting Jamaica into a Caribbean Singapore—a country that frequently comes up in conversations with JLP officials. Seaga began preaching exports at every opportunity, and he put domestic manufacturers on notice that the easy life was over—their protective covering was to be dismantled. The JLP declared that import quotas would be phased out beginning in early 1982; within a mere five years, 364 restricted items were to be decontrolled. The government hoped that the competition from abroad for local markets would force Jamaican companies to become more efficient in producing goods for export. In setting export priorities, the government concentrated on the same labor-intensive sectors—shoes, garments, electronics—that had proved so successful for the Far East.

As Singapore and its neighbors demonstrated, export-oriented industrialization requires considerable infusions of foreign capital, and Kingston's pursuit of it was dogged. It hoped to attract assembly factories along the Mexico-U.S. border leaving because of concern over Mexico's economic future; light-manufacturing plants leaving Singapore and South Korea, which are moving into the production of steel and semiconductors; and U.S. garment and electronics companies seeking lower labor costs.

The government dispatched trade missions to California and Asia, conducted investment seminars abroad, and bought special advertising sections in prestigious American publications. Seaga himself was everywhere, traveling to meet corporate executives in New York, Atlanta, the Silicon Valley. In order to field queries and assist investors, he established a new agency, called Jamaica National Investment Promotion Ltd., a one-stop investment center modeled after the agency in Puerto Rico that had spearheaded Operation Bootstrap. Chase Manhattan sent a banker to help JNIP get off the ground, and AID drew up an elaborate organizational plan for the next five years.

All in all, it was a year of intense activity, and a bravura performance by Edward Seaga. He could be excused for sounding boastful when he described his government's



HOUSING DEVELOPMENT NORTH OF KINGSTON

OWEN FRANKEN'S/GIA

achievements. "The economy has reversed its course from the degeneration of the middle period in the 1970's and is definitely underway in the restoration of a path of consistent growth leading to the expansion of new development opportunities for employment," he stated in an April, 1982, report titled "Jamaica's Economic Turn-around." He added that "standards of living will once again rise in the 1980's." Growth for 1982 was projected at 4 percent.

Before long, however, the marketplace began to lose some of its magic.

I SPENT AN AFTER-noon in Kingston wandering around Coronation Market, a hot, dirty, soulless place that sprawls through the heart of the capital. Women from the countryside sat wearily behind meager piles of yams, mangos, cassavas, and ackees (an exotic-looking fruit that is the national food). Young men propelled produce-laden handcarts through the narrow, crowded streets. Mounds of refuse were everywhere, attended to only by flies and stray dogs. And on a side street, an itinerant preacher held an impromptu revivalist meeting, the sound of tambourines and psalms momentarily injecting a note of hope into the torpid afternoon.

I visited the market at a time when the government's price decontrols were starting to take effect. In the last weeks of 1982, the price of sugar had risen by 30 percent; the price of condensed milk, a Jamaican staple, soon followed. With the phasing out of rent controls, landlords had raised rates to two, three, even four times what they had been when Seaga took office. Though the 1982 inflation rate of 8.4 percent remained low by past standards, it was hitting the poor with disproportionate force.

Walking down one vendor-lined street, I passed a woman who sat beside a small food stall, a vacant look on her face. I asked her how things were going. "Do you really want to know?" replied the woman, who appeared to be in her early thirties. "I'll show you." She gestured to her three-by-five-foot kiosk and said, "This is where I sleep." I looked inside and saw neatly arranged cylinders of peas, beans, pimentos, flour, and rice, some canned goods, and, to one side, a small space. "I was living in a building," she explained in a numbed tone, "but it was sold, and I was given notice. I've been living here since August. I pack up the place every night and go to sleep in it." She is joined by

her two children, aged seven and eight. "It was better under Manley," she added. "You could at least afford to get somewhere to live. Now, if you can't afford to pay \$200 or \$300 a month [\$110 to \$165 in U.S. dollars], they put you out."

As we talked, a crowd of twenty or thirty people gathered around us—a white visitor is rare in Coronation Market—and others came forward with their own hard-luck stories. I learned that many had been forced to take up residence in this dispiriting place. All complained of skyrocketing prices. "The times is terrible," said a gentle-looking older man who wore a sailor's cap. "They never been like this before. People can't get jobs. Many have to thief to survive." He concluded bitterly: "Politics—that's just a matter of some able to eat and others not. All I say is, if there's a cake, let some of the smallest morsels reach us."

Another result of Seaga's changes was on display at the nearby higgler's market, located in a spacious, warehouse-like building on the city's main square. Inside the ill-lit structure were row upon row of small fenced-in cubicles, each bursting with shoes, skirts, hats, sunglasses, pocketbooks, cosmetics, appliances—all the items one might find in American stores. That, in fact, is where most of them came from. Every week, hundreds of Jamaican higgler board planes to Miami or Panama, fill suitcases with consumer goods, and return to sell them in Jamaica. Although the travel and the use of black-market dollars jack up the price, the items are snapped up quickly, since most Jamaicans shun locally produced goods as inferior.

The higgler began operating under Manley, when the imposition of import controls made smuggling profitable. But they came of age with Seaga and his relaxation of import restrictions. Seaga admired their entrepreneurial ingenuity, and he had promised the middle class that he would make the scarcities of the Manley years a thing of the past. So, even though many of the goods brought in, like shoes and clothing, were still technically prohibited, Seaga tacitly gave the higgler his blessing on taking office. The tide of cheap imports that resulted made the middle class happy.

At the same time, however, it had a devastating effect on local manufacturers. Suddenly, after years of protection, they found themselves up against efficient companies abroad; many simply could not compete. To compound the



PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN BEVERLY HILLS

ALON REININGER/CONTACT

problem, the government's attempts to liberalize the licensing process had backfired. Factory owners were outbid by the higglers and others for black-market currency, making it hard for them to obtain the foreign exchange they needed to buy raw materials and capital goods; manufacturers still had to wait months to get their licenses.

"Deregulation has so far meant considerable losses for many of us," Anthony Williams, president of the powerful Jamaica Manufacturers' Association, told the group last summer. According to JMA figures, government policies had forced thirty-three factories to close, throwing thousands out of work. By mid-1982, the private sector was in revolt. Businessmen protested that they heard of policy changes only through the news media. The Ministry of Industry and Commerce, expected to represent the interests of manufacturers, became one of their chief targets, as a result of its high-handed industrial policies. Shoes and garments were particularly hard hit. "Shoe Industry on Verge of Collapse," the *Daily News* declared in a February 11, 1983, banner headline. It reported that the industry was "collapsing at a rapid rate" owing to competition from 750,000 pairs of shoes that had been illegally brought into the country by higglers. Half-a-dozen factories had gone under, and nine others had laid off employees. Eleven garment plants had also gone out of business.

"Jamaican manufacturers desperately needed a three-year breather, instead of going immediately into structural adjustment," says Paul Thomas, deputy president of the JMA and owner of a large shoe company. Instead, the IMF and the World Bank "demanded structural adjustment in one year," he says. "It has been put in place before industries have had a chance to put their infrastructure into place. Remember, this is a country that, over eight and a half years, suffered tremendous setbacks. Many of our factories were run down and had to be retooled."

Thomas hastens to add that he, like most Jamaican businessmen, supports the government's export drive. Exporting has helped his company grow by 400 percent since Seaga took over. But Thomas feels that the way the drive was implemented has caused unnecessary dislocations. "What we are talking about is pace and coordination," he says. "It's in the coordination that the World Bank and IMF aren't getting down to realities."

At the same time, the JLP's projections for foreign investment have proved to be overly optimistic. Consider,

for instance, the group of businessmen feted at the U.S. ambassador's residence last January. Their visit was sponsored by the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, a U.S. agency that has been actively promoting investment in Jamaica as part of President Reagan's Caribbean Basin strategy. The fourteen delegation members were a diverse lot, ranging from a Kansas popcorn packager to the owner of a physical-fitness resort for executives in Palm Springs. Accompanied by a retinue of OPIC aides and AID officials, the investors became virtual celebrities during their week-

long stay, attending luncheons with leading businessmen, briefings by government officials, and a private meeting with the prime minister himself.

Despite the special attention, the businessmen did manage to glimpse some of the costs of doing business in Jamaica. During a fancy lunch at the Pegasus, for instance, the lights suddenly went out—a rude introduction to Jamaica's undependable power supply. The group heard a great deal about Jamaica's vocal labor



CONTRAST IN DOWNTOWN KINGSTON

PETER SIMON

movement, its high shipping rates to the U.S., and the prospect of Michael Manley's return to power. For at least one investor, a manufacturer from Hong Kong, it was all too much; he told me that he had decided to locate his plastics plant in the Dominican Republic instead.

The majority of the visitors, however, were impressed by the hospitality shown them. "I sense a very upbeat, organized, 'We want to help you do business' attitude in Jamaica," said Gary Bechtel, head of a data-processing company in New Jersey. Like others, Bechtel was heartened by President Reagan's interest in the island. "Given what Reagan is trying to pull off here," he said, "I could make a lot of money before worrying about getting clobbered politically"—if Manley returned. Bechtel is now moving ahead with his plan to set up a keypunch operation in Jamaica. Many of the other OPIC delegation members are also seriously considering investing in Jamaica.

Most of their businesses, however, are quite small. Bechtel's, for instance, would represent an outlay of less than \$1 million and, initially, only about sixty jobs. Thus far, very few large corporations, including the titans represented on the Rockefeller committee, have shown much interest in Jamaica. The recession is partly responsible. "Whereas in the past an IMF agreement was a seal of approval for investors," a prominent banker in Kingston says, "the tap is now dry." Since Seaga took office, foreign investment has generated only a few thousand jobs, repre-

senting a reduction of less than one percent in the country's unemployment rate. In short, U.S. capital is proving no panacea.

Nor has the JLP's divestment program lived up to advance billing. Continuing uncertainty about the tourism industry resulted in exceedingly modest bids for the eight hotels on sale. Rather than settle for deflated prices, the government decided to retain ownership and lease the hotels, and by the beginning of this year it had arranged such deals for most of them. Seaga made it clear that he had no intention of selling off the public utilities Manley had nationalized. Midway through its term, the Seaga administration had divested only a handful of trifling enterprises and shut down one, the *Daily News*.

It did, however, significantly expand its holdings. Last September, Seaga dismayed the private sector by buying the Esso refinery in Kingston, the country's only such facility. Seaga said that Jamaica could no longer afford to have a foreign corporation set prices for the country's petroleum products. "The government is still buying things that we think should be in the private sector," says Neville James, director of a leading private-sector group. "Governments like ownership, and this one is no different in that respect."

Divestment is only one of the areas in which the Seaga government has had to change course. The growing explosiveness of the housing situation eventually persuaded the JLP to introduce a rent-restriction act, which reinstated controls. (It passed Parliament last March.) And, recognizing that housing construction could no longer be left exclusively to the private sector, the government announced that it would step up the pace of public building this year.

Seaga also conceded that the structural-adjustment program was not proceeding exactly as planned. Customs procedures were tightened up. The higglers, those models of free enterprise, were made subject to import quotas. The biggest change came in a major economic address made by Seaga last January. Admitting that there had been a "breakdown in the issuing of licenses," he introduced a new system that, as under Manley, would allocate foreign exchange to each manufacturer for the purchase of essential goods. In an acknowledgment that the government had not properly taken the needs of the private sector into account, the Prime Minister introduced a new array of export incentives. Finally, in the most signifi-

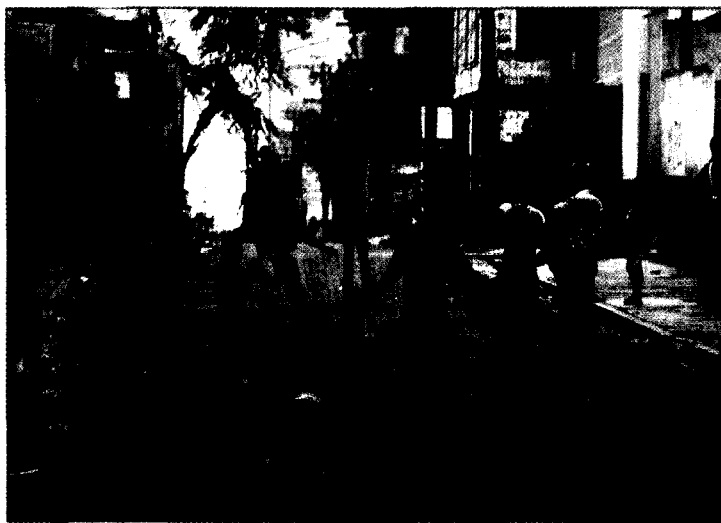
cant move of all, Seaga announced that the country was going on a dual exchange rate that would make Jamaican exports more competitive abroad and imports (except essentials) more expensive.

Seaga insisted that the new exchange rates did not constitute a devaluation—an understandable position, since he had persistently criticized devaluations under Manley as evidence of economic mismanagement. But many bankers and economists felt that the dual exchange rate was a devaluation by another name. As the *Daily News* said, Seaga's speech was "reminiscent of those given by former Prime Minister Michael Manley in the final years of his administration when economic problems were mounting."

In all, 1982 was not kind to the Seaga government. Industrial capacity dropped even lower than it had been under Manley. The country's trade deficit increased. Unemployment began to rise again, from 25.7 back to 27 percent. The GNP fell 0.2 percent for the year.

The government attributed the economic decline to the world recession. The recession undoubtedly played a role, as in the 30 percent drop in bauxite production. But the JLP's own free-market policies were clearly culpable as well. The phasing out of price controls had caused serious hardship for the poor. Rent increases had compelled introduction of new controls. Deregulating the economy had proved disastrous for many manufacturers. Curbs on govern-

ment spending had produced a deadening effect on the economy. Finally, the Seaga government, like its predecessor, had discovered that public ownership has its place. The Jamaican "model" was proving far different from what Washington had intended.



WATERFRONT NEIGHBORHOOD IN KINGSTON

ONE AFTERNOON, I set out to visit a farm started by two Israeli investors in central Jamaica. The "Israeli farm" had been men-

tioned time and again by government officials, who assigned it a key role in the JLP's agricultural program. I was particularly eager to see it, because of my growing sense that the success of any government in Jamaica hinges on how it meets the challenge of the countryside. The rural sector is the island's biggest source of employment, providing jobs for 37 percent of the population. But it contributes only 8 percent of the gross national product, making it the most inefficient sector as well. Jamaica, an all-year greenhouse, must import much of its food.

Here, differences between Seaga and Manley seem par-

ticularly sharp. The JLP has invited in large foreign companies. To Manley, their very names evoke the plantation system, but the government claims that it will be setting the terms for their activities. It has signed a joint-venture agreement with United Brands, for instance, the successor company to the infamous United Fruit, to plant more than 2,000 acres of high-quality bananas. Seaga quickly disbanded the sugar cooperatives so dear to Manley, and, under the structural-adjustment program, promised to shut down two of the country's most inefficient sugar mills and lease four of the remaining five to private concerns. Among the candidates to take them over are Gulf & Western, a Rockefeller committee member with enormous sugar holdings in the Dominican Republic, and Tate & Lyle, a British company that once owned plantations in Jamaica. The government hopes that such measures will increase sugar output from the 200,000 tons produced in 1982—the lowest level in decades.

Even if production rises, sugar, an industry suffering from the popularity of artificial sweeteners, will never play the dominant role it once did in Jamaica. Seaga is strenuously promoting exports of nontraditional products such as flowers, honey, and vegetables. The Israeli farm represents an intensive effort to show that Jamaica is ideally suited to produce vegetables for the lucrative winter market of the northeastern United States.

The farm is on 200 acres of prime land about fifty-five miles west of Kingston. I flew there with one of the Israelis, Eli Tisona, in a helicopter lent us by the Jamaican armed forces—an indication of just how much the government has riding on this project. Arriving in mid-morning, we found the farm dotted with women stooping among the symmetrical rows of tomatoes and green peppers. They placed the ripe vegetables in baskets that, when full, were picked up by tractors and transported to a nearby packing plant.

"Three months ago, there was nothing here but a run-down farm," said Tisona, who, with another Israeli, has put up about half of the farm's \$2.5 million cost. (The government has contributed much of the remainder.) "Already, we're sending two shipments a week to New York. We bring in 747s to fly out the produce. It arrives on the streets of New York within forty-eight or seventy-two hours of being picked."

The farm employs about 250 Jamaicans, most of them earning the equivalent of \$6 to \$8 a day. "Everybody warned us about the employees," said Tisona, an ebullient man who is eager to impress the farm's frequent visitors. "They said the Jamaicans are lazy, you're going to lose all your money. But most of these people haven't had jobs in the last five years and are eager to work. Everything's worked out perfect."

Notwithstanding that assessment, there have been substantial obstacles, not all of them overcome: power failures can ruin vegetables under refrigeration; all equipment must be imported; transportation can break down; and, as

Tisona says, "the bureaucracy is terrible." Many Jamaicans doubt that the farm will ever show a profit. "I can count fifteen or twenty winter-vegetable projects in Jamaica that have not worked out," an official associated with the project admitted to me. "This one looks good so far, but we still need to see how it comes out."

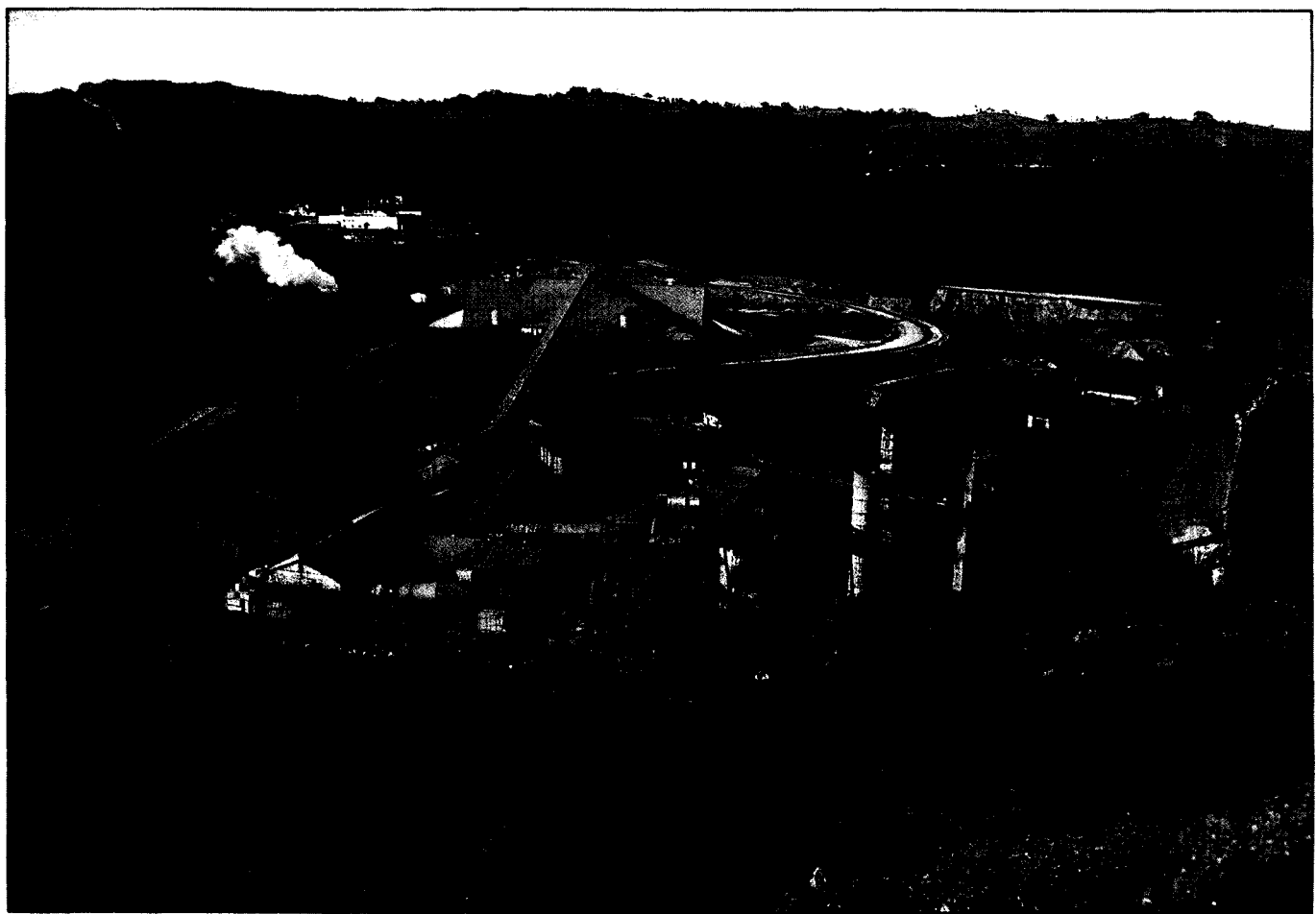
While the government has lavished its attention on the Israelis, what of Jamaica's hundreds of thousands of peasant farmers? Traditional agriculture was the one economic sector to prosper under Manley, growing by an average of 7 percent a year during his term. He had leased land to small farmers, guaranteed them good prices, and protected them against imports.

Seaga, on the other hand, put free-market principles to work. He began phasing out the price-support program and removed restrictions on food imports. Jamaica was inundated with cheap food. The results were catastrophic for small farmers. Domestic food production dropped by 19 percent in 1982; potatoes fell by 40 percent, and cereals by 57 percent.

Shortly after my visit to the Israeli farm, I made another, quite different excursion into rural Jamaica, to a small farming village in the Blue Mountains called Woburn Lawn. Here, an hour east of Kingston, peasants cultivate primitive two- or three-acre farms of scallions, gungo peas, yams, and beans. I was greeted with tales of severe unemployment and plunging incomes brought on by the government's policies. One farmer, Anabelle Crosdale, told me, "Most of last year was bad. We couldn't make a profit—we were just able to feed ourselves." Crosdale, who at sixty-two still climbs the side of a mountain each day to reach her farm, explained that "the imports had a great effect on our scallions and red peas." She added that the state marketing facility was paying "too cheap" prices. "If they set up a better marketing system, people would do more farming," she said.

Last year, the country's food-import bill was \$200 million—a surprising sum for a country as fertile as Jamaica, and one that eventually forced the government to change course. It reinstated import restrictions on many crops grown domestically. Then, last spring, it introduced AGRO 21, a "bold new program" to help peasant farmers. Described as "more far-reaching in concept than anything ever before designed," AGRO 21 predictably stressed exports, promising incentives tailored specifically to small farmers. What was striking was the role carved out for the state. "The government," Seaga explained in a speech, "will be the organizer of capital, land, and skills for the private sector. It will help to find the market outlets and the technology with the objective of beginning a new era in our lagging agricultural sector."

So, halfway into its term, the JLP had at last begun to grapple with the immense problems of traditional agriculture. The neglect of the marketplace had proved anything but benign. Seaga discovered that state intervention here, as elsewhere, might not be such a bad thing after all.



PETER SIMON

BAUXITE PLANT IN THE PARISH OF ST. ANN

ON MY LAST DAY IN KINGSTON, I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY to interview both Edward Seaga and Michael Manley. Each was true to his reputation. Seaga was aloof, dispassionate, precise, his responses studded with sums, percentages, and projections. Manley was smiling, outgoing, emotive, his talk at once grand, discursive, philosophical. The contrasts in style were paralleled by differing perceptions of Jamaica's present and prescriptions for its future.

On the performance of the JLP government:

Seaga: "First of all, we have managed to restore tourism. It had virtually died under the previous government, but we're now one of the most actively growing tourism areas in the world. We have restored the construction industry, which had declined to the levels of the 1950s. It grew 26 percent last year and is projected to grow 20 percent this year. The manufacturing sector got off to a slow start. It showed no growth in the first year, but at least not the declines of the 1970s. It grew by 4 percent last year, and is projected to grow 5 percent this year. Both sugar and bananas, our two main export crops, are on the way back up. We're expanding cocoa, citrus, and so on. Furthermore, we're now entering a period of production of agricultural products never before tried in Jamaica, like horticulture and winter vegetables."

Manley: "Seaga did something extremely dangerous—he took the lid off the Jamaican austerity program we had put in place and settled his debts with the middle classes by committing extravagant amounts of foreign exchange to consumer satisfaction, through imports. In the course of doing that, he played havoc with domestic agriculture. He undermined small-business development by opening the floodgates. He was depending on flows of foreign capital to provide for the necessary foreign exchange, but of course it didn't come in the quantities expected. Seaga, facing this, seems to be beginning to back away from the belief that the pure Puerto Rican model can save Jamaica. Therefore, one is seeing him begin to revert to more reliance upon state action than he contemplated at the start, and which he criticized us for."

On the sugar industry:

Seaga: "This year, sugar will show a gain. The last government didn't fertilize the fields, because they had no foreign exchange. And they didn't have the machines to take the cane out with. They handed the estates over to cooperatives, which went into debt for \$80 million. The productivity of these estates was destroyed. We have disbanded the co-ops and put them back under the control of the [government-managed] sugar mills. Productivity is rising."

Manley: "We're very disappointed they've dismantled

the co-op program. It's true that we made mistakes, that we failed to understand the need to lay the proper base for them. But we were hoping to use them as a model of how to resolve the conflict between economies of scale and workers' participation. Disbanding them is a strategic retreat. You can't go on with peasant farming; do you instead turn everything over to Campbell's, Tate & Lyle, and United Fruit? Where else is there to go but back to the old plantation relationship, which is itself at the heart of Jamaica's social crisis?"

On the fortunes of the shoe industry:

Seaga: "The demise of the footwear industry has been in the cards for the last ten or twelve years. There have been losses of jobs, but that's inevitable, regardless of the structural adjustment of the economy, because of their own lack of adjustment. No small country can produce the range and styles of footwear preferred by people who are sophisticated in dress, like Jamaicans. We want to pick one or two or three items and concentrate on them and gear the whole footwear industry to producing them [for export]. We want to do the same thing with the six or seven other sectors we've targeted."

Manley: "Seaga really just opened the floodgates, virtually wiping out the shoe industry. A very high price has been paid. Once you improve exports at the expense of an internally based economy, you're swapping a black dog for a monkey [a Jamaican expression equivalent to "cutting off your nose to spite your face"]. What an economy like ours needs is to identify areas where you see a chance for exports, and go for broke there. But don't sacrifice your base. With proper planning and the use of carefully modulated protective walls, you could have saved the local shoe industry."

On Singapore, Puerto Rico, and models:

Seaga: "Singapore and ourselves were not far apart in the 1960s. The difference is that Singapore expanded in the 1970s, while we went the route of political adventurism, twisting Jamaica into the mold of Cuban society. In the 1960s, our gross domestic product grew 60 percent; in the 1970s, we lost 20 percent. The model we started with in the 1960s was adapted from the import-substitution model. But that has only so much life in it. Our intention in the 1970s was to have begun to shift gears and move to an export orientation on a gradual basis. But that didn't happen. The government started screaming 'Export or die,' but it was too late. So we've had to pick up

at double the pace to restructure the economy in the direction of exports."

Manley: "Seaga during the campaign committed himself to a resurrected Puerto Rican model. He didn't like to use the word 'Puerto Rico,' because it's been discredited, so he preferred to talk about the countries of the Far East. But essentially the model is the same. In Puerto Rico, after the most massive foreign-investment program in the world over the last thirty years, it has produced 25 to 30 percent unemployment, with 50 percent of the people on food stamps and a massive migration to the U.S. The model does what all models of a colonial nature do—it increases dependence. Seaga began with the very essence of a dependent capitalist strategy of development—consumer satisfaction, massive foreign capital, deregulation of the economy. We believe completely in the reverse, in inviting people to face self-restraint so as to provide the internal basis for a self-reliant economy. The main question is, How do you develop the capacity to develop yourself? You can't develop if you depend on someone else."

One small country, two conflicting philosophies regarding the course it should pursue. Seaga's Jamaica is a machine in need of proper maintenance—investment, export incentives, good management, social discipline. Manley's Jamaica, on the other hand, is founded on first principles—social justice, economic sovereignty, and, above all, self-reliance.



MARKETPLACE ON NORTH PARADE, IN KINGSTON

BUT WHAT DO these differences mean practically?

"The rhetoric of the present administration is no less thick than in the former one," says Rex Nettleford, a prominent Jamaican sociologist. He hastens to add, "You have to get beyond the rhetoric to see what they're actually doing. The PNP didn't go around expropriating

people's property. Similarly, the current government can't deregulate everything. Maybe the polarization is a false one, more perception than reality." Indeed, an American who spends any time in Jamaica quickly learns to look beyond the images and mythologies that have attached to Seaga and Manley like clouds around a mountain peak.

Consider, for instance, the common perception of Seaga as a throwback to nineteenth-century laissez-faire capitalism. In fact, he has an activist past. In his maiden speech to Parliament, in 1962, he inveighed against the gulf separating the haves and the have-nots. In Denham Town, the

constituency he represents, Seaga set up a community complex that continues to be widely admired in Jamaica as a model of progressive welfare. As finance minister in the JLP government of 1967–1972, Seaga established such a reputation as a tax reformer and strict regulator that during the 1972 election it was he, not Manley, whom the business community most feared.

"There's no doubt that Seaga's commitment is to state capitalism and regulation of the economy," a leading Jamaican executive told me. "He's no different from Michael in that respect. But Seaga is more likely to screw business, because if he says he's going to control something, he'll do it." A high U.S. official in Jamaica was frank in venting his frustrations: "Seaga really has a blind spot about markets and prices. He's in favor of the private sector, but he doesn't really trust it. He sees the need for government policy to shape it, to make it do what is right."

Conversely, Michael Manley's nationalist policies won him the support of many Jamaican businessmen. "A lot said about Manley is pure, unadulterated political propaganda," a food manufacturer told me. "Certainly, he was left of center, but so was Harold Wilson, and so is Mitterrand, and a number of other Western leaders. Manley provided a tremendous number of incentives for the private sector that no previous government had provided. And he believed wholeheartedly in exports." It was the PNP government that set up the Jamaica National Export Corporation in order to stimulate exports—a function it continues to perform under Seaga. And it was Manley who created Jamaica's first "export free zone," an enclave where foreign manufacturers can operate virtually free of regulation. Today, Manley recognizes the importance of remaining on good terms with the private sector.

Regardless of who is at the helm, Jamaica presents some inescapable realities. As Rex Nettleford says, "Look at how Seaga has been forced to go back on his statements. It's not because he's silly, but because the options open to developing countries are very limited." Seaga, like Manley, has had to confront suffocating shortages of foreign exchange, a lack of managerial talent, the sluggishness of Jamaica's private sector, and utilities forever on the verge of breakdown. From one perspective, Seaga's term can be read as an extended lesson in how such circumstances mandate vigorous state intervention.

The power of rhetoric to obscure is perhaps nowhere

more evident than in attitudes toward foreign investment, an emotionally charged topic that has traditionally divided left and right. As Manley told me, "We see foreign investment as a desirable addition to, but not the heart of, our economic program. You need to identify the areas where foreign capital can genuinely assist you, but never see it as the linchpin, as Seaga does." Manley's view, however, is not all that different from Seaga's. Far from constituting the "linchpin" of the JLP program, foreign investment is expected to make up only about one seventh of total investment.

Nor is Seaga promiscuously welcoming all investment applicants. For example, the government almost called off the OPIC mission last January, because the types of companies represented on it did not square with the sectors the Prime Minister had set as priorities. As for Manley, he states emphatically in his book, "Make no mistake about it: we wanted foreign investment, and in the end this was one of the areas in which we failed most completely."



KINGSTON'S BUSINESS DISTRICT

OWEN FRANKENSYGMA

Even on an issue as divisive as foreign relations, one detects convergence. True, Manley embraced Havana and accused Washington of destabilizing Jamaica; Seaga did the reverse. Under Manley, visits by the IMF set off loud street demonstrations; in the first two years of Seaga's administration, they barely rated a mention in the national press. In both cases, however, reality intervened. For Manley, that reality was money, and the fact that a country like Jamaica needs enormous sums of it. Most of it is controlled by Washington and comes with conditions, which often makes proclamations about economic independence seem empty. Of course, there are alternatives. One is to look to the East, as Cuba did, but that entails its own form of dependence. The other is to go broke. This is, in effect, the option the PNP pursued by deciding to break with the IMF in 1980, but it hardly proved satisfactory.

Seaga has played the Washington connection brilliantly, and many Jamaicans consider that his greatest achievement. But, as he has learned, his deal with the West is something of a Faustian bargain. Since he took office, policy for Jamaica has been formulated as much in Washington as in Kingston; a high official at the U.S. Embassy remarked: "We're undergoing a joint education process. We learn how Jamaica ticks and how Jamaicans believe, while we provide them an education in the free market." That education has proved costly for many Jamaicans, among them shoe manufacturers, small farmers, and the poor.

NUCLEAR ELECTRICITY

Who Stands Where



At a time of intense criticism of nuclear-generated electricity, an independent academic study found surprisingly strong support among persons considered well informed on the subject.

The study was part of a large project directed by Professors Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter and sponsored by the Research Institute of International Change at Columbia University, Smith College, and the Graduate Program in Science, Technology, and Public Policy at George Washington University.

A survey of scientists

In mid-1980, little more than a year after the accident at Three Mile Island, a detailed questionnaire on

energy issues was sent to a purely random sample of: (1) scientists listed in *American Men and Women of Science*, (2) scientists in energy-related disciplines, and (3) scientists in fields closely related to nuclear energy.

Asked how best to proceed with nuclear energy (see Table 1), an overwhelming majority from all groups felt that the nation should continue with the development of nuclear energy.

Table 1
VIEWS OF SCIENTISTS ON HOW TO PROCEED
WITH NUCLEAR ENERGY

Random Sample	Energy Experts	Nuclear Experts	
53%	70%	92%	Proceed rapidly
36	25	8	Proceed slowly
7	4	0	Halt development
3	1	0	Dismantle plants

Most felt we should proceed rapidly.

This high level of support is echoed in Table 2, which notes positive atti-

Table 2
SCIENTISTS' ATTITUDES ON NUCLEAR
ENERGY ISSUES

Random Sample	Energy Experts	Nuclear Experts	
65%	75%	99%	Risks acceptable
69	80	98	Willing to locate nuclear plants in their cities
75	91	100	Enough knowledge to solve nuclear problems

tudes toward the acceptability of risk posed by nuclear plants; the scientists' personal willingness to have a nuclear plant located where they live; and the scientists' confidence that enough knowledge exists to solve the scien-

tific and technical problems posed by nuclear energy.

Expanding the study

Such positive results were somewhat surprising to the researchers. They decided to expand their study. This was a time when public concern was high and the nuclear regulatory environment was toughening considerably, so the researchers wondered whether decision makers in the nuclear field would be as wary of nuclear power plants as the man in the street.

To find out, the researchers mailed questionnaires to top decision makers in seven different categories:

- the nuclear power industry
- the financial community
- the Nuclear Regulatory Commission
- other regulatory agencies involved with nuclear energy
- members of Congress who were involved with nuclear policy
- outside experts (scientists, social scientists and consultants involved with nuclear energy issues)
- groups with professed anti-nuclear views.

The results were again surprising. As Table 3 indicates, outside experts and financiers were as united in their

Anti-Nuclear Groups	Industry	Financiers	NRC	Other Regulators	Congress	Outside Experts	
0%	93%	94%	65%	54%	40%	69%	Proceed rapidly
0	5	6	35	25	40	26	Proceed slowly
33	2	0	0	8	20	5	Halt development
67	0	0	0	13	0	0	Dismantle plants

support of nuclear energy development as were industry executives. The only significant opposition came from the heads of the anti-nuclear groups. A few members of Congress and some regulators also expressed opposition. (It should be noted that response from Congress was low in number.)

Table 4 reinforces the pattern. Majorities of all decision-making sectors except the anti-nuclear groups believed nuclear plants safe, the risks acceptable, the problems solvable, and they would be willing to live near a reactor.

The questionnaire also sought to learn what potential problems within the industry were considered most serious. Most of the anti-nuclear groups' leaders rated most of the problems as "very serious." None of the problems was considered that serious by a majority of the other decision makers. Only high-level waste disposal was considered very serious by a majority of persons within any of these seven groups.

The Nuclear Waste Policy Act of 1982 has addressed this problem by establishing a procedure and a timetable leading to the safe disposal of nuclear waste. The concept of bury-

Anti-Nuclear Groups	Industry	Financiers	NRC	Other Regulators	Congress	Outside Experts	
100%	2%	0%	4%	37%	25%	12%	Risks unacceptable
0	94	61	72	60	43	74	Very confident we can solve problems
100	2	0	7	28	28	5	Plants unsafe
0	97	83	94	60	53	88	Would live near reactors

ing the waste in stable geological formations deep in the earth has been endorsed by the National Academy of Sciences.

What sources can we count on today?

There was more agreement when the leaders were asked which energy sources would make the greatest contributions to our needs by the year 2000. The questionnaire listed 16 possible sources ranging alphabetically from biomass to wind power. As Table 5 illustrates, most groups viewed coal as the primary energy source, followed by oil and then either natural gas, nuclear fission, or conservation. The anti-nuclear groups are the only dissenters, rating conservation as their top choice, solar heat as a major contributor and dismissing nuclear fission altogether. No other group ranks conservation higher than

fourth, expects such a significant contribution from solar heat, or writes off nuclear energy altogether.

Anti-Nuclear Groups	Industry	Financiers	NRC	Other Regulators	Congress	Outside Experts	
58%	96%	78%	94%	75%	91%	95%	Coal
50	57	50	63	84	67	79	Oil
42	44	41	34	48	52	67	Natural gas
0	52	24	28	52	25	33	Nuclear fission
42	1	0	3	12	10	2	Solar heat
100	16	29	19	50	52	38	Conservation

The researchers found it especially surprising that government agencies which frequently have been critical of nuclear energy were nevertheless looking to this resource for a large contribution. In fact, the other regulators' projection precisely matched that of the nuclear power industry.

An ongoing debate

The debate continues over the risks and rewards of nuclear electricity. In the heat of the debate, it's easy to get the impression that almost everyone has turned against nuclear electricity. This study shows that such an impression would be incorrect.

All energy sources have problems—environmental, safety, reliability, cost. Perhaps someday we'll find a perfect energy source, but until then we must provide for America's energy needs with sources we can count on today.

For a full report on the surveys discussed here, send for our free brochure, "Nuclear Electricity—Who Stands Where." Just fill out this coupon and mail it to:

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Information about energy
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U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

Of late, Seaga seems to be putting some distance between himself and his benefactors. His pronouncements on the world economic order have become more militant in tone. Last March, the government threatened to break off talks with the IMF over new demands for budget cuts. In a complaint eerily recalling the previous government's experience, the JLP said that agreeing to them would throw an additional 10,000 Jamaicans out of work. (A compromise with the IMF was eventually worked out.)

Criticism in Jamaica of the international lending institutions is no longer limited to the left but comes from the highest reaches of the establishment. For instance, Carlton Alexander, the country's most prominent businessman, and head of Jamaica's counterpart to the Rockefeller committee, told me, "With all due respect, people at places like the IMF don't understand how Jamaicans live, think, react to things. What is needed is real, in-depth understanding of this country. How much time do all these consultants spend with the people?"

IN A SENSE, THE WHOLE NOTION OF ECONOMIC "models" flies in the face of people—their history, traditions, and needs. Jamaica's structural-adjustment program is a good example. It is adapted from a World Bank formula that was developed only three years ago, in the wake of the 1979 oil crisis, when soaring interest rates, bloated fuel bills, and crushing debt burdens seemed to doom developing countries to self-perpetuating poverty. The Bank's sister institution, the IMF, was limited by its charter to dealing exclusively with short-term balance-of-payments problems, and its medicine—budget cuts, wage freezes, and tight monetary controls—seemed inadequate to deal with the deep-seated problems that were emerging.

So the Bank, which is more concerned with long-term development needs, began devising an economic program that, by requiring structural economic changes over a five- or six-year period, would result in self-sustaining growth. It adapted many of the components of East Asia's export-oriented industrialization, fashioning them into a comprehensive package of recommended reforms. Thus was structural adjustment born. In return for a sizable loan from the Bank, countries agree to transform their economies in the export mold. The Bank is now aggressively pushing structural adjustment throughout the developing world; Jamaica is the twelfth country to sign on.

As applied there, however, structural adjustment seems almost a caricature of the East Asian experience. For instance, the forced pace of Jamaica's march toward an open, export-oriented economy—to be accomplished within a mere five years—contrasts greatly with the gradual strategy pursued in Asia. There, import restrictions were removed selectively, according to the evolving needs of the countries' economies. In South Korea, for instance, the proportion of imports automatically allowed into the coun-

try grew from 50.4 percent in 1967 to only 52.7 percent a decade later.

Likewise, the single-minded championing of the marketplace by the Bank, the IMF, and the Reagan Administration bears little relation to the record of these countries. To cite one example, Singapore's high growth rate was due in no small part to the active role played by its government in setting production priorities, shaping industrial incentives, and allocating capital. It is somewhat ironic that Washington is prescribing a marketplace strategy for a country like Jamaica at a time when industrial experts in the U.S. have finally awakened to the central importance of state regulation in Japan's enviable economic record.

The success of mixed economies has made believers of countries on the other side of the political divide. In recent years, for instance, both India and Egypt have backed away from highly centralized economies, which had clearly demonstrated their inefficiency. Both have taken to encouraging their private sectors—within the context of considerable state ownership and regulation.

In the socialist world, it is common knowledge that soon after the Sandinistas took power in Nicaragua, Fidel Castro admonished them not to repeat Cuba's mistakes, chief among them abolition of the private sector. The Nicaraguans have since committed themselves to a mixed economy. So, too, has the socialist government of Grenada, where the private sector retains over 60 percent of the economy—a proportion not too different from Seaga's Jamaica. Furthermore, Nicaragua, Grenada, and, for the first time, Cuba have all recently issued investment codes intended to attract foreign capital.

Nowhere has model-making caused more harm than in agriculture. The literature of Third World development is rife with examples of how failure to resolve structural weaknesses in the countryside can stymie all efforts at modernization. In both Mexico and Brazil, land reform was neglected in the rush to industrialize. As a result, the gap between the urban and rural sectors widened, undermining domestic food production, spreading misery among peasants, and setting off torrential migrations to the cities. And, to take a "model" country, Puerto Rico's social problems today can be traced in large part to its callous treatment of peasant farmers: agricultural production declined from 21 percent of the GNP in 1947 to only 4 percent in 1977, and employment in the sector dropped to a fifth of what it had been.

Seaga told me, "Our agricultural program will have the biggest impact on unemployment. That's where the main unemployment centers are." Unfortunately, however, it looks as though agriculture is destined to continue to be the poor stepchild of the Jamaican economy. Reflecting the biases of the World Bank, the structural-adjustment program for Jamaican agriculture is founded on increasing exports, largely through promoting cash crops on large, modern farms. A few morsels are thrown the way of small farmers, in the form of programs to promote soil conserva-

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tion and prevent praedial larceny (an archaic Caribbean term for crop theft). But these don't begin to tackle the real problems of traditional agriculture, which include the impracticality of small plots, backward cultivation techniques, inadequate technical and financial assistance, and poor marketing facilities.

"The export-oriented economy will never be on in the Caribbean," says Carl Stone, a sociologist at the University of the West Indies, in Kingston, and Jamaica's most respected political analyst. "You have to push exports, but in combination with land reform that can secure a base for small agriculture and domestic food production. You need import substitution for industry and agriculture in the short run, accompanied by a timetable for becoming efficient."

Manley's recognition of this represents one of the principal differences between him and Seaga. Manley was deeply troubled by the divide separating the traditional Jamaica of machete-wielding peasants and the modern Jamaica of bauxite companies, sugar estates, and manufacturing plants. His agrarian program was an effort to attack agriculture's weaknesses at their source. The fact that he ultimately failed attests to just how intractable the structural deficiencies in Jamaican agriculture are.

THE CONTRASTING APPROACHES TO THE COUNTRY-side finally point up what is perhaps the chief, irreducible difference between Jamaica's two world views. It has to do with distribution. For Manley, Jamaica's inequality and mass deprivation constituted a glaring social problem demanding direct government action. Tackling it was a simple matter of "conscience," as Manley said in his interview with me. And, as his criticism of the Puerto Rican model shows, he believes progress cannot be measured by growth rates alone, but must also take into account a multitude of social indicators.

Seaga, too, is disturbed by Jamaica's poverty; contrary to the predictions of his political opponents, he has retained many of Manley's benefit programs, and has even introduced some of his own. But Seaga's top priority is clear—economic growth. Achieving it is expected in and of itself to alleviate the plight of the poor, even if distribution becomes more unequal in the process. In short, though he bristles at the term, Seaga's program is very much a "trickle-down" one.

Manley's approach failed. Will Seaga's fare any differently? The Prime Minister says that if the U.S. economy revives, Jamaica's is sure to rise again too. Both invest-

ment and trade should pick up, especially if the full Caribbean Basin Initiative ever passes. Manufacturers are beginning to respond to export incentives, and both tourism and construction seem buoyant.

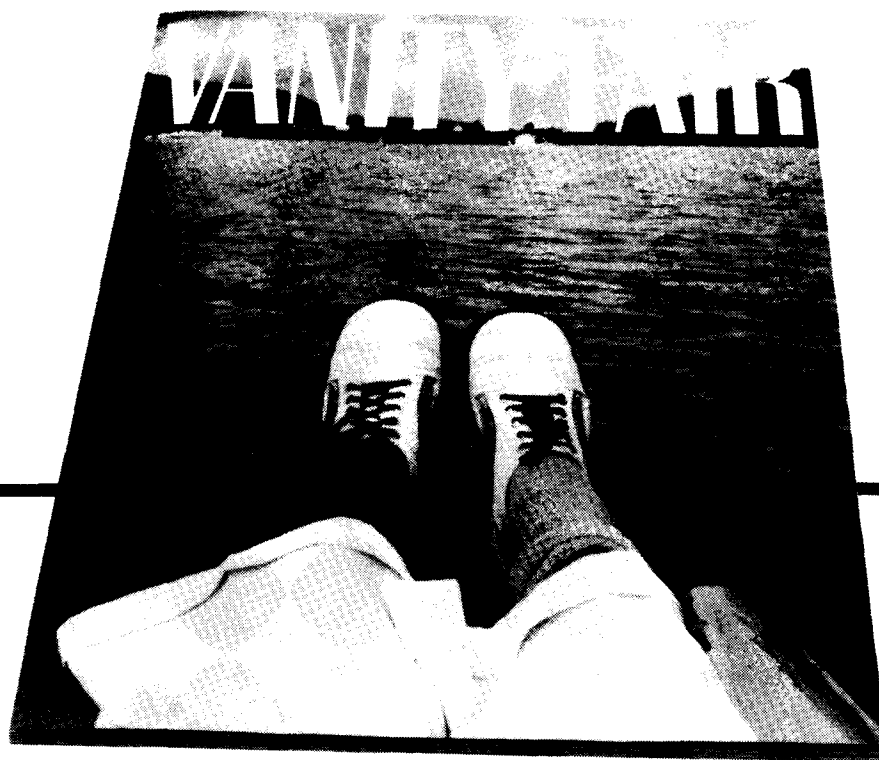
Even if Seaga does get Jamaica moving again, however, it will not be according to the prescriptions written for him in Washington. Far from demonstrating the superiority of the marketplace, Seaga's term has shown just how damaging such a conviction can be. Yes, growth requires a strong private sector. But in a country like Jamaica, it also requires an activist state willing to undertake considerable regulation and public ownership. While promoting exports is essential, it should not come at the expense of domestic manufacturers and small farmers.

In any case, Seaga faces a monumental task. Bauxite shows little prospect of an upturn; sugar must ultimately be phased out; protectionist sentiment is growing in the West. Even with a dangerously high foreign debt, Jamaica is \$2 billion short of the amount it needs to meet its basic development requirements. Because of the continuing shortfall in capital, the government was forced in June to impose strict new austerity measures, in what Seaga called "tough measures for tough times." Most serious of all, unemployment remains exceedingly high and shows few signs of abating. As a result, social tension is building once again, and pressure for change is mounting.

In a repressive country, such developments might not matter. But in Jamaica, which is intensely political, displeasure with JLP policies will be registered at the ballot box no later than 1985. According to recent polls, the PNP has taken a sizable lead over the JLP. Ironically, one result of the Reagan Administration's great interest in Jamaica may be to propel Manley back to power.

Would he have any better luck the second time around? Jamaica's recent history does not leave much room for optimism. Seaga's term in office has shown just how heavily the odds are stacked against a country like Jamaica. Even with one of the most intensive aid efforts in U.S. history, the island seems little better off than it was before. In the greatest paradox of all, the Jamaica experiment may help demonstrate what Michael Manley has claimed all along—that change in Jamaica is impossible unless preceded by change in the world economic order. Until commodity markets are stabilized; until the terms of trade between North and South are equalized; until technology is made more widely available; and, above all, until small nations are allowed to determine their destiny independent of East and West—until then, countries like Jamaica seem condemned to a deepening spiral of misery and despair. □

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12-12ChiA 08BknN	2-284	San Antonio, Tex.	11-28-49	R R 6'	185	365	1222	113	283	49	21	6	115	73	31
		Fresno, Cal.	6-14-35	R R 5'7"	162	118	268	25	55	9	0	0	15	41	1
		Detroit, Mich.		R R		53	173	12	25	5	0	1	11	11	1
11-12SiLA 12CinN	1-16-85	Chicago, Ill.	4-13-45	R R 6'2"	205	93	306	30	68	15	5	4	33	15	
	10-29-89	Toronto, Canada	9-6-71	L L 5'8"	160	9	21	3	7	1	0	0	4	4	2
93-88BknN 99BalN 01CieA 02-08BosA	2-15-70	Waterbury, Conn.	8-18-32	B R		1261	4934	681	1382	199	89	39	690	219	210
96-00PhIN 01-02PhIA 02-14, M05-09CieA 15-16PhIA	9-5-75	Woonsocket, R.I.	2-7-59	R R 6'1"	195	2480	9589	1502	3251	550	163	82	1599	516	391
91BosN 94LouN 97BosN 98PhIN M08-09BosA	10-16-66	Nova Scotia, Canada	11-24-31	R R		48	123	12	29	7	0	1	16	17	
10, M10BosN															
02CinN 07CinN	-74	Hoboken, N.J.	10-24-31	R R		3	11	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	
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16PhIA	5-13-95	Harvard, Ill.	6-13-62	L L 5'9"	165	19	33	5	6	2	0	0	1	10	9
05-08NYA 08BosA 09-10NYA 11-12StLA	2-6-80	Uhrichville, Ohio	9-25-39	R R 5'8"	175	1193	4212	501	1185	198	80	14	560	288	
12-13WasA 14IndF 15NwkF															
08-15PhIA 16ChiA	9-10-84	Frazer, Pa.	2-6-20	L R 5'8"	185	565	1581	168	416	59	26	5	166	177	16
08PhIA	7-1-85	Wyalusing, Pa.	3-28-34	R R		2	6	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	
18StLN	12-6-96	Anderson, Ind.	1-15-64	R R 5'10"	185	4	7	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	2
14CinN	1-2-91	Easton, Pa.	-54	R R 5'11"	170	22	48	7	11	1	0	0	5	2	10
80BosN 83-89StLA 90CinP	3-15-60	West Lebanon, N.H.	11-29-52	R R 5'8"	150	1621	5815	1470	1851	249	86	27	641	589	791
90-95CinN 96, M96StLN 99WasN 09NYN															
10-11DeA	10-22-88	Detroit, Mich.	7-26-71	L R 6'	180	70	127	9	29	3	0	0	7	13	0
98NYN 99LouN 00PhIN 01BalA 02BknN	11-30-77	Loveland, Ohio	4-24-36	R R		27	86	5	19	3	0	0	7	2	1
98-99PhIN 01PhIA 02-03NYN	2-23-74	New York, N.Y.	5-20-33	R R 5'10"	160	481	1823	207	476	64	14	6	254	77	60
04-05BosN	6-9-79	Hornell, N.Y.	4-19-65	R R 5'6"	140	87	269	18	56	3	1	0	11	13	2
13StLA 13PhIA 14-17StLA 18WasA 19-24StLN	10-28-90	Grand Rapids, Mich.	5-30-52	R R 5'8"	151	1162	3891	338	954	134	45	7	377	209	376
14BnF	1-26-85	Worcester, Mass.	7-18-50	R R 5'10"	162	51	90	10	14	2	0	0	4	7	0
16-17PhIA 18-19WS	11-1-93	Fairfield, Me.	10-23-65	L R 5'8"	133	71	178	17	34	1	0	0	5	11	30
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10-26-39	R R 5'10"	174	448												
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The Bill James Theory of Winning Baseball

AN EYE ON THE RECORDS

BY MICHAEL LENEHAN

SO MUCH OF BASEBALL IS INVISIBLE, EVEN FROM the eight- and nine-dollar seats. What one can see happening "between the white lines," as they say, is only a portion of what one must know in order to follow the game and understand its little complexities.

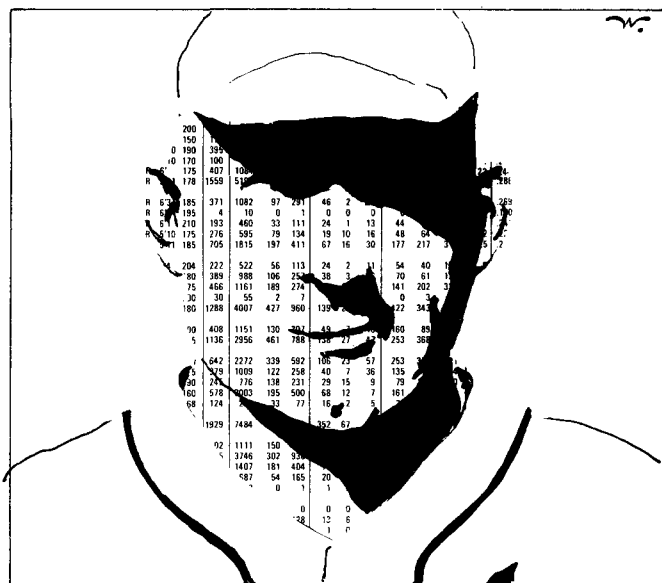
I know, for example—as does virtually every baseball fan alive—that George Brett, the third baseman of the Kansas City Royals, is a much better hitter than Bobby Grich, the second baseman of the California Angels. How do I know? Certainly not from watching them bat. Each plays no more than seven games a year in my city, and I am lucky if I manage to see more than one of those games. But even if I could watch the two playing side by side for an

entire season, the difference between them—a total of 34 base hits in 1982, or slightly more than one hit a week—would probably escape my notice. I know that Brett is the better hitter only because I know that in his major-league career (through 1982), he collected 1,532 base hits in 4,843 at bats, for a batting average of .316, well above the benchmark figure that separates excellent hitters from the rest. Grich, in 5,348 at bats, made 1,427 hits, for an average of .267—adequate, but nothing special. Brett's superior reputation, like most in baseball, is rooted in the records.

Does that reputation mean that Brett is more valuable to his team than Grich is to his? Most of the things I can observe directly tell me yes. A third baseman needs a stronger arm than a second baseman does, because he usually has a longer throw to first. He needs quicker reflexes, because he stands closer to home plate and directly in a

Michael Lenehan lives in Chicago and is a frequent contributor to The Atlantic.

In an intuitive way, I have probably known about the invisibility of baseball since I first read a line of numbers on the back of a bubble-gum card. I was not conscious of it, however, until a friend gave me a copy of *The Bill James Baseball Abstract*, “the thinking man’s guide to baseball.” James is young for a sage—thirty-three, “one day younger than John Wathan,” of the Kansas City Royals—but since publishing the first annual *Abstract*, in 1977, he has taught much to many fans of the game. That first book—sixty-eight typewritten, number-laden, photocopied, stapled-together pages—was sold, through small notices in the *Baseball Bulletin* and *The Sporting News*, to about seventy hard-core aficionados of baseball records and statistics; each copy was shipped from James’s home with a personal note and a money-back guarantee. The 1982 and 1983 editions, with more prose and fewer numbers, were published by Ballantine Books, which to date has printed some 150,000 copies in all. Together the seven books make a convincing case that we can see baseball more clearly if we keep one eye on the records.



ALLOW ME, PLEASE, TO READ TO YOU FROM THE 1983 edition. James is comparing the Houston Astrodome, a large, indoor stadium, where the air is thick and home runs are rare, to Boston's Fenway Park, the best hitter's park in the big leagues:

... the Astrodome is the one park in baseball in which you simply cannot play long-ball successfully, and this takes the game back to the way it was played long, long ago. The bunt, the hit and run, the squeeze play... in the absence of more powerful weapons, these subtle plays attain a huge significance. ...

As the mountains make Wyoming folk rugged and the cities make city folk guarded or defensive, this environment, too, shapes the character of its inhabitants. It has always been my feeling that the cliquishness of the Boston Red Sox, their surliness and impatience with the press... was the Curse of Fenway, that it owed its origins to a long-dead architect. An absurd theory? So it sounds, but hear me out. Fenway makes ballplayers look like better hitters than they are. That inflates egos. Inflated egos cause resentment, in particular among those not favored by the park; the team divides into clusters of the favored and the ill-favored.

The Astrodome is a negative image of Fenway, an exactly opposite park in almost every way one can imagine. Beautiful, ugly. Quaint, modern. Vibrant, sterile. Cozy, spacious. Hitter's heaven, hitter's nightmare. And for what were the Astro players of the fine teams of 1978 to 1981 known? Their openness with the press, their closeness and almost family-like atmosphere. Odd, isn't it? As the park knocks 20 points off every player's average, it humbles hitters and it controls egos.

But even more than that, it is my feeling that the mere fact that in Fenway a hitter can create runs by his own actions tends to cause Fenway teams to pull apart over time. A key fact about the Astrodome is that it takes three players to make a run. In order to do your job in this park, you have got to see yourself as part of a plan, a cog in a machine. ...

In Fenway, the longer the players stay together, the more stale and lifeless they become. Fresh talent is constantly needed. After they have a good year or two, they forget all about playing together. Take a look at the teams that have been successful in Fenway Park. The 1975 Red Sox, the last champion, were led by two rookies (Lynn and Rice), and featured prominently a whole list of new and almost-new faces: Rick Burleson, Dwight Evans, Denny Doyle, Cecil Cooper, Rick Wise. The 1975 Red Sox finished 2nd in the league in sacrifice hits, 1st in sac flies.

But the longer this collection of players stayed together, the worse they got. Perhaps it is only a coincidence... but they dropped to 10th in the league in sacrifice hits in 1976 and 12th in '77.

Now look at the last Red Sox champion before that, the 1967 team. Again: a lot of new faces on the team (in fact, it was the youngest lineup ever to win an American League flag. Six regulars were 24 or younger). Again: they finished second in the league in sac hits (they had 85; California had 88) and second in sac flies. Again: the next year they stopped doing these things (fourth in sac hits, sixth in sac flies). Again: the longer the team stayed together, the worse they played.

To my mind, this is the sort of thinking and writing that has brought James forward from the back pages of *The Sporting News* to the feature pages of *Esquire* (to which he contributes a yearly baseball preview) and *Sports Illustrated* (where he has been both author and subject). The bulk of his work, however, is probably better represented by the passage below, also from the 1983 *Abstract*, which is a little less speculative and more firmly grounded in statistics. It is James's reaction to a comment by Tony Kubek, the NBC announcer and former New York Yankees shortstop, who is a vehement opponent of the American League's designated-hitter, or DH, rule. Under this rule, the pitcher does not bat; his place in the batting order is taken by a designated hitter. One effect of this is that the pitcher can stay in the game longer than he could otherwise. In the National League, where the DH rule is not allowed, starting pitchers are often removed for pinch hitters relatively early in the game.

The DH rule is now supposed to be doing something else to pitchers. Tony Kubek is convinced that the DH rule is ruining pitchers' arms. ...

One way that we can study this issue is by looking at the turnover in starting pitchers in the two leagues. If Kubek is right, if the DH rule is ruining pitchers' arms, then if we draw up lists of the pitchers who pitch 200 innings in each league, the names of the AL pitchers should have less of a tendency to repeat on the list than do the NL pitchers. We can provide an insight into the general question by breaking it down into a lot of smaller but more specific questions, such as: Of all American League pitchers who pitch 200 innings in a season, what percentage will pitch 200 innings again three years later? Four years later? One year later? How about the National League pitchers?

Well, I have done these studies, and Kubek apparently

has a point. The rate of season-to-season turnover of 200-innings pitchers is consistently higher in the American League than it is in the National, by a margin that certainly appears to be significant. . . .

To pick one item from the chart: if a National League pitcher pitches 200 innings in a season, the chance that he will also pitch 200 innings in a season five years later is 38%. But if an American League pitcher pitches 200 innings in a season, the chance that he will pitch 200 innings in a season five years later is only 23%. . . .

This sort of analysis is Bill James's stock-in-trade. Time after time in the *Abstracts*, he takes up a nugget of baseball wisdom—an announcer's offhand comment, a manager's solemnly stated conviction, one of the old saws that abound in the folklore of the game—and tests it against the record to see if it is true. In the 1979 *Abstract*, responding to a Pittsburgh sportswriter's assertion that the Pirates slugger Dave Parker is not susceptible to batting slumps, James published three years' worth of month-by-month batting averages to show that Parker's performance at the plate had always varied widely—he hit .413 in May of 1976, .220 in June, and .376 in July. In 1981, James scrutinized the popular notion that Reggie Jackson, one of the game's greatest talents and biggest egos, performed better in front of large crowds than in front of small ones; according to James's analysis of batting statistics and attendance figures, Jackson hit much better before small crowds of 10,000 to 20,000 (though in 1982, as James reports, Jackson reversed the trend). In the 1982 *Abstract*, James considers the common conception that a baseball player's prime comes between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-two, a truism often attributed to Stan Musial. In a long essay studded with charts and graphs, James makes a compelling case that most players' true primes come between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-nine; Musial himself, he points out, won three Most Valuable Player awards in his career, the last when he was twenty-seven years old.

James also takes on bigger ideas, more deeply ingrained assumptions. Throughout the history of the *Abstract*, for example, he has consistently challenged one of the fundamental notions of traditional baseball record-keeping—that a player's defensive ability is indicated by the number of errors he makes (or by his fielding average: number of errorless plays divided by number of chances). The error, James contends, is an anomaly among sporting statistics, a record not of an event but of an opinion—the official scorer's opinion that a player should have made a certain play. No error is charged to the shortstop who is so slow of foot that he can't get near a batted ball in the first place; but the shortstop who gets close enough to touch it, or was smart enough to be standing directly in its path to begin with, can be charged with an error if he fails to complete the play. James argues eloquently that this reasoning perverts the reality of the game: the object is not to catch all balls that come close enough to cause embarrassment but

to catch as many balls as possible. Imagine a game in which six ground balls are hit between second and third base. Shortstop A fields four of them flawlessly, but watches as the other two pass by beyond his reach. On the same six ground balls, Shortstop B fields the first five, and lets the sixth bounce off his shin. Which has done better for his team? Yet which has the "perfect" fielding average of 1.000? James has devised a statistic he calls "range factor," which is simply a count of all the successful plays a defensive player makes per game. In the example above, Shortstop A would have a range factor of 4, Shortstop B a range factor of 5. This is a more accurate—and more objective—way of expressing their respective abilities and value.

Range factors are not figured by the keepers of baseball's official records. Neither are month-to-month batting averages, age/performance profiles, or hitting statistics as a function of crowd size. But all the information needed to calculate these things is available in the records, and in the box scores carried nearly every day by nearly every newspaper in the country. Baseball must be unique in this regard: on the one hand, it is rife with the hokum of oral tradition—impromptu analysis, automatic opinion, and institutionalized assumptions that are passed without question from pundit to pundit, generation to generation. On the other hand, the game is so well documented that virtually any statement about it can be measured against objective fact: as James has written, "A baseball field is so covered with statistics that nothing can happen there without leaving its tracks in the records." The late Casey Stengel may have been referring to this phenomenon (it's hard to tell with Casey Stengel) when he assured sportswriters, "You could look it up." One of the great contradictions of baseball is that Bill James is making his living looking it up; very few before him have taken the trouble.

JAMES AND HIS WIFE, SUSAN MCCARTHY—A RADIANT, redheaded artist who is known as Susie to readers of the *Abstract*—live in the tiny town of Winchester, Kansas, about an hour's drive west of the Kansas City Royals' ball park, in a fourteen-room house with a pink and agreeably ramshackle exterior. I visited them there last spring, and found James dressed in a T-shirt, corduroy pants, and a red bathrobe whose synthetic fuzz was beginning to wear through in a couple of spots. He is tall and meaty, with a dark beard and a vaguely bowl-shaped haircut. In his "office," a wallpapered room lighted by a chandelier-like fixture, a Rolling Stones record was playing on a buzzy stereo system. Instead of the home computer that I expected to find, I saw stacks of old newspapers, mostly *USA Today* and *Sporting News*, both of which James saves for their box scores—the heart of his data-storage system.

On his desk—along with a half-empty bag of almonds, a flyswatter, a nine-inch-tall glass of Diet Pepsi, and myriad other objects—James had a spiral-bound notebook and a copy of *The Baseball Encyclopedia* opened to a page bear-

ing the lifetime batting statistics of Luke Appling, the great Chicago White Sox shortstop of the thirties and forties. Someday, James explained, he hopes to publish a book on famous players of the past, and toward that end he was running Appling's record through a couple of the formulas he has invented to help him analyze baseball statistics. One of these is the "runs-created" formula, introduced by James in the 1978 *Abstract*.

The runs-created formula is essentially a mathematical model of baseball offense, a tool for predicting, in an abstract way, how many runs a team will score given its number of walks, singles, doubles, and so on over the course of a few games, a month, or an entire season. As a practical matter, of course, one can count these things from the records: abstraction needn't enter into the picture. The value of the formula is theoretical, and basically twofold. First, it expresses the relationship between runs and the various offensive events that produce runs—singles, home runs, etc. It thus enables one to answer questions like: If Team A draws 20 percent more walks this year than it did last year, how many more runs will result? If Team B replaces a player who hit 160 singles and 10 home runs with a player who can hit only 100 singles but 30 home runs, will its run production improve?

The second advantage of the runs-created formula—and the more important one in James's work—is that it can be applied to players as well as to teams, and thus it provides a way of measuring an individual's contribution to the complex team machinery that is a baseball offense—a task for

which traditional baseball records are inadequate. In 1982, for example, Robin Yount, the American League's Most Valuable Player, achieved a batting average of .331; though that number may speak volumes about Yount's ability as a hitter, it says little about his contribution to the Milwaukee Brewers' offense, because the point of the game is not to attain a high batting average but to score runs and win games. (Bill Buckner hit .306 for the Cubs in 1982, and look where it got them.) One can learn a little more about Yount's contribution by noting that he batted in 114 runs, but this number is only slightly more helpful, because it depends on how many of Yount's teammates had reached base—and were thus available to be driven in—each time he stepped to the plate. Similarly, Yount himself scored 129 runs, but here he was relying on the batters who followed him in the lineup to drive him home. The runs-created formula serves to isolate Yount's performance from that of his team; it gives an estimated answer to what is perhaps the most important question that can be asked about any player: Of all the runs scored by the team, how many can be attributed to this player alone? How many runs would the team have scored if he'd broken his ankle the first day of the season?

The basic formula is:

$$\text{Runs created} = \frac{(\text{hits} + \text{walks}) (\text{total bases})}{(\text{at bats} + \text{walks})}$$

The two elements of the numerator, James says, represent the two essential goals of a baseball offense: getting on



A YOUNG WOMAN FOUND IN THE WOODS

Lying among flowers in a green shadow,
She has left the cage that held her breath and her heart
To the wind, a hovel where rain, not blood, is flowing
Breathlessly, heartlessly.

Though her brow has cleared, her eyes have grown more hollow
Than when they wondered where on earth they were,
Turned inward now to a private emptiness
With no horizon.

Her tongue and lips have taken separate ways
To leave her speechless. She is smiling at strangers
More openly than ever at any lover
And has no secrets.

—David Wagoner

base (hits and walks), and advancing base runners toward home plate (total bases, the number of bases achieved through hits; a double equals two total bases, a home run four). The denominator represents plate appearances—the number of tries that the player took to produce the activity expressed in the numerator. (Walks are added to at bats because in official baseball records, a base on balls does not count as an at bat.)

Running Robin Yount's statistics through this equation, James calculates that Yount "created" 141 runs for Milwaukee in 1982. Repeating the calculation for each player on the team and adding the results together, he comes up with a total of 880 runs for the Brewers. These numbers, remember, are only theoretical estimates of how many runs should have been produced by the given numbers of hits and walks. In the case of the team, however, the model can be checked against the events of the real world. The official records tell us that the Brewers actually scored 891 runs in 1982. James points to this close match of theory and reality as proof of his formula's validity. He struggled with quite a few less-valid equations before coming up with this one, and he is still tinkering.

"The process of searching for the runs-created formula took—well, I guess to some extent it's still going on. But there was about a year and a half there where I was working very hard looking for something like this." Originally, James told me, he tried adding together the elements of offense, adjusting each one with a coefficient to make the formulas' results jibe with the actual records. "I started with all sorts of things, like 1.62 home runs, plus 1.03 triples, plus 0.76 doubles, plus 0.5 singles, plus so much for a walk. A lot of people tried to do this." (James is speaking here of a handful of baseball statisticians, some professionals and some hobbyists, who correspond via telephone, mail, and, occasionally, obscure publications. He calls them—and himself—"sabermetricians," in honor of the Society for American Baseball Research. Not all members of SABR, however, are interested in this kind of statistical analysis.) "And when I first presented my runs-created formula, people would encourage me to do something more like that. The problem with formulas like this is that they are arithmetic relationships rather than geometric relationships, and the way in which offense is combined in a baseball game is really much more of a geometric combination than an arithmetic combination. A home run has a different value in one context than in another—that is, it's worth more when preceded by a hit and a walk than when preceded by two pop flies—and thus to have an arithmetic, flat value for the home run, to simply add it in, would always result in a total that was too low for a good team and too high for a bad team, because the bad team's home runs would not be worth as much as they were supposed to be. So I started looking for geometric combinations of offensive incidents that would produce the right results." In short, James multiplied offensive elements rather than adding them; the formula he ultimately hit upon, applied to

an entire team over the course of a season, generally gives a result that differs by no more than a few percent from the team's actual achievement. He has a variant of the formula that takes stolen bases into account, and he usually uses it when the necessary data are available to him, but leaving that data out of the equation does not appreciably impair its accuracy. James finds this interesting, because he is not convinced that base stealing is as important or as useful as the current vogue would indicate; evidently the model agrees with him.

As I sat across the desk from him, James subjected Luke Appling's career to his runs-created equation, running one hand across *The Baseball Encyclopedia* and stabbing with the other at a battery-powered calculator whose buttons seemed too small for his fingers. He did a lot of the adding and multiplying in his head, and it took him no more than fifteen minutes to dispatch Appling's twenty-year major-league career. He may have been going too fast. When I asked him to explain some of the numbers in the spiral notebook to me, he was unable to decipher a figure that he'd written there just a few minutes before.

NAME	C	by	POS	R	AGE	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RR	SB	SO	BA	SA
ST. LOUIS 2nd 85-86 552 R.5																	
TOTALS	29	155	5302	747	1396	238	58	105	880	594	571	24	263	389			
Wally Jones	18128	R	23	132	481	58	122	21	9	10	81	36	45	7	254	397	
Red Schwaninger	2886	R	25	115	408	54	111	71	4	4	36	28	15	1	212	333	
Mary Marion	55142	R	30	144	587	70	143	76	4	4	43	37	54	1	752	333	
Don Long	3895, 262	R	33	117	271	30	87	14	1	4	31	47	38	2	288	356	
Ernie Slaughter	DF146	L	32	146	545	81	176	27	11	11	80	81	75	4	321	470	
Terry Moore	DF31	R	35	91	207	30	48	11	0	4	18	27	17	0	232	343	
Dan Mauer	DF155, 182	L	27	155	511	135	280	46	18	39	131	79	34	7	376	762	
Del Rice	C89	R	25	100	280	24	57	10	1	4	34	37	45	1	197	278	
Erv Cook	DF68, 2829, 389, 551	P1	R	27	114	311	60	65	9	2	6	19	45	55	3	205	308
Ron Northey	DF67	L	28	98	246	40	70	10	1	13	64	28	25	0	321	528	
Ralph LaPointe	2844, 5525, 381	R	26	87	227	27	50	3	0	0	15	18	19	1	225	239	
Whitney Kurbatov (A)	3865	R	30	77	270	34	47	8	0	2	33	42	28	0	214	277	
Bill Baker	C36	R	37	45	179	13	35	10	1	0	15	15	1	1	294	395	
Murry Dickson	P42	R	31	43	95	7	27	2	0	0	11	1	1	0	281	302	
2 Babe Young	1825	L	33	41	111	14	27	5	2	1	13	16	4	0	243	351	
Del Wilner	C26	R	29	27	58	5	11	2	0	0	10	4	9	0	190	224	
Joe Garapota	C23	L	22	24	58	5	9	1	0	2	7	12	5	0	107	232	
Joe Medwick	DF1	R	35	20	19	0	4	0	0	0	2	1	2	0	211	211	
Hal Rice	DF8	L	24	8	31	3	10	1	2	0	3	2	4	0	323	484	
Chuck Diering	DF5	R	25	7	7	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	1	000	000	
Eddie Kania	386	R	21	6	3	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	2	0	275	408	
Bobby Young 23 L D 1, Johnny Bucha 23 R D 1, 1 Jeff Cross 29 R D 0, Larry Muggins 22 R D 1, Lou Klein (SM) 29																	

AFTER TEARING LUKE APPLING OUT OF THE NOTEBOOK and filing him in a cabinet, James told me that he grew up in a small Kansas town called Mayetta, not far from his present home. He was the youngest of six children, he said, and his pursuits were mostly solitary. "I believe that had I grown up in a larger city, I would as likely have grown up fascinated by movies as by baseball. I love the movies now, see everything, regardless of how bad it is—well, that's not quite true—but in my childhood, in a small town, there were no movies, and baseball was the summer's entertainment." To James, as to many a mid-western boy, baseball meant the Kansas City A's and the St. Louis Cardinals, and radio was the instrument of his connection. "I listened to the A's, hardly ever missing a game, with a great deal of interest, pacing the floor on the



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rare occasion when we were in danger of scoring. They were incredibly bad. I was very interested in ways that had nothing to do with numbers, but it's probably true that my facility with numbers made baseball accessible to me. I was always good at math. I used to do numbers tricks. When I was in college, I remember sitting in a room, sort of an entryway, and people would walk through and say, 'A hundred and eighty-three divided by six-o-nine,' and I would divide it in my head and give it to them by the time they walked out the other side of the room. The first strong connection of that with baseball was a stack of Post cards—in 1961. Post came out with a series of 200 baseball cards, and I cut them all off the packages—bought all kinds of cereals that my family refused to eat just to get some of them. I was fascinated by all the records." James got up from his desk, and within a minute or so, had the stack of baseball cards in his hand. "There's a Tony Kubek," he said, offering me a card. "Now, that, to me, is what a baseball card should look like—picture to one side, record on the bottom. Notice the arrangement of the items on the record down there? With the insertion of stolen bases, it's the same data and basically the same arrangement I use in the *Abstract*."

"I was always interested in all those things people say. Charlie Finley [who became owner of the A's in 1960, and moved them to Oakland in 1968] fired his announcers every year, just as he fired everyone else every year, so you would have two new announcers doing the games every year, and they had all of this baseball knowledge, which they repeated year after year, game after game. And I always wondered from whence it came, and how it related to the images of the players that I had."

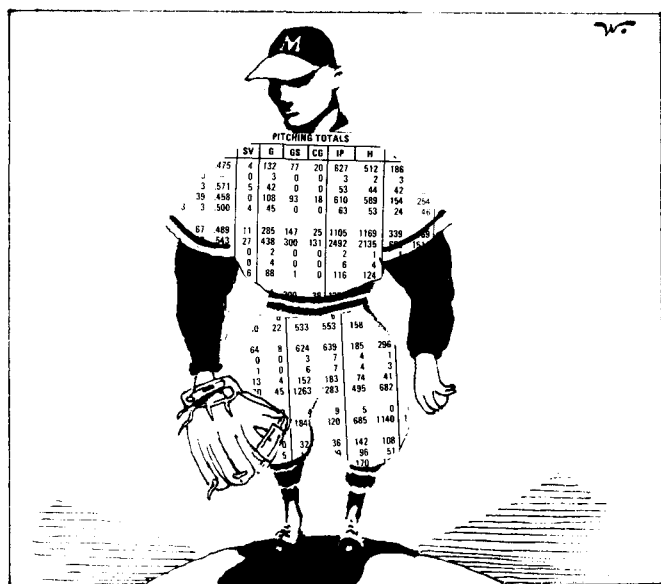
"I remember hearing one time, when I was maybe a sophomore in high school, a St. Louis announcer talking about—gosh, who was it? I'll be able to place the date of this exactly if I can figure out who the player was." With that, James went to his *Baseball Encyclopedia*, something he did often as we talked. He doesn't like to leave questions of fact dangling, or to deliver opinions without offering supporting evidence. "This player was a defensive first baseman, no kind of hitter at all, and the announcer made a statement about him, some time around '64 or thereabouts, that he probably saved his team a hit a game, but it was just a question of whether he could hit enough to stay in the lineup. It may have been Ron Fairly"—James looked up from his book at this point—"but that doesn't sound quite right." James understood the announcer to be comparing this first baseman, whoever he was, with other first basemen or with an average first baseman—otherwise the comment would be preposterous—and the comparison stirred his curious mind. "It made sense to me that if this player was saving his team one hit a game, then he had the same value that he would have had had he been hitting what he did and *getting* one extra hit per game, right? I mean one hit defensively equals one hit offensively, even if you don't assume that baseball is 75 percent de-

fense, which would be another whole avenue of approach. So I simply took the one hit per game and added it to his offensive totals, and figured out that were that true, he would have been hitting four-thirty-something. It seemed to me most remarkable that this man—who was as valuable as he would have been had he been an average defensive player and hitting .430—somehow couldn't stay in the lineup. I remember writing a letter—probably to *The Sporting News*. It started out to be a short, one-page letter, but I got carried away showing that this player could not possibly have been saving one hit per game for his team—either that or his team was insane for not playing him—and it ran to many many pages, and I realized that no one would ever pay any attention to it, so I put it away and never did anything with it."

James studied English and economics at Kansas University. He learned about mathematical modeling techniques in his economics courses, and quickly found ways to apply them to baseball. By this time, though, he was inclined to view his obsession with baseball the way some of his friends and relatives viewed it—as an eccentricity at best, and worse, as a shameful waste of time and energy. After graduating, in 1971, he was drafted into the Army and sent to Korea, where he continued, despite his shame, to receive *The Sporting News*. Upon returning to Kansas, he obtained teaching certification and tried to apply himself to a useful career, but he lasted only one year as a high school teacher before deciding to give up and give in. He began writing articles and stories—articles about baseball and stories that didn't sell—and he took work wherever he could find it: at a hamburger joint, at a convenience store, and, for five years, at a Stokely-Van Camp plant in Lawrence, Kansas, first as a night watchman and later as a boiler-room attendant. "I always took that kind of job," he said. "They didn't pay anything, but they allowed me to spend an awful lot of time with the box scores."

James said that in his early articles, for such publications as *Baseball Digest* and *Baseball Bulletin*, he was able to do the kind of statistics-oriented, analytical writing that has always interested him most. It wasn't long, however, before editors began pressing him for baseball reporting that was more conventional. "I became frustrated that I couldn't do the things I wanted to do, and also aware that I could produce a great many more articles than these magazines could use." The result of that frustration was, in 1977, the *Baseball Abstract*, which gradually became a career. James sometimes seems amazed by this turn of events. He told me that his work is "play," that it is "not very important," that it is an "idiosyncratic form of entertaining myself."

I gathered that it has taken him some time to get used to the idea that he has become respectable—even famous, and materially comfortable besides—pursuing his childhood avocation. "I haven't worked in the factory for four years now," he told me when we first met, "and I haven't even worried about it for one year."



WHILE I WAS IN KANSAS VISITING WITH JAMES, the team that I follow, the Chicago White Sox, was across the Missouri border, in Kansas City, visiting the Royals in a weekend series. James and Susie took me to a couple of the games. We sat in the six-dollar seats—upper-level boxes—and talked about the people in the more expensive sections, who were well isolated from the riffraff. Susie went for hot dogs, timing her trip so she would return with the food just as the game was beginning. James clapped as each Kansas City player was announced, and he sang the national anthem out loud. He and Susie passed a pair of binoculars back and forth, commenting on this player's haircut and that one's facial expression. Before the first game, a Friday-night affair, James spied the White Sox relief pitcher Dennis Lamp on the field and asked if I could think of any other players whose names suggested light. James mentioned Harry Bright, and I chipped in with Wally Moon, but we never did come up with an entire team, although we continued the game for the duration of my stay. When Lorenzo Gray, the Chicago third baseman, stepped in to bat against Vida Blue, the Royals' pitcher, James pointed out that we were watching a Civil War confrontation.

(In the 1983 *Baseball Abstract*, discussing the Royals' Frank White, James wrote: "Did you ever notice that players named 'White' are almost always black, and players named 'Black' are usually white? . . . I suppose that it is the nature of names, as with Peacekeeping Missiles and Security Police, to disguise the truth more often than they reveal it. Horace Speed stole only four bases in his career, Vic Power was a singles hitter, Bill Goodenough was not good enough, and Joe Blong did not belong for long.")

James recorded the events of the game in one of his spiral notebooks, using a characteristically unconventional and data-packed system of scoring. In the first inning, John Wathan came to bat, and his effort went down in James's book this way:

Wathan, c B(BA-RF-MD-42-13B) S C B X 53

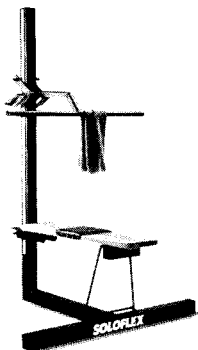
Translation: The first pitch to Wathan, the Royals' catcher (c), was a ball (B). The material inside the parentheses encodes the White Sox defense against him: the shortstop and second baseman were back (BA) and swung around to the right (RF); the outfield was medium deep (MD) and also swung toward the right (42 being an expression in degrees of the center fielder's position relative to the right-field line); the first and third basemen were playing close to the plate to guard against the bunt (13B). The second pitch to Wathan was a swinging strike (S), the next a called strike (C), the next another ball (B). Finally Wathan hit the ball in fair territory and put it in play (X). It was a ground ball to the third baseman (5), who retired Wathan by throwing him out at first (3).

Wathan came up again in the third, this time with Willie Wilson, the Royals' lead-off hitter and premier base stealer, on first base. In the 1983 *Abstract*, James had written that preceding Wathan in the batting order was probably costing Wilson some stolen bases. "Wathan will not take a pitch to allow Willie to steal. . . . Wilson on July 5 [of 1982] had 12 stolen bases, and I swear there must have been 20 times when he had second stolen and Wathan fouled the pitch off. *I stress that I am not criticizing John Wathan for this.* . . . Wathan is a fastball hitter, and I think the best thing he can do when he sees a fastball is to hit it. But Willie stole a lot more bases late in the season, when [U.L.] Washington was batting second." On the third pitch of the sequence, Wilson was off for second, and Wathan ruined the attempt with a foul ball.

Thanks to his pitch-by-pitch scoring system, James was able to announce at the end of the fourth inning that Vida Blue had thrown eighty-two pitches, and he predicted that Blue would fail to finish the fifth. With one out in the White Sox fifth, Harold Baines reached first on a hit that looked—as the announcers love to say—like a screaming line drive in the next day's box score. But in James's notebook it looked like a bunt: C B X S1.5 BUN. Then Chicago's designated hitter, Greg Luzinski, engaged Blue in a battle of wills, fouling off nine pitches (exactly) before pummeling a ball over the left-center-field fence. Blue was immediately replaced by the relief pitcher Mike Armstrong ("Great name for a pitcher," James remarked), but it was too late for the Royals. The Sox went on to win, 9-6.

The next day, we watched on a small black-and-white TV set in James's office as the Royals took their revenge, 8-4. Wathan was batting ninth in the lineup, instead of behind Wilson, a move that James attributed to the foiled base-stealing attempt of the night before. The game wasn't much. By the end of the sixth inning, with the Royals comfortably ahead, we had both assumed a posture well known to baseball fans, watching the game out of one eye and relying on changes in the announcer's drone to tell us when something interesting was happening. I was ex-

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aming one of James's notebooks, and he had his nose in *The Baseball Encyclopedia*. Abruptly, he broke a long silence with a cry of discovery. "Aha!" he called, pointing to his book as I looked up. "Alex Beam!"

FROM THE SEVEN BASEBALL ABSTRACTS THAT James has published so far, and from the various articles he has written for the popular sporting press, there emerges a set of recurring themes that might be called the Bill James Theory of Winning Baseball. One element of this theory is James's conviction that the most effective baseball offense is the one characterized by brute power—the home run, the big inning—as opposed to the strategy that seeks to manufacture runs from long sequences of events like singles, bunts, stolen bases, and sacrifice flies. James is particularly unimpressed with the stolen base as an offensive weapon. He and other sabermetricians have tried, with all sorts of studies, to find a correlation between stealing bases and winning games, and they have consistently found that, compared with other offensive elements—homers, hits, on-base percentage, etc.—stolen bases do not seem to count for much. The debate over stolen bases is an old and complicated one, and I cannot do James's position justice here; the essence of that position, however, is suggested in this excerpt from the 1980 *Abstract*, where James offers a possible explanation for the stolen base's honored place in the current baseball consciousness:

Could it be, I wonder, that major league managers—and all of us, to some extent—have been the victims of an unusually persistent illusion? It is created by the contrast between *visible* gains and *invisible*, or only partly visible, losses. Omar Moreno singles, he steals second, and then scores on another single. A visible gain; the stolen base has meant a run. BUT—Omar Moreno singles, he is caught stealing. Who knows if he has messed up a five-run inning? Who knows what the batter who is on deck when the game ends would have done? Did you ever take a score sheet for a game you saw, take out the "caught stealing," and re-construct the entire game? I have, and I have seen occasions when two runners caught stealing cost the team four runs. It's a funny feeling, sitting there among 30,000 people and wondering if you are the only one who realizes that. It isn't obvious in the least.

James and other sabermetricians agree that, in general, a team must succeed in roughly 65 percent of its base-stealing attempts before it begins to increase the number of runs it scores. In 1982, major-leaguers stole 3,176 bases in 4,793 tries, for a success rate of 66.3 percent. For this reason and others, James feels that, overall, stolen bases are not contributing a great deal to baseball offense. This does not mean that a manager should refrain from ordering the steal when he is one run down in the eighth inning and has his prime speedster on first with no outs. Most of James's analysis operates on a level different from that. He

would not ordinarily presume to advise a manager in a specific game situation; he might, however, have something to say about the general manager who was loading his roster with jackrabbits and planning a long-term offensive strategy around base stealing: he might say the fellow was incompetent.

Then again, he might not—it would depend on the characteristics of that general manager's stadium, for a second key element in James's view of baseball is that ball parks affect the teams that play in them much more than is commonly appreciated. Whereas James thinks that base stealing is important in the Astrodome, where other types of offense are stifled, he would think it ridiculous in Fenway Park, which is the most extreme example of a stadium that favors hitters over pitchers. James has estimated that Fenway's short left-field wall, its excellent visibility conditions, and its minuscule amount of foul territory (which causes many foul pops to wind up in the seats, rather than in opponents' gloves) raise batting averages about twenty points overall, and he has calculated that run production is about 13 percent higher there than in other American League stadiums. He points out in the 1983 *Abstract* that Boston as a team hit .294 in Fenway in 1982, .255 on the road; opponents of the Red Sox hit .285 in Fenway, .266 elsewhere.

A colleague of James's named Pete Palmer, a Boston-area resident and a statistician for the Sports Information Center (a private company that compiles official statistics for the American League), has studied the Fenway effect exhaustively and believes it to be so pronounced that it distorts the strengths and weaknesses of the Red Sox in the eyes of fans, and even in the eyes of team management. Palmer maintains that the Red Sox teams of the late seventies and early eighties, conventionally thought of as power-hitting teams with mediocre pitching, were actually—as revealed in their statistics away from Fenway—defense- and pitching-oriented teams with a modicum of power; Fenway Park, he says, made the Red Sox hitters look better, and the pitchers look worse, than they actually were. James, who has suggested the same thing in his own writing, does not like to say it too loud—he is hesitant to tell 99 percent of baseball professionals and fans that they are blind—but he does think that such distortions can happen. He notes that the New York Mets always seem to be looking for hitters, and are often disappointed by the hitters they obtain, perhaps because Shea Stadium, a lousy hitter's park, makes the Mets offense look worse than it actually is. Instead of seeking constantly to build up their offense, which is difficult to produce at Shea, he thinks the Mets management should take advantage of their park's poor visibility and build their team around power pitchers like the Mets stars of the past—Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, and Jon Matlack. The Mets organization has fielded two pennant-winning teams in its twenty-two-year history; Seaver and Koosman pitched for both of them, in 1969 and 1973, and Matlack pitched for the second.

A third theme running throughout James's work (though never stated quite this explicitly) is that baseball teams are more likely to win when their players are treated not as numbers, as producers of statistics, but as feeling people with aspirations, personal needs, and unique abilities and limitations. In the early *Abstracts*, where James presents month-by-month batting statistics (a practice he abandoned when Ballantine began publishing his books), he notes many instances in which players seem to fade toward the end of the season—an affliction that is particularly noticeable, he says, among middle infielders, who tend to be slightly built compared with their teammates—and he comments several times on the need to give them time off for rest. He takes a dim view of the free-agent, meat-market approach to assembling a team, arguing that it not only disrupts team play in the mechanical sense but also discourages the feeling of community and shared goals. He chides the San Francisco Giants for ruining the career of Dave Kingman by shuttling him willy-nilly from one position to another; they suggested to Kingman, James speculates, that he was a one-dimensional man, valuable only for his batting ability—a description that he has certainly lived up to in the years since.

James similarly criticizes the Chicago White Sox for poor-mouthing their shortstop Bill Almon, in order to win a salary arbitration case after Almon's fine 1981 season. Almon, who now plays for the Oakland A's, had a bad year in 1982, and James wonders if the reason wasn't personal: ". . . almost everybody plays better," he wrote, "when he feels that he is a part of something, rather than that he is on the spot to perform for somebody else's benefit." James even comes to the defense of umpires, in the 1979 *Abstract*. Discussing the umpires' strike of that year, in which one of the issues was vacation time, he wrote:

Being away from your family for 200 straight days is a hardship, a severe hardship. . . . It's obvious that it isn't necessary, and it should be equally obvious that where we have a clear and logical alternative, there is simply no justification for asking umpires to do something which tends to destroy their family life and induce ulcers, or even loneliness. So long as you have a reasonable option to treat men as humans who have needs rather than workers who provide services, you do. And we should.

It is probably a mark of my own prejudice more than anything else, but I was surprised the first few times I encountered this attitude in James's work, just as I was surprised that he had studied English in college, rather than something like engineering, and by the obvious relish with which he observes the odd incidentals of baseball—Hal McRae's comically choppy stride, Frank White's perpetual smile, Jerry Dybzinski's nervous pursuit of imaginary ground balls between batters: the little touches of personality by which players reveal that they are more than the sum of their statistics. There was no room for such sentiments in my preconception of the ultimate baseball-numbers freak—the scientist of baseball, as I had

come to think of James—and I asked him in several different ways, on several occasions, to explain away the contradiction. Time after time he tried to make me understand that, in his mind, the contradiction simply did not exist.

"That's one of the most essential things," he told me. "To me, all of these numbers are just like words. They all mean something. They define skills, they draw limits. The unique thing about baseball statistics is that, because of the existence of standards, they have this subtle and diverse ability to convey images. I don't think I imagine this: Minnie Minoso" (one of James's favorites when he was a boy)—his playing style, his personality—is reflected in the records. This is more true in baseball than in anything else—the records reflect personality. It's quite true that they do it perhaps inaccurately, that they do it imperfectly, but nonetheless, they do it."

So clear are the images that baseball numbers can convey, James said, that as a child he was able to invent imaginary ballplayers from lines of statistics. "Did you ever read that Robert Coover novel *The Universal Baseball Association*? Well, I didn't create mythic characters by staging games the way J. Henry Waugh did, but from early childhood I've had his love of creating careers and records through numbers." The hero of Coover's novel played a table game of the sort that is familiar to hard-core fans of baseball and its numbers; a set of three dice determined the events of his imaginary ball games, and over time, as his made-up players accumulated records, they took on the qualities of real, breathing people—at least in J. Henry Waugh's mind. James's methods were only slightly different. In his high school study halls, for example, he would commandeer the daily newspaper—to the dismay of the presiding teacher—and write down the one-game records of, say, every catcher whose team had won its game the day before. He would add these records together, pretending that they represented the performance of a single catcher, and if he continued the process long enough, the resulting numbers would begin to take on a life of their own. From the statistics produced by many different catchers, James would invent a wholly new catcher, one whose record—and thus personality—was like that of no other.

"Not only for me and J. Henry Waugh," James said, "but for many, many other people, these little numbers generate images that make them capable of creating fiction. I could sit here and, with these books and papers, create a career for someone who never existed."

I asked James if he would create someone for me while I sat there at his desk. "I can give you a *very brief* example," he said. He picked up a copy of *USA Today*—it was already opened to the box scores, of course—and laid out the rules of play: "If we take all the first basemen here from games in which four or more runs were scored—let's make it three or more runs—and start compiling a record for them . . ." He took up a pen, opened his spiral notebook to a clean page, and went to work. □

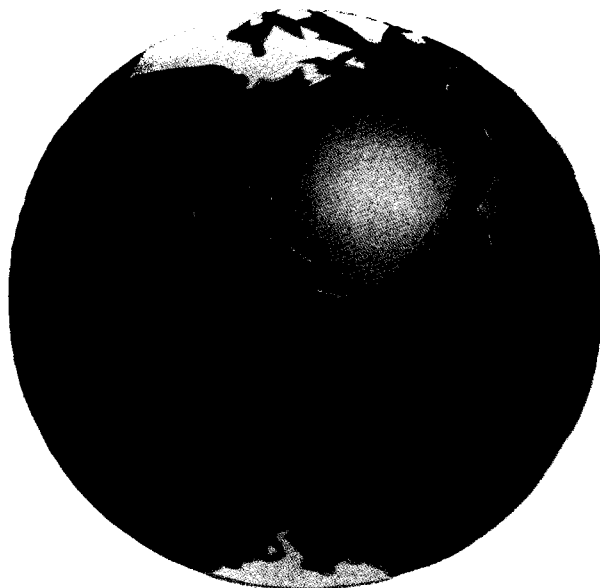
LET'S BE PRACTICAL

New defenses against nuclear war

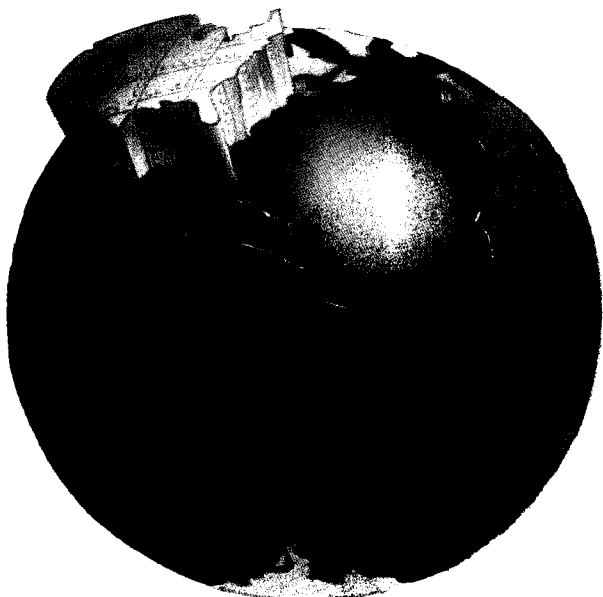
❶ It just might work—building several decoy Americas around the world to confuse enemy missiles. This plan is said to be popular with the landfill industry.



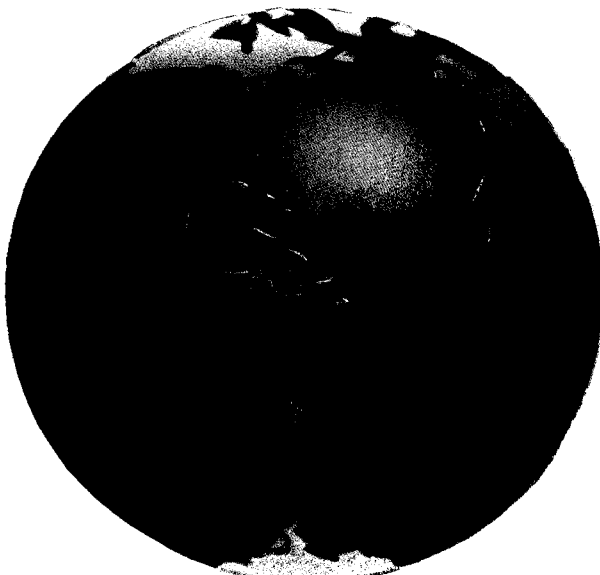
❷ The old camouflage trick—merely requires painting the entire country to look like water. Can you find it?



❸ Dazzling in its directness and simplicity, this plan calls for encasing the country in very thick armor plate. We could get the steel from the Japanese.



❹ Perhaps the most ambitious plan calls for placing large furniture-type casters under Florida, California, Washington, and Maine, giving us an unlimited capacity for evasive action.



ROBERT GROSSMAN

The debate over deterrence

THINKING ABOUT CRIME

BY JAMES Q. WILSON

THE AVERAGE CITIZEN HARDLY NEEDS TO BE PERSUADED that crimes will be committed more frequently if, other things being equal, crime becomes more profitable than other ways of spending one's time. Accordingly, the average citizen thinks it obvious that one major reason why crime has increased is that people have discovered they can get away with it. By the same token, a good way to reduce crime is to make its consequences to the would-be offender more costly (by making penalties swifter, more certain, or more severe), or to make alternatives to crime more attractive (by increasing the availability and pay of legitimate jobs), or both.

These citizens may be surprised to learn that social scientists who study crime are deeply divided over the correctness of such views. While some scholars, especially economists, believe that the decision to become a criminal can be explained in much the same way as we explain the decision to become a carpenter or to buy a car, other scholars, especially sociologists, contend that the popular view is wrong—crime rates do not go up because would-be criminals have little fear of arrest, and will not come down just because society decides to get tough on criminals.

This debate over the way the costs and benefits of crime affect crime rates is usually called a debate over deterrence—a debate, that is, over the efficacy (and perhaps even the propriety) of trying to prevent crime by making would-be offenders fearful of punishment. But the theory of human nature that supports the idea of deterrence—the theory that people respond to the penalties associated with crime—also assumes that people will take jobs in preference to crime if the jobs are more attractive. In both cases, we are saying that would-be offenders are rational and that they respond to their perception of the costs and benefits attached to alternative courses of action. When we use the word “deterrence,” we are calling attention to only the cost side of the equation. No word in common scientific usage calls attention to the benefit side of the equation, though perhaps “inducement” might serve.

The reason scholars disagree about deterrence is that

the consequences of committing a crime, unlike the consequences of shopping around for the best price on a given automobile, are complicated by delay, uncertainty, and ignorance. In addition, some scholars contend that many crimes are committed by persons who are so impulsive, irrational, or abnormal that even if delay, uncertainty, or ignorance were not attached to the consequences of criminality, we would still have a lot of crime.

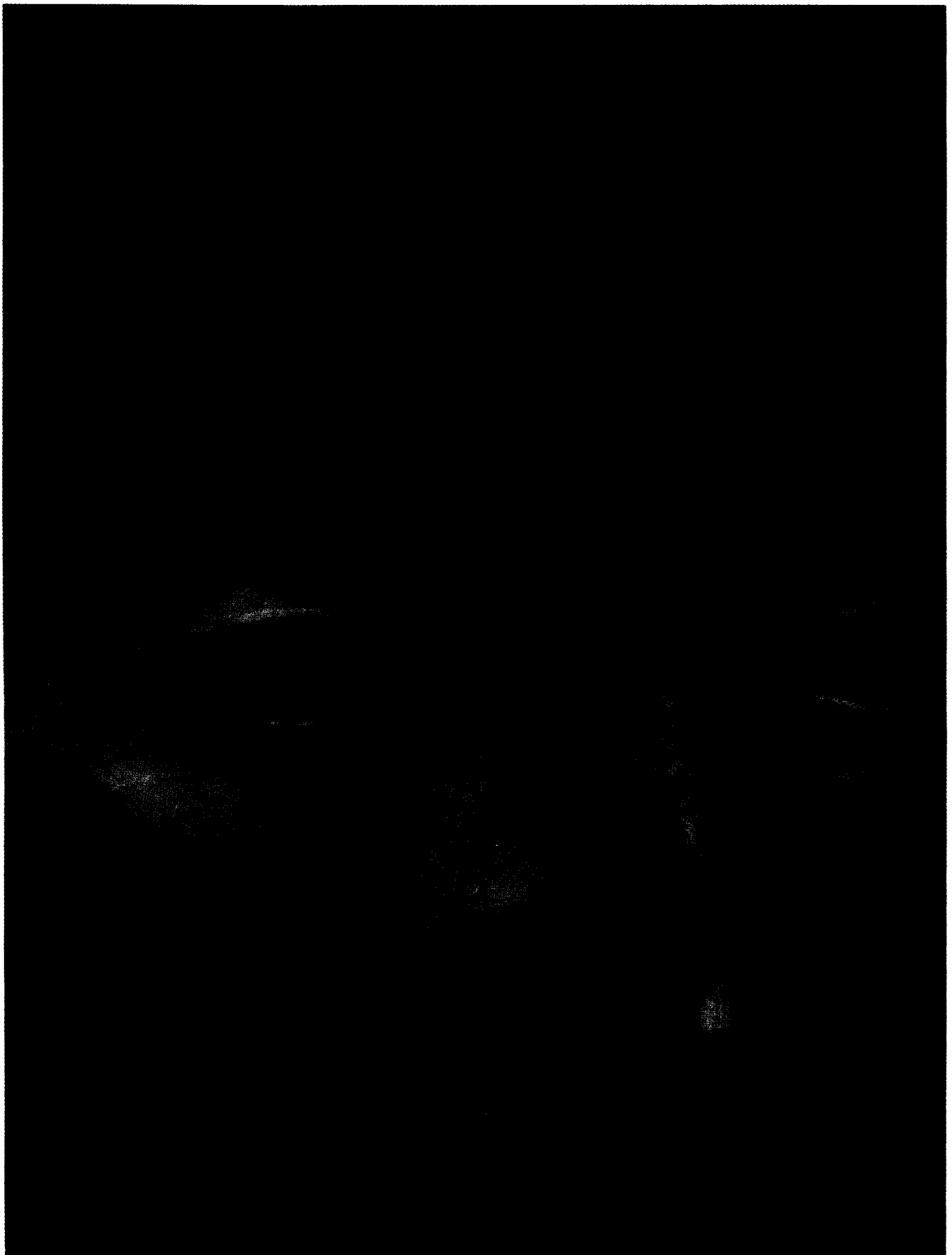
Imagine a young man walking down the street at night with nothing on his mind but a desire for good times and high living. Suddenly he sees a little old lady standing alone on a dark corner, stuffing the proceeds of her recently cashed Social Security check into her purse. Nobody else is in view. If the young man steals the purse, he gets the money immediately. The costs of taking it are uncertain—the odds are at least ten to one that the police will not catch a robber, and even if he is caught, the odds are very good that he will not go to prison, unless he has a long record. On the average, no more than three felonies out of a hundred result in the imprisonment of the offender. In addition, whatever penalty may come his way will come only after a long delay—in some jurisdictions, a year or more might be needed to complete the court disposition of the offender, assuming he is caught in the first place. Moreover, this young man might, in his ignorance of how the world works, think the odds against being caught are even greater than they are, or that delays in the court proceedings might result in a reduction or avoidance of punishment.

Compounding the problem of delay and uncertainty is the fact that society cannot feasibly increase by more than a modest amount the likelihood of arrest, and though it can to some degree increase the probability and severity of prison sentences for those who are caught, it cannot do so drastically, by, for example, summarily executing all convicted robbers, or even by sentencing all robbers to twenty-year prison terms. Some scholars note a further complication: the young man may be incapable of assessing the risks of crime. How, they ask, is he to know his chances of being caught and punished? And even if he does know, perhaps he is driven by uncontrollable impulses to snatch purses whatever the risks.

As if all this were not bad enough, the principal method by which scholars have attempted to measure the effect of

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deterrence on crime has involved using data about aggregates of people (entire cities, counties, states, and even nations) rather than about individuals. In a typical study, the rate at which, say, robbery is committed in each state is "explained" by means of a statistical procedure in which the analyst takes into account both the socio-economic features of each state that might affect the supply of robbers (for example, the percentage of persons with low incomes, the unemployment rate, the population density of the big cities, the proportion of the population made up of young males) and the operation of the criminal-justice system of each state as it attempts to cope with robbery (for example, the probability of being caught and imprisoned for a given robbery, and the length of the average prison term for robbery).

Isaac Ehrlich, an economist, produced the best-known of such analyses, using data on crime in the United States in 1940, 1950, and 1960. He found, after controlling for such things as the income level and the age distribution of the population, that the higher the probability of imprisonment for those convicted of robbery, the lower the robbery rate. At the same time, he did not find that the severity of punishment (the average time served in prison for robbery) had, independent of its certainty, an effect on robbery rates in two of the three time periods (1940 and 1960).

But some grave problems are associated with using aggregate data of this sort in studies of the effect of sanctions on crime rates. One is that many of the most important factors are not known with any accuracy. For example, we are dependent on police reports for our measure of the robbery rate, and these undoubtedly vary in accuracy from place to place. If all police departments were inaccurate to the same degree, this would not be important; unfortunately, some departments are probably much less accurate than others, and this variable error can introduce a serious bias into the statistical estimates of the effect of the criminal-justice system.

Even if we manage to overcome this problem, a further difficulty lies in wait. States in which the probability of going to prison for robbery is low are also states that have high rates of robbery (other things being equal). This fact can be interpreted in at least two ways. It can mean that the higher robbery rates are the results of the lower imprisonment rates (and would thus be evidence that deterrence works), but it might also mean that the lower imprisonment rates are caused by the higher robbery rates. To see how the latter might be true, imagine a state that is experiencing, for some reason, a rapidly rising robbery rate. It arrests, convicts, and imprisons more and more robbers as more and more robberies are committed, but it cannot quite keep up. The robberies are increasing so fast that they swamp the criminal-justice system; prosecutors and judges respond by letting more robbers off without a prison sentence, or perhaps even without a trial, in order to keep the system from becoming hopelessly clogged. As a result, the proportion of arrested robbers who go to pris-

on goes down while the robbery rate goes up. In this case, we ought to conclude not that prison deters robbers but that high robbery rates "deter" prosecutors and judges.

The best analysis of these problems in statistical studies of deterrence is to be found in a 1978 report of the Panel on Research on Deterrent and Incapacitative Effects, which was set up by the National Research Council (an arm of the National Academy of Sciences). That panel, chaired by Alfred Blumstein, of Carnegie-Mellon University, concluded that the available statistical evidence (as of 1978) did not warrant any strong conclusions about the extent to which differences among states or cities in the probability of punishment might alter deterrent effect. The panel (of which I was a member) noted that "the evidence certainly favors a proposition supporting deterrence more than it favors one asserting that deterrence is absent," but urged "scientific caution" in interpreting this evidence.

Other criticisms of deterrence research, generally along the same lines as those of the panel, have led some commentators to declare that "deterrence doesn't work," and that we may now get on with the task of investing in those programs, such as job-creation and income maintenance, that *will* have an effect on crime. Such a conclusion is, to put it mildly, premature.

ONE WAY TO COMPENSATE FOR ERRORS IN OFFICIAL statistics relating to crime rates is to consider other measures of crime, in particular reports gathered by Bureau of the Census interviewers from citizens who have been victims of crime. While these victim surveys have problems of their own (such as the forgetfulness of citizens), they are not the same problems as those that affect police reports of crime. Thus, if we obtain essentially the same findings about the effect of sanctions on crime from studies that use victim data as we do from studies that use police data, our confidence in these findings is strengthened. Studies of this sort have been done by Itzhak Goldberg, at Stanford, and by Barbara Boland and myself, and the results are quite consistent with those from research based on police reports. As sanctions become more likely, both sets of data suggest, crime becomes less common.

It is possible, as some critics of deterrence say, that rising crime rates swamp the criminal-justice system, so that a negative statistical association between, say, rates of theft and the chances of going to prison for theft may mean not that a decline in imprisonment is causing theft to increase but rather that a rise in theft is causing imprisonment to become less likely. This might occur particularly with respect to less serious crimes, such as shoplifting or petty larceny; indeed, the proportion of prisoners who are shoplifters or petty thieves has gone down over the past two decades. But it is hard to imagine that the criminal-justice system would respond to an increase in murder or armed robbery by letting some murderers or armed rob-

bers off with no punishment. Convicted murderers are as likely to go to prison today as they were twenty years ago. Moreover, the deterrent effect of prison on serious crimes like murder and robbery was apparently as great in 1940 or 1950, when these crimes were much less common, as it is today, suggesting that swamping has not occurred.

Still more support for the proposition that variations in sanctions affect crime can be found in the very best studies of deterrence—those that manage to avoid the statistical errors described above. In 1977, Alfred Blumstein and Daniel Nagin published a study of the relationship between draft evasion and the penalties imposed for draft evasion in each of the states. After controlling for the socio-economic characteristics of the states, they found that the higher the probability of conviction for draft evasion, the lower the evasion rates. This is an especially strong finding, because the study is largely immune to the problems associated with other analyses of deterrence. Draft evasion is more accurately measured than street crimes, and draft-evasion cases could not have swamped the federal courts in which they were tried, in part because such cases made up only a small fraction (about 7 percent) of the workload of these courts, and in part because federal authorities had instructed the prosecutors to give high priority to these cases. For all these reasons, Blumstein and Nagin felt they could safely conclude that draft evasion is deterrable.

White-collar crime can also be deterred. In the late 1970s, Michael Block, Fred Nold, and J. G. Sidak, then at Stanford, investigated the effect of enforcing the anti-trust laws on the price of bread in the bakery business. When the government filed a price-fixing complaint against colluding bakery firms, and when those firms also faced the possibility of private suits claiming treble damages for this price-fixing, the collusion ended and the price of bread fell.

Another way of testing whether deterrence works is to look not at differences among states or firms at one point in time but at changes in the nation as a whole over a long period of time. Historical data on the criminal-justice system in America are so spotty that such research is difficult to do here, but it is not at all difficult in England, where the data are excellent. Kenneth I. Wolpin, of Yale, analyzed changes in crime rates and in various parts of the criminal-justice system (the chances of being arrested, convicted, and punished) for the period 1894 to 1967, and concluded that changes in the probability of being punished seemed to cause changes in the crime rate. He offered reasons for believing that this causal connection could not be explained away by the argument that the criminal-justice system was being swamped.

Given what we are trying to measure—changes in the behavior of a small number of hard-to-observe persons who are responding to delayed and uncertain penalties—we will never be entirely sure that our statistical manipulations have proved that deterrence works. What is im-

pressive is that so many (but not all) studies using such different methods come to similar conclusions. More such evidence can be found in studies of the death penalty. Though the evidence as to whether capital punishment deters crime is quite ambiguous, most of the studies find that the chances of being imprisoned for murder do seem to affect the murder rate. Even after wading through all this, the skeptical reader may remain unconvinced. Considering the difficulties of any aggregate statistical analysis, that is understandable. But, as we shall shortly see, the evidence from certain social experiments reinforces the statistical studies.

WHENEVER WE TRY TO DISCOVER A RELATIONSHIP between hard-to-measure factors that operate deep inside a complex social structure, we are well advised not to rely on any single method of analysis, and we are particularly well advised not to rely on statistical studies using aggregate data. We should attack the problem from a number of angles, using different kinds of data and various methodologies. Above all, we should look at what happens to individuals (rather than to cities or states) and at what happens when a new program is tried.

Ideally, we would like to know how the probability or severity of a possible punishment will affect the behavior of persons who *might* commit a serious crime. Such persons probably constitute only a small fraction of the total population, but they are the important fraction. Most of us would not commit a serious crime because of the bite of conscience, reinforced by the fear of embarrassment should our misconduct be detected. A few of us may commit serious crimes with only small regard to the risks, unless those risks can be made great and immediate. What we would like to know is how changes in the prospective costs of crime, and in the prospective benefits of pursuing legitimate alternatives to crime, affect the behavior of those individuals who are “at risk”—that is, persons who lack strong, internalized inhibitions against misconduct, who value highly the excitement of breaking the law, who have a weak stake in conformity, who are willing to take greater chances than the rest of us, and who greatly value quick access to ready cash. Such persons tend, disproportionately, to be young males. As Philip J. Cook, at Duke University, has argued, would-be offenders don't have to be entirely rational or fully informed for the criminal-justice system (or the legitimate labor market) to have an effect on them. They need only attach some value to the consequences of their actions. We already know they value one consequence—the money or pleasure produced by crime. There is no reason to believe they are indifferent to all other consequences, including the risks of being caught.

Most of us are probably not very well informed about the true costs of crime: being law-abiding, we probably imagine that the chances of being caught are higher than in fact they are, and that the severity of the sentence (mea-



sured in years in prison) is greater than it really is. But most of us depend for our information on newspaper stories, on detective programs on television, and on our own deep fear of being exposed as a disreputable person. Persons at risk—young men hanging around on street corners, and thieves who associate with other thieves—tend to depend for their information on the accounts of other young men or other thieves who have had a run-in with the police or the courts and who therefore can supply a crudely accurate estimate of the current risks of arrest, prosecution, and sentencing.

The behavior of these persons, thus informed, is what we wish to observe. Only a few careful efforts have been made to measure the deterrent effect of the sanctions of the criminal-justice system on individuals, as opposed to cities or states. One such effort was carried out in Cook County, Illinois, and aimed at the young offender. Charles A. Murray and Louis A. Cox, Jr., in their book, *Beyond Probation*, measured the number of arrests per month of 317 Chicago boys who had been incarcerated for the first time by the Illinois Department of Corrections. Though young (their average age was sixteen), they were scarcely novices at crime: they had been arrested an average of thirteen times each before receiving their first prison sentences. Nor were their offenses trivial: as a group, they had been charged with fourteen homicides, twenty-three rapes, more than 300 assaults and a like number of auto thefts, nearly 200 armed robberies, and more than 700 burglaries. The patience of the court exhausted, these youthful offenders were eventually sent off to a correctional institution, where they served an average sentence of

ten months. Murray and Cox followed them for (on the average) seventeen months after their release. During this period, the frequency with which they were arrested (i.e., arrests per month per 100 boys) declined by about two thirds. To be exact, the members of this group of hard-core delinquents were arrested an average of 6.3 times each during the year before being sent away but only 2.9 times each during the seventeen months on the street after release.

The Murray and Cox study, one of the few of its kind, adds some support to the deterrence theory. But it, like others, focuses on persons who have already committed crimes; we remain uncertain about the effect of changes in the criminal-justice system on those who have not yet committed *any* crime. To study behavior that does not occur is all but impossible, though we may ask, as some scholars have, various persons—often students—whether they would commit or have committed a crime when they perceived the penalties to be of a given severity and a given probability. One such study was done among students at an eastern college, another among high school students in Arizona, and a third among adult Americans generally. The authors of all three studies found that the persons who believed they were likely to be punished for a particular criminal act were less likely to report (anonymously) having committed the act than were persons who thought they probably wouldn't be punished. The studies were broadly consistent with the view that deterrence works, but all are difficult to interpret. No one can be confident that the number of offenses the persons reported bears any relationship to the number they actually committed. More im-

portant, the studies raise the possibility that what actually deters these persons (very few of whom commit any serious acts with any frequency) is not what they guess to be the chances of being caught but the moral opprobrium with which such acts are viewed. For most people in most circumstances, the moral quality of their actions, and the internalized inhibitions against misconduct arising out of that moral code, are probably the major deterrents to crime. Interviewing people may highlight that fact, but it cannot tell us what happens at the margin, when society alters the certainty or severity of punishment for a given offense. And for purposes of public policy, that is exactly what we want to know. The best way to find out is to conduct an experiment.

MOST EXPERIMENTS IN DETERRENCE HAVE INVOLVED changes in police behavior rather than changes in the behavior of judges and prosecutors. The results of those changes seem to indicate that the more focused and aggressive the police effort, the greater the chance it will make a difference. Changes in the level of routine preventive patrol in marked cars seemed to make little difference in crime rates in Kansas City, but changes in the number of officers riding New York subway cars and changes in the aggressiveness with which San Diego policemen stopped and interrogated persons on the streets did seem to make a difference. Comparable results come from a study of drunk driving in Great Britain, where the police began to use a breathalyzer to catch inebriated motorists, in hopes of reducing traffic accidents, especially fatal ones. A careful study by H. Laurence Ross, a sociologist, clearly indicates that these hopes were borne out: "the Road Safety Act caused a reduction in casualties" by as much as two thirds during weekend evenings, when drunk driving is likely to be most common. Unhappily, the police did not like to enforce this law, which could lead to the mandatory revocation of the driving license of a motorist whose blood alcohol level exceeded .08 percent. In time, the chief constable of the county of Cheshire made a highly publicized effort to get the police to administer breathalyzer tests to every driver stopped for a moving violation or because of a traffic accident, and once again accidents declined.

Perhaps the most dramatic evidence of the operation of deterrence—dramatic because it involved a true experiment on individuals engaging in what some believe is a wholly emotional crime—comes from an effort in Minneapolis to find out how the police can best handle incidents of spouse assault. The conventional wisdom had been that if one or both parties to such an assault were handled by the officer informally—by mediation or referral to a social-work agency—the parties would be better off than if the assaulter were arrested. And the police themselves often preferred not to make an arrest, because it took time and effort and often led to no prosecution when the victim re-

fused to press charges. With the advice of the Police Foundation, a group of Minneapolis officers began handling their misdemeanor spouse-assault cases by randomly assigning the assaulter to one of three dispositions: arresting him, counseling him, or sending him out of the house to cool off. Over 250 cases were treated in this experimental fashion and followed up for six months. The assaulters who were arrested were less likely to be reported to the police for a subsequent assault than were those advised, and much less likely than those sent out of the house. And this was true even though, in the vast majority of cases, the arrested person spent no more than a week in jail.

A tougher and, for policy purposes, more useful test of deterrence would be to alter the sentence a person gets without altering police conduct. We have surprisingly few careful studies of the results of doing that, even though it is regularly done. Many states have passed mandatory minimum sentences for certain offenses, and some have tried to eliminate plea bargaining, or at least to ensure that serious offenders cannot have the charges against them reduced simply in order to induce a guilty plea. Unfortunately, most of these changes were made under circumstances that rendered any serious evaluation of their effect difficult, if not impossible.

TWO WELL-KNOWN CHANGES IN SENTENCING PRACTICES are the so-called Rockefeller drug laws in New York and the Bartley-Fox gun law in Massachusetts. In 1973, New York State revised its criminal statutes relating to drug trafficking in an attempt to make more severe and more certain the penalties for the sale and possession of heroin (the law affecting other drugs was changed as well, but the focus of the effort—and the most severe penalties—were reserved for heroin). The major pushers—those who sold an ounce or more of heroin—would be liable for a minimum prison term of fifteen years and the possibility of life imprisonment. But the law had some loopholes. Someone who had sold an ounce could plea bargain the charges against him down, but no lower than to a charge that would entail a mandatory one-year minimum prison sentence. Police informants could get probation instead of prison, and persons under the age of sixteen were exempt from the mandatory sentences. A provision that was made part of some amendments passed in 1975 exempted from the law persons aged sixteen to eighteen. A group was formed to evaluate the effect of this law. The authors of its report, issued in 1977, found no evidence that the law had reduced the availability of heroin on the streets of New York City or reduced the kinds of property crime often committed by drug users. Of course, it is almost impossible to measure directly the amount of an illegal drug in circulation, or to observe the illicit transactions between dealers and users, but a good deal of circumstantial evidence, gathered by the study group, suggests that no large changes occurred. The number of

deaths from narcotics overdoses did not change markedly, nor did admissions to drug-treatment programs or the price and purity of heroin available for sale on the street (as inferred from buys of heroin made by undercover narcotics agents).

The explanation for this disappointing experience, in the opinion of the study group, was that difficulties in administering the law weakened its deterrent power, with the result that most offenders and would-be offenders did not experience any significantly higher risk of apprehension and punishment. There was no increase in the number of arrests, and a slight decline in the proportion of arrests leading to indictments as well as in the proportion of indictments resulting in conviction. Offsetting this was a higher probability that a person convicted would go to prison. The net effect was that the probability of imprisonment for arrested drug dealers did not change as a result of the law—it was about one imprisonment per nine arrests both before and after passage of the law. On the other hand, the sentences received by those who did go to prison were more severe. Before the law was passed, only 3 percent of persons imprisoned for selling an ounce or more of heroin received a sentence of three years or more. After the law went into effect, 22 percent received such sentences. Perhaps because sentences became more severe, more accused persons demanded trials instead of pleading guilty; as a result, the time needed to dispose of the average drug case nearly doubled.

Does the experience under the Rockefeller law disprove the claim that deterrence works? The answer is no, but that is chiefly because deterrence theory wasn't satisfactorily tested. If "deterrence" means changing behavior by increasing either the certainty or the swiftness of punishment, then the Rockefeller law, as it was administered, could not have deterred behavior, because it made no change in the certainty of punishment and actually reduced its swiftness. If, on the other hand, "deterrence" means changing behavior by increasing the severity of punishment, then deterrence did not work in this case. What we mainly want to know, however, is whether heroin trafficking could have been reduced *if* the penalties associated with it had been imposed more quickly and in a higher proportion of cases.

Severity may prove to be the enemy of certainty and speed. As penalties get tougher, defendants and their lawyers have a greater incentive to slow down the process, and those judges who, for private reasons, resist heavy sentences for drug dealing may use their discretionary powers to decline indictment, accept plea bargains, grant continuances, and modify penalties in ways that reduce the certainty and the celerity of punishment. The group that evaluated the Rockefeller law suggested that reducing severity in favor of certainty might create the only real possibility for testing the deterrent effect of changes in sentences.

The Bartley-Fox gun law in Massachusetts was adminis-

tered and evaluated in ways that avoided some of the problems of the Rockefeller drug laws. In 1974, the Massachusetts legislature amended the law that had long required a license for a person carrying a handgun, by stipulating that a violation of this law would entail a mandatory penalty of one year in prison, which sentence could not be reduced by probation or parole or by judicial finagling. When the law went into effect, in April of 1975, various efforts were made to evaluate both the compliance of the criminal-justice system with it and the law's impact on crimes involving handguns. James A. Beha, II, then at the Harvard Law School, traced the application of the law for eighteen months, and concluded that, despite widespread predictions to the contrary, the police, prosecutors, and judges were not evading the law. As in New York, more persons asked for trials, and delays in disposition apparently increased, but in Massachusetts, by contrast with the experience in New York, the probability of punishment increased for those arrested. Beha estimated in 1977 (at a time when not all the early arrests had yet worked their way through the system) that prison sentences were being imposed five times more frequently on persons arrested for illegally carrying firearms than had been true before the law was passed. Owing to some combination of the heavy publicity given to the Bartley-Fox law and the real increase in the risk of imprisonment facing persons arrested while carrying a firearm without a license, the casual carrying of firearms seems to have decreased. This was the view expressed to interviewers by participants in the system, including persons being held in jail, and it was buttressed by a sharp drop in the proportion of drug dealers arrested by the Boston police who, at the time of their arrest, were found to be carrying firearms.

Three studies were made of the impact of the Bartley-Fox law on serious crime. The authors of those studies used slightly different methods, but came in general to the same conclusion—namely, that a measurable decline had occurred in some crimes that involve the casual use of firearms. Moreover, the proportion of crimes in which guns were used did not go down in other large cities during this time. In sum, the Bartley-Fox law seems, at least during the years in which its effect was studied, to have increased the risk associated with carrying a gun, to have reduced the frequency with which guns were casually carried, and thereby to have reduced the rate at which certain gun-related crimes were committed.

An effort to achieve the same results in Michigan did not work out as well, in large measure because the judges there—and in particular the judges in Wayne County, which includes Detroit—did not apply the law as expected. The Michigan Felony Firearm Statute, which went into effect in 1977, required the imposition of a two-year prison sentence for possessing a firearm while committing a felony, and the two-year firearm sentence was to be added on to whatever sentence was imposed for the other felony. But no real change occurred in either the certainty or the



severity of sentences issued to gun-carrying felons. Many judges would reduce the sentence given for the original felony (say, assault or robbery) in order to compensate for the add-on. In other cases, the judge would dismiss the gun count. Given this evasion, it is not surprising that the law had little effect on the rate at which gun-related crimes were committed.

Several states have recently altered the legal minimum drinking age; because of the effect of teenage drinking on highway fatalities, these changes have been closely studied. Between 1970 and 1973, twenty-four states lowered their legal drinking ages. Shortly thereafter, Allan F. Williams and his associates at the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety examined the effect of these reductions on highway accidents, and concluded that the changes in the laws had contributed to an increase in fatal motor-vehicle accidents. Reacting to the implications of such findings, at least fourteen states, beginning in 1976, raised their minimum drinking ages from eighteen or nineteen to twenty or twenty-one. Williams and his colleagues studied these changes in nine states and concluded that when young persons could not legally buy alcoholic beverages, fewer fatal auto accidents occurred at night (when most drink-related accidents take place). Alexander C. Wagenaar, at the University of Michigan, looked closely at the Michigan experience, and came to the same conclusion. When the legal drinking age there was lowered to eighteen, the number of persons aged eighteen to twenty who were involved in accidents and reportedly had been drinking began to rise; when the drinking age was raised to twenty-one, the number of such persons in crashes began to fall. Comparable

conclusions were reached in a study of the consequences of altering the legal drinking age in Maine.

In sum, the evidence from these experiences is that changes in the probability of being punished can lead to changes in behavior, though this may not happen when the new laws exist on paper and not in practice, or when the benefits to be had from violating the law are so great as to make would-be perpetrators indifferent to the slight alteration in the risks facing them. For example, when the prospective gains from heroin trafficking or obtaining (and supplying) illegal abortions are very large, these gains can nullify the effect of modest changes in the costs of these actions, especially when (as with the New York drug law and the Michigan firearms law) the criminal-justice system does not in practice impose greater risks. When the system in fact makes the behavior much more costly, as it did with the 317 juveniles in Chicago, we observe a reduction in crime. And when the prospective benefits from violating the law are small (as with teenage drinking, or perhaps with carrying an unlicensed gun), even small changes in the risks can have significant effects on behavior.

All this means that it is difficult but not impossible to achieve increased deterrent effects through changes in the law. To obtain these effects, society must walk a narrow line—the penalties must be sufficiently great to offset, at the margin, the benefits of the illegal act, but not so great as to generate in the criminal-justice system resistance to their prompt imposition. If social experiments show that under some circumstances crime rates go down when penalties go up, can other experiments show that crime rates go down when jobs are easier to find?

DETERRENCE AND JOB-CREATION ARE NOT DIFFERENT anti-crime strategies; they are two sides of the same strategy. The former increases the costs of crime; the latter enhances the benefits of alternatives to criminal behavior. The usefulness of each depends on the assumption that we are dealing with a reasonably rational potential offender.

Let us return to our original example. The young man is still yearning for the money necessary to enjoy some high living. Let us assume that he considers finding a job. He knows he will have to look for one; this will take time. As-

suming he gets one, he will have to wait even longer to obtain his first paycheck. But he knows that young men have difficulty finding their first jobs, especially in inner-city neighborhoods such as his. Moreover, he cannot be certain that the job he might get would provide benefits that exceed the costs. Working forty hours a week as a messenger, a dishwasher, or a busboy might not seem worth the sacrifice in time, effort, and reputation on the street corner that it entails. The young man may be wrong about all this, but if he is ignorant of the true risks of crime, he is probably just as ignorant of the true benefits of alternatives to crime.

Compounding the problems of delay, uncertainty, and ignorance is the fact that society cannot feasibly make more than modest changes in the employment prospects of young men. Job-creation takes a long time, when it can be done at all, and many of the jobs created will go to the "wrong" (i.e., not criminally inclined) persons; thus, unemployment rates among the young will not vary greatly among states and will change only slowly over time. And if we wish to see differences in unemployment rates (or income levels) affect crime, we must estimate those effects by exactly the same statistical techniques we use to estimate the effect of criminal-justice sanctions.

The problem of measurement error arises because we do not know with much accuracy the unemployment rate among youths by city or state. Much depends on who is looking for work and how hard, how we count students who are looking only for part-time jobs, and whether we can distinguish between people out of work for a long period and those who happen to be between jobs at the moment. Again, since inaccuracies in these data vary from place to place, we will obtain biased results.

The problem of omitted factors is also real, as is evident in a frequently cited study done in 1976 by Harvey Brenner, of Johns Hopkins University. He suggested that between 1940 and 1973, increases in the unemployment rate led to increases in the homicide rate. But he omitted from his analysis any measure of changes in the certainty or the severity of sentences for murder, factors that other scholars have found to have a strong effect on homicide.

Finally, the relationship between crime and unemployment (or poverty) is probably complex, not simple. For example, in a statistical study that manages to overcome the problems already mentioned, we might discover that as unemployment rates go up, crime rates go up. One's natural instinct would be to interpret this as meaning that rising unemployment causes rising crime. But rising crime might as easily cause rising unemployment. If young men examining the world about them conclude that crime pays more than work—that, for instance, stealing cars is more profitable than washing them—they may then leave their jobs in favor of crime. Some young men find dealing in drugs more attractive than nine-to-five jobs, but, technically, they are "unemployed."

Perhaps both crime and unemployment are the results of



MONEY

We need more money.
There isn't enough, and life
Is too short to waste
On being poor.

Money in all its beautiful forms:
The pale wampum, the bright doubloon
Cowries blinking on the dawn shore
The tawny oxen, the rupee
With its ten colors.

We need to give each other money
Till we are rich beyond our wildest dreams
Until the banks of the world can't hold it
Until we have to melt it down into spoons.

There should be money on every tree
Nestled in the buds for safe keeping
Or in summer hanging heavy from the branches.
The leaves should clink as they fall
And the squirrels hoard nuggets of gold.

We could buy everything
If we had the money:
We could buy each other's freedom.
It would mean the end of rock and roll.
It would give us time to walk hand in hand
Through the forest with our lovers.
The way rich people do in a time of peace,
Naming the animals.

—Mary B. Campbell

some common underlying cause. In 1964, the unemployment rate for black men aged twenty to twenty-four was 12.6 percent; by 1978, it was 20 percent. During the same period, crime rates, in particular those involving young black men, went up. Among the several possible explanations are the changes that have occurred where so many young blacks live, in the inner parts of large cities. One such change is the movement out of the inner cities of both jobs and the social infrastructure that is manned by adult members of the middle class. The departure of jobs led to increased unemployment; the departure of the middle class led to lessened social control and hence to more crime. If we knew more than we now know, we would probably discover that all three relationships are working simultaneously: for some persons, unemployment leads to crime; for others, crime leads to unemployment; and for still others, social disintegration or personal inadequacy leads to both crime and unemployment.

That several of these relationships are in fact at work is suggested by Brenner's study, which noted that the murder rate went up with increases in per capita income and inflation as well as with a rise in joblessness. But if the stress of joblessness leads to more murders, what is it about increases in average income (or in inflation) that also leads to more murders? And if society attempts to reduce the murder rate by reducing unemployment, how can it do this without at the same time increasing the murder rate, because, as a result of increased employment, it has managed to increase per capita incomes or stimulate inflation?

I do not say this to explain away the studies purporting to show that unemployment or poverty causes crime, for in fact—contrary to what many people assert—very little research shows a relationship between economic factors and crime. Robert W. Gillespie, of the University of Illinois, reviewed studies available as of 1975 and found that out of ten looking for evidence of the existence of a significant relationship between unemployment and crime, only three were successful. In 1981, Thomas Orsagh and Ann Dryden Witte, both of the University of North Carolina, reviewed the studies that had appeared since 1975 and found very little statistically strong or consistent evidence to support the existence of such a connection. The evidence linking income (or poverty) and crime is similarly inconclusive, and probably for the same reasons: grave methodological problems confront anyone trying to find the relationship, and the relationship, to the extent that it exists, is probably quite complex (some people may turn to crime because they are poor, some people may be poor because they have turned to crime but are not very good at it, and still others may have been made both poor and criminal because of some common underlying factor). To quote Orsagh and Witte: "Research using aggregate data provides only weak support for the simple proposition that unemployment causes crime. . . . [and] does not provide convincing tests of the relationship between low income and crime."

THE HOPE, WIDESPREAD IN THE 1960S, THAT job-creation and job-training programs would solve many social problems, including crime, led to countless efforts both to prevent crime by supplying jobs to crime-prone youths and to reduce crime among convicted offenders by supplying them with better job opportunities after their release from prison. One preventive program was the Neighborhood Youth Corps, which gave to poor young persons jobs during the afternoons and evenings and all day during the summer. An evaluation of the results of such programs among poor blacks in Cincinnati and Detroit found no evidence that participation in the Youth Corps had any effect on the proportion of enrollees who came into contact with the police. Essentially the same gloomy conclusion was reached by the authors of a survey of a large number of delinquency-prevention programs, though they reported a few glimmers of hope that certain programs might provide some benefits to some persons. For example, persons who had gone through a Job Corps program that featured intensive remedial education and job training in a residential camp were apparently less likely to be arrested six months after finishing their training than a control group.

Though preventing crime and delinquency through job programs of the sort developed by the Great Society seemed a lost hope, somewhat more success was reported from efforts to reduce crime among ex-offenders. Philip Cook followed 325 men who had been released from Massachusetts prisons in 1959 and found that parolees who were able to find "satisfactory" jobs (not just any job) were less likely than other parolees to have their parole revoked because they committed a new crime during an eighteen-month follow-up period. This was true even after controlling for the personal attributes of the parolees, such as race, intelligence, marital status, education, prior occupation, and military service.

Findings such as Cook's may have reinforced the belief of policy-makers that if only we would re-integrate the ex-offender into the labor market, we could cut crime and at the same time save money through reduced prison populations. By the early 1970s, forty-two states had adopted some variety of "work-release" program for prisoners, in which convicts nearing the end of their prison terms were released into the community in order to work at various jobs during the day, returning to prison at night or on weekends. Gordon P. Waldo and Theodore G. Chiricos, of Florida State University, evaluated the results of work-release in Florida, and did so on the basis of a particularly sophisticated research design. Eligible inmates were randomly assigned to either a work-release or a non-release group. And many different measures of recidivism were calculated—not just whether the offender was later arrested but also the rate of arrests per month. Waldo and Chiricos found no differences whatsoever in the re-arrest rate (or in any measure of recidivism) between persons in and out of work-release. An equally unpromising result was



found by Ann Dryden Witte in North Carolina, though there work-release may have led offenders to commit somewhat less serious crimes.

If work-release seems not to reduce crime rates, perhaps it is because it focuses on work rather than on wealth. Perhaps if ex-offenders had more money, especially during the crucial few months after their release, they would not need to steal in order to support themselves. Some preliminary evidence gave credence to this view. In Baltimore, about 400 ex-convicts were randomly assigned to one of four groups—those receiving nothing, those receiving employment assistance, those receiving financial aid, and those receiving both job-placement services and financial aid. After two years, it was clear that getting employment counseling did not affect the chances of being re-arrested, but getting financial aid (\$60 a week for thirteen weeks) did make a small difference (about 8 percent). This finding, however, brought with it a host of problems. For one thing, recidivism was defined as re-arrest, not the *rate* of re-arrest (thus possibly obscuring changes in the frequency with which persons committed crimes). Moreover, the study excluded first offenders, alcoholics, heroin users, and persons who had not committed property offenses.

A fuller test of the combined effects of employment and wealth on criminal behavior was made in Georgia and Texas. Called TARP (Transitional Aid Research Project), it involved randomly assigning about 2,000 ex-convicts in each state to groups that, on release from prison, received financial aid, job-placement services, or nothing. This experiment was not only much larger than the one in Balti-

more but also included all available categories of offenders, and it used the *number* of arrests of an individual (and not simply the *fact* of arrest) as the measure of the outcome. It also arranged that the financial aid that ex-convicts received would be reduced by any income they received from jobs—a more realistic arrangement than that used in Baltimore, where the ex-convicts could keep their financial aid whether or not they worked.

The ex-convicts who received financial aid and/or employment counseling had about the same arrest rate after release as the group that received no aid or counseling. Moreover, individuals who received TARP financial aid worked less than those who did not, so the money could be said to have discouraged, rather than encouraged, employment. The authors of the evaluation, however, were not discouraged by these findings. A complex statistical analysis led them to suggest that if the financial assistance could have been administered so as not to cause unemployment, then the payments might have prevented some crime. That speculation has been challenged by critics. What is not in dispute is that, as administered, the TARP payments did not reduce crime.

THE BEST AND MOST RECENT EFFORT TO IDENTIFY the link between employment and crime was the “supported-work” program of the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation (MDRC). In ten locations around the country, MDRC randomly assigned four kinds of people with employment problems to special workshops or to control groups. The four categories were long-term

welfare (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) recipients, school dropouts, former drug addicts, and ex-convicts. The workshops provided employment in unskilled jobs supplemented by training in job-related personal skills. The unique feature of the program was that all the participants in a given work setting were people with problems; thus the difficulties experienced by persons with chronic unemployment problems when they find themselves competing with persons who are successful job-seekers and job-holders were minimized. Moreover, the workshops were led by sympathetic supervisors (often themselves ex-addicts or ex-convicts), who gradually increased the level of expected performance until, after a year or so, the trainees were able to go out into the regular job market on their own. This government-subsidized work in a supportive environment, coupled with training in personal skills, was the most ambitious effort of all we have examined to get persons with chronic problems into the labor force. Unlike vocational training in prison, supported work provided real jobs in the civilian world, and training directly related to what one was paid to do. Unlike work-release programs, supported work did not immediately place the ex-convict in the civilian job market to sink or swim on his own.

Welfare recipients and ex-addicts benefited from supported work, but ex-convicts and youthful school dropouts did not. Over a twenty-seven-month observation period, the school dropouts in the project were arrested as frequently as the school dropouts in the control group, and the ex-offenders in the project were arrested *more* frequently (seventeen more arrests per 100 persons) than ex-offenders in the control group.

The clear implication, I think, of the supported-work project—and of all the studies to which I have referred—is that unemployment and other economic factors may well be connected with criminality, but the connection is not a simple one. If, as some people assume, “unemployment causes crime,” then simply providing jobs to would-be criminals or to convicted criminals would reduce their propensity to commit crimes. We have very little evidence that this is true, at least for the kinds of persons helped by MDRC. Whether crime rates would go down if dropouts and ex-convicts held on to their jobs we cannot say, because, as the supported-work project clearly showed, within a year and a half after entering the program, the dropouts and ex-convicts were no more likely to be employed than those who had never entered the program at all—despite the great and compassionate efforts made on their behalf. Help, training, and jobs may make a difference for some persons—the young and criminally inexperienced dropout; the older, “burned-out” ex-addict; the more mature (over age thirty-five) ex-convict. But ex-addicts, middle-aged ex-cons, and inexperienced youths do not commit most of the crimes that worry us. These are committed by the young chronic offender.

Marvin E. Wolfgang and his colleagues at the University

of Pennsylvania, following the criminal careers of about 10,000 boys born in 1945 who lived in Philadelphia from their tenth to their eighteenth birthdays, found that about one third of the boys were arrested. For about half of these, their criminal “careers” stopped there. However, once a juvenile had been arrested three times, the chances that he would be arrested again were greater than 70 percent. These findings are consistent with the view that for novice offenders (to say nothing of non-offenders), some combination of informal social control, the deterrent effect of punishment, and the desire for normal entry into the world of work serves to restrain the growth of criminality. This is the group to whom we should look for evidence of the effects of changes in the probability and severity of punishment and of changes in job availability. At the other end of the scale, 6 percent of the Philadelphia boys committed five or more crimes before they were eighteen, accounting for more than half of all the recorded delinquencies of the 10,000 boys and most of the violent crimes committed by the entire cohort. The evidence from MDRC is consistent with the view that job programs are not likely to be effective with these offenders. Since we have only a few studies of the effect of deterrence on individuals (as opposed to large aggregates of people), we cannot be confident that increasing the certainty or severity of punishment would affect this group of hard-core, high-rate offenders, but evidence in the Murray and Cox study suggests that it might.

I BELIEVE THAT THE WEIGHT OF THE EVIDENCE—AGGREGATE statistical analyses, evaluations of experiments and quasi-experiments, and studies of individual behavior—supports the view that the rate of crime is influenced by its costs. This influence is greater—or easier to observe—for some crimes and persons than for others. The crime rate can be lowered by increasing the certainty of sanctions, but inducing the criminal-justice system to make those changes is difficult, especially if apprehending and punishing the offender is not intrinsically rewarding to members of the criminal-justice system, or if the crime itself lacks the strong moral condemnation of society. In theory, the rate of crime should also be sensitive to the benefits of non-crime—for example, the value and availability of jobs—but thus far efforts to show that relationship have led to inconclusive results. Moreover, the nature of the connection between crime and legitimate opportunities is complex: unemployment (and prosperity!) can cause crime, crime can cause unemployment (but probably not prosperity), and both crime and unemployment may be caused by still other factors. Economic factors probably have the greatest influence on the behavior of infrequent, novice offenders and the least on frequent, experienced ones. Despite the uncertainty that attaches to the connection between the economy and crime, I believe that the wisest course of action for society is to try to increase the

benefits of non-criminal behavior and the costs of crime simultaneously, all the while bearing in mind that no feasible change in either part of the equation is likely to produce big changes in crime rates.

Some may agree with me but still feel that we should spend more heavily on one side or the other of the cost-benefit equation. At countless scholarly gatherings, I have heard learned persons examine closely any evidence purporting to show the deterrent effect of sanctions, but accept with scarcely a blink the theory that crime is caused by a "lack of opportunities." Perhaps they feel that since the evidence on both propositions is equivocal, it does less harm to believe in—and invest in—the "benign" (i.e., job-creation) program. That is surely wrong. If we try to make the penalties for crime swifter and more certain, and it should turn out that deterrence does not work, then we have merely increased the risks facing persons who are guilty of crimes in any event. If we fail to increase the certainty and swiftness of penalties, and it should turn out that deterrence *does* work, then we have needlessly increased the risk of being victimized for many innocent persons.

We can alter the crime rate in ways other than by manipulating the incentives confronting a would-be offender. Even if no criminal paid any heed to the risks he ran—an unlikely state of affairs—we could still reduce the crime rate by separating offenders (in prisons or on desert islands) from the rest of us. We call this "incapacitation." Almost no one doubts that incapacitation works: a man in prison cannot harm persons outside of prison, though scholars do disagree as to how large a reduction in crime we will obtain for a given cost (in money for prisons and in the freedom lost by the inmates).

Many people doubt that manipulating incentives works. Settling that issue is important, because, in theory, changing the penalties and opportunities operating in society would be a more powerful crime-control technique than simply incapacitating known criminals. To the extent that behavior is affected by rewards, would-be criminals can be induced not to become criminals at all and existing criminals can be persuaded to reduce the rate at which they offend. Were sanctions sufficiently swift and certain (and were alternatives to crime sufficiently attractive), the long prison terms required by the incapacitation strategy might not be necessary.

BUT WE CANNOT ACHIEVE LARGE REDUCTIONS IN crime rates by making sanctions very swift or very certain or by making jobs very abundant, because things other than the fear of punishment or the desire for jobs affect the minds of offenders, and because while we say we want a speedy, fair, and efficient criminal-justice system, we want other things more.

The behavior of most of us is affected by even small (and possibly illusory) changes in the costs attached to it. We

are easily deterred by a crackdown on drunk driving, especially if it is highly publicized, and our willingness to take chances when filling out our tax returns is influenced by how likely we think an audit may be. Why, then, should we not see big changes in the crime rates when we make our laws tougher?

The answer is not that, unlike the rest of us, burglars, muggers, and assaulters are irrational. I am struck by the account given in Sally Engle Merry's book, *Urban Danger*, of her extended interviews with youthful offenders in a big-city neighborhood she observed for a year and a half. She found that these young men had a sophisticated, pragmatic view of their criminal enterprises, even though they were neither "white-collar" criminals nor highly professional burglars. They distinguished carefully between affluent and less-affluent targets, spoke knowledgeably about the chances of being caught in one part of the district as opposed to another, understood that some citizens were less likely to call the police than others, knew which offenses were most and which were least likely to lead to arrest and prosecution, and had formed a judgment about what kinds of stories the judges would or would not believe. Though many committed crimes opportunistically, or in retaliation for what they took to be the hostile attitudes of certain neighbors, they were neither so impulsive nor so emotional as to be unaware of, or indifferent to, the consequences of their actions.

The chronic offenders who cause us all so much misery are probably especially aware of the risks they run. When Jan and Marcia Chaiken, of the Rand Corporation, analyzed the data gathered from more than 2,000 inmates of jails and prisons in California, Michigan, and Texas, they found that the chances of going to prison for a crime were higher in Texas than in California, and that the inmates sensed it. The California inmates were twice as likely as the ones in Texas to say that they thought they could commit the same crime again without getting caught. The Chaikens found, in short, what appeared to be some connection among what criminals think will happen, what in fact does happen, and how criminals behave.

Why, then, do crime rates seem so hard to change? The answer is not that criminals are irrational. It is rather that they evaluate their risks and opportunities by standards somewhat different from those of the rest of us, and society cannot easily change those risks and opportunities in ways that will have a noticeable effect on criminal behavior.

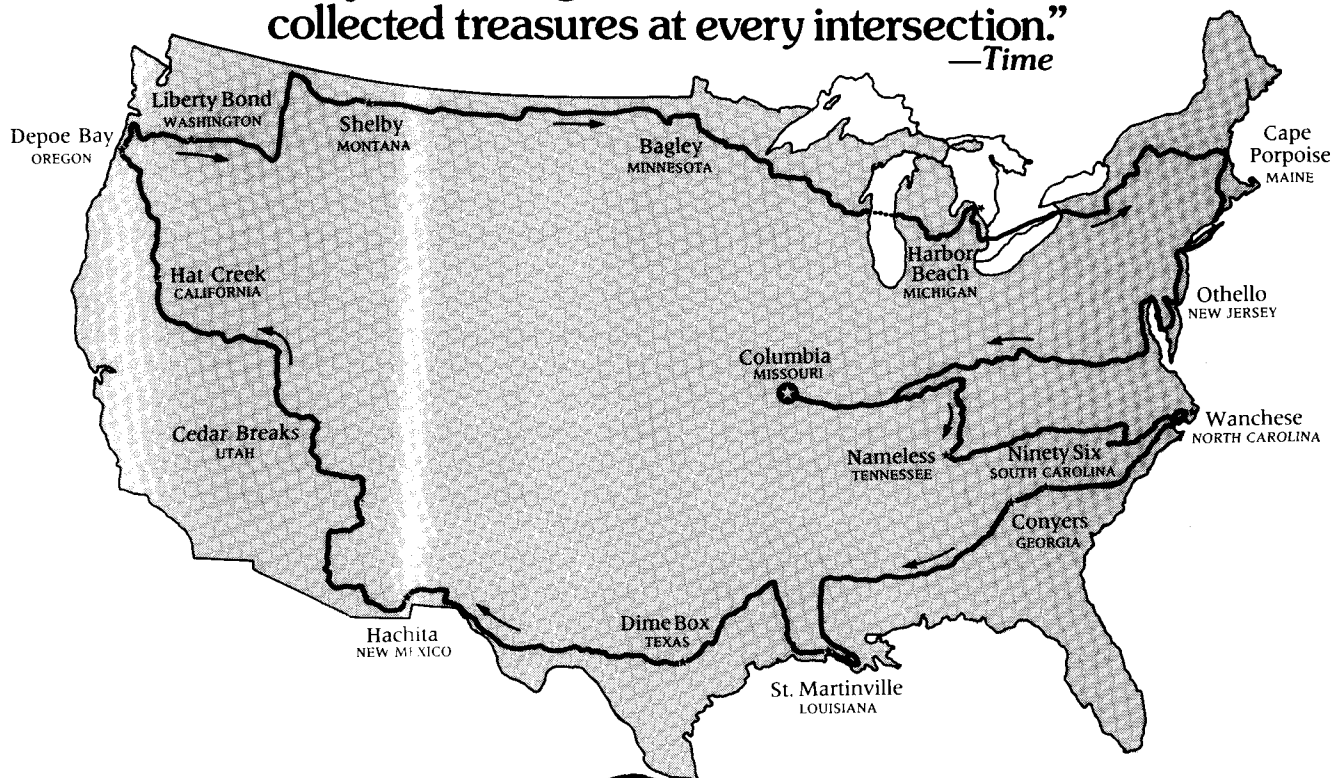
Chronic offenders may attach little or no importance to the loss of reputation that comes from being arrested; in certain circles, they may feel that an arrest has enhanced their reputation. They may attach a low value to the alleged benefits of a legitimate job, because it requires punctuality, deferential behavior, and a forty-hour week, all in exchange for no more money than they can earn in three or four burglaries carried out at their leisure. These values are not acquired merely by trying crime and comparing its

EN ROUTE TO "A MASTERPIECE"

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—Jonathan Yardley,

Washington Post Book World

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

benefits with those of non-criminal behavior; if that were all that was involved, far more of us would be criminals. These preferences are shaped by personal temperament, early familial experiences, and contacts with street-corner peers—by character-forming processes that occur in intimate settings, produce lasting effects, and are hard to change.

Whereas the drinking driver, the casual tax cheat, or the would-be draft evader, having conventional preferences, responds quickly to small changes in socially determined risks, the chronic offender seems to respond only to changes in risks that are sufficiently great to offset the large benefits he associates with crime and the low value he assigns to having a decent reputation. Changing risks to that degree is not impossible, but changing those risks permanently and for large numbers of persons is neither easy nor inexpensive, especially since (as we saw in Wayne County, with the felony firearm statute, and in New York, with the Rockefeller drug law) some members of the criminal-justice system resist programs of this kind.

One third of all robberies committed in the United States are committed in the six largest cities, even though they contain only 8 percent of the nation's population. The conditions of the criminal-justice system in those cities range from poor to disastrous. *The New York Times* recently described one day in New York City's criminal courts. Nearly 4,000 cases came up on that day; each received, on the average, a three-minute hearing from one of seventy overworked judges. Fewer than one case in two hundred resulted in a trial. Three quarters of the summonses issued in the city are ignored; 3.7 million unanswered summonses now fill the courts' files. It is possible that some measure of rough justice results from all this—that the most serious offenders are dealt with adequately, and that the trivial or nonexistent penalties (other than inconvenience) imposed upon minor offenders do not contribute to the production of more chronic offenders. In short, these chaotic courts may not, as the *Times* described them, constitute a "system in collapse." But could such a system reduce the production of chronic offenders by increasing the swiftness, certainty, or severity of penalties for minor offenders? Could it take more seriously spouse assaults where the victim is reluctant to testify? Or monitor more closely the behavior of persons placed on probation on the condition that they perform community service or make restitution to their victims? Or weigh more carefully the sentences given to serious offenders, so as to maximize the crime-reduction potential of those sentences? It seems most unlikely. And yet, doing some or all of these things is exactly what is required by any plan to reduce crime by improving deterrence. For reasons best known to state legislators who talk tough about crime but appropriate too little money for a big-city court system to cope properly with lawbreakers, the struggle against street crime that has supposedly been going on for the last decade or so is in large measure a symbolic crusade.

I HAVE WRITTEN AT LENGTH ELSEWHERE ABOUT THE obstacles that prevent more than small, planned changes in the criminal-justice system. Given the modest effect that changes will have on the observable behavior of chronic offenders, we may want to supplement improvements in the criminal-justice system with programs that would reduce the causes of crime. When I published the first edition of *Thinking About Crime*, in 1975, I argued that a free society lacked the capacity to alter the root causes of crime, since they were almost surely to be found in the character-forming processes that go on in the family. The principal rejoinder to that argument was that these root causes could be found instead in the objective economic conditions confronting the offender. Labor-market or community conditions may indeed have some effect on the crime rate, but since I first wrote, the evidence has mounted that this effect is modest and hard to measure and that devising programs—even such extraordinary programs as supported work—that will have much impact on repeat offenders or school dropouts is exceptionally difficult.

By contrast, a steadily growing body of evidence suggests that the family affects criminality and that its effect, at least for serious offenders, is lasting. Beginning with the research of Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck in Boston during the 1930s and 1940s, and continuing with the work of Lee Robins, William and Joan McCord, and Travis Hirschi in this country, Donald West and David Farrington in England, Lea Pulkinnen in Finland, Dan Olweus in Norway, and many others, we now have available an impressive number of studies that, taken together, support the following view: Some combination of constitutional traits and early family experiences accounts for more of the variation among young persons in their serious criminality than any other factors, and serious misconduct that appears relatively early in life tends to persist into adulthood. What happens on the street corner, in the school, or in the job market can still make a difference, but it will not be as influential as what has gone before.

If criminals are rational persons with values different from those of the rest of us, then it stands to reason that temperament and family experiences, which most shape values, will have the greatest effect on crime, and that perceived costs and benefits will have a lesser impact. For example, in a society where people cannot be under continuous official surveillance, the pleasure I take in hitting people is likely to have a greater effect on my behavior than the occasional intervention of some person in a blue uniform who objects to my hitting others and sets in motion a lengthy and uncertain process that may or may not result in my being punished for doing the hitting.

In a sense, the radical critics of America are correct. If you wish to make a big difference in crime rates, you must make a fundamental change in society. But what they propose to put in place of existing institutions, to the extent that they propose anything at all except angry rhetoric,



GO PLACES

New Players.

Regular and Menthol
Kings and 100's.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

would leave us yearning for the good old days when our crime rate may have been higher but our freedom was intact.

There are, of course, ways of re-organizing a society other than along the authoritarian lines of radical Marxism. One can imagine living in a society in which the shared values of the people, reinforced by the operation of religious, educational, and communal organizations concerned with character formation, would produce a citizenry less criminal than ours is now without diminishing to any significant degree the political liberties we cherish. Indeed, we can do more than imagine it; we can recall it. During the latter half of the nineteenth century, we managed in this country to keep our crime rate lower than it might have been in the face of extensive urbanization, rapid industrialization, large-scale immigration, and the widening of class differences. We did this, as I have argued elsewhere ("Crime and American Culture," *The Public Interest*, Winter, 1982), by investing heavily in various systems of impulse control through revival movements, temperance societies, uplift organizations, and moral education—investments that were based on and gave effect to a widespread view that self-restraint was a fundamental element of character.

These efforts were designed to protect (and, where necessary, to replace) the family, by institutionalizing familial virtues in society at large. The efforts weakened as the moral consensus on which they were based decayed: self-expression began to rival self-control as a core human value, at first among young, well-educated persons, and eventually among persons of every station. Child-rearing methods, school curricula, social fashions, and intellectual tendencies began to exalt rights over duties, spontaneity over loyalty, tolerance over conformity, and authenticity over convention.

The criminal-justice system of the nineteenth century was probably no swifter or more certain in its operations than the system of today, at least in the large cities, and the economy was even more subject to booms and busts than anything we have known since the 1930s. The police were primitively organized and slow to respond, plea bargaining was then, as now, rife in the criminal courts, prisons were overcrowded and nontherapeutic, and protection against the vicissitudes of the labor market was haphazard or nonexistent. Yet these larger social processes may have had a greater effect on crime rates then than they do today, because then, unlike now, they were working in concert with social sentiments: society condemned those whom the police arrested, the judge convicted, or the labor market

ignored. Shame magnified the effect of punishment, and perhaps was its most important part.

Today, we are forced to act as if the degree of crime control that was once obtained by the joint effect of intimate social processes and larger social institutions can be achieved by the latter alone. It is as if we hope to find in some combination of swift and certain penalties and abundant economic opportunities a substitute for discordant homes, secularized churches, intimidated schools, and an ethos of individual self-expression. We are not likely to succeed.

Nor are we likely to reproduce, by plan, an older ethos or its accompanying array of voluntary associations and social movements. And, since we should not abandon essential political liberties, our crime-control efforts for the most part will have to proceed on the assumption—shaky as it is—that the things we can change, at least marginally, will make a significant difference. We must act as if swifter and more certain sanctions and better opportunities will improve matters. Up to a point, I think, they will, but in reaching for that point we must be prepared for modest gains uncertainly measured and expensively priced.

Brighter prospects may lie ahead. By 1990, about half a million fewer eighteen-year-old males will be living in this country than were living here in 1979. As everyone knows, young males commit proportionately more crimes than older ones. Since it is the case in general that about 6 percent of young males become chronic offenders, we will in 1990 have 30,000 fewer eighteen-year-old chronic offenders; if each chronic offender commits ten offenses (a conservative estimate) per year, we will have a third of a million fewer crimes from this age group alone. But other things may happen as well as the change in numbers. A lasting drop in the birthrate will mean that the number of children per family will remain low, easing the parental problem of supervision. A less youthful society may be less likely to celebrate a "youth culture," with its attendant emphasis on unfettered self-expression. A society less attuned to youth may find it can more easily re-assert traditional values and may be more influenced by the otherwise marginal effects of improvements in the efficiency of the criminal-justice system and the operation of the labor market. Natural and powerful demographic forces, rather than the deliberate re-establishment of an older culture, may increase the values of those few policy tools with which a free society can protect itself. In the meantime, justice requires that we use those tools, because penalizing wrong conduct and rewarding good conduct are right policies in themselves, whatever effect they may have. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS

Their meeting was the stuff of fairy tales. He was brave, clever, handsome (though a bit short), and had come from faraway lands. If he lacked the innocence of the archetypal prince, and she the fair complexion prescriptive for a princess, these were minor aberrations. The script was right. He was being held captive by her father, the powerful chief-king; she alone could rescue him from certain death. Later on, although she was barely thirteen, they would marry and live happily ever after. Pocahontas, being a real princess, understood her role. Captain John Smith, a commoner, bungled his.

In the winter of 1607–1608, Smith, out foraging for the hungry settlers at Jamestown, was captured and taken to Werowocomoco to face Powhatan. Some 200 Algonkians crowded into the longhouse. Words were spoken; pipes smoked. Then, as Smith wrote later, “two great stones were brought . . .,” and right on cue came the piercing cry and running feet, the young body thrown over his, bare arms cradling his head. Pocahontas, his savior.

His savior—unless, of course, it was all an act. Unless it was merely a traditional tribal sacrament of the execution-rescue variety, not uncommon among the Algonkians. The lives of chiefs were as a rule spared, and Smith was viewed (erroneously) as the White Chief. The Dark Princess saves the White Chief—standard ritual melodrama. Only Smith misunderstood.

Or, perhaps, pretended to misunderstand. His account alone survives. Ambitious for advancement back in England, he knew the charge of miscegenation could be disastrous. For two long winters an adoring Pocahontas brought the Captain food for his starving band. Then, in 1609, he sailed back to England without so much as a good-bye. Abandoned his princess. Ignored his clear obligation. Left her to mourn, to grieve, to resort finally to the dependable, if pedestrian, John Rolfe.

Smith never did marry—give him that. He never realized success, either. And he turned the whole fairy tale askew.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

GOODYEAR

AN ATLANTIC "FIRST" BY RALPH LOMBREGLIA

WE'RE INVITED TO A COOKOUT THIS AFTERNOON at Wendy and Bill's; they live in a trailer park in the country, on the other side of town. It's the wrong time of year for a cookout—I told Wendy so when she called last week to invite us. People don't have cookouts in November, I said, even in northern California. It's too cold. Wendy said she'd been having good feelings about the weather. The earth was sending warmth vibrations to her, she said. Since she called it's been ridiculously nice, getting warmer every day. Katy says that over on campus the kids have started going wild—running outside without their clothes, throwing water-balloons, declaring classes canceled.

Now it's actually hot, even out here in the hills. Through the windshield the sky looks like a blue idea the earth is having. I wish we had a convertible, and I think convertibles are dangerous and silly. The trees are confused by the weather, most of them still wearing their outlandish leaves. Red-winged blackbirds are flying into and out of the woods, and lining the guardrails on either side of the road. Probably they should have flown somewhere else by now—Miami, Buenos Aires.

We're taking a drive, trying to get in the mood for a cookout.

"Let's just forget about what's going to happen," Katy says. "Just for today, okay? We can fight about it tomorrow. It's too nice out today for fighting."

"I like that," I say, "the way I become the bad guy. We're not fighting."

"Whatever it is we're doing," she says.

The big dark discs of Katy's sunglasses give her a tough, inscrutable face. I can't tell anything by looking at her. I assume my sunglasses do the same for me. I check in the rearview mirror. They do—I look like a real bad guy.

Fletcher, Katy's dissertation director, has invited her to go to Florence with him in January. He's taking a group of undergraduates there for the spring semester, and wants Katy to be his assistant. This is the same Fletcher I've been hearing about all year, the one who cannot confine himself to pretty graduate women, but sleeps with even his freshman students. People in Katy's department joke about sending sympathy cards to Fletcher's wife. But I met her once at a party, and I think she's in on it. Maybe

Fletcher takes pictures and brings them home. He's not taking his wife to Florence.

I brooded for a week after hearing about this invitation. Finally I said, "The man's a satyr, an actual aberration. You've said so yourself. He's asking you to be his concubine in Italy; it's as plain as day. I can't believe you're even considering it."

"I knew that was what was bothering you," she said. "More than just the separation from me."

"The separation is bothering me."

"But before Florence ever came up you couldn't stop thinking about the chance to work with Daryl and Eric in New York. Something was telling you not to pass that up. Now you can go. Some time away from each other would do us good, give us a chance to see how we feel."

"Let's be honest. Let's tell the truth. This is the end."

"I am telling the truth. I don't know what this is. I need to do my work. You want some truth about yourself?"

"No."

"I can't remember the last time I saw you happy. I've been looking at you, and you're not happy. Even when nothing at all was hanging over our heads you weren't happy. What do you want to be unhappy for?"

"I don't think I understand how you're using the word 'happy,'" I said.

"Now that you mention it, neither do I. I have no idea what I meant by that. Forget it."

Today Katy decided to go to Florence with Fletcher. He's a brilliant man, she says, full of professional clout, and she's not even slightly attracted to him. Fletcher won't be putting a finger on her, she says. Going to Florence will mean a different caliber of dissertation—something that could end up as a book—and real chances for a job. She wonders why she wasn't this ambitious to begin with, why she seems to have this tendency to wait around for things to happen to her. She feels better and stronger and more in control already. Not going to Florence would be just as crazy, Katy says, as my not grabbing the chance to go to New York and make a lot of money learning video.

Daryl and Eric have room for a new person on their crew. They've signed a big deal to make two hundred instructional tapes for an insurance company. It should take about six months and pay a lot of rent. When they're not paying the rent, Daryl and Eric do video for rock and punk bands. I've seen their studio; it's full of astonishing technology—sublime, transcendental stuff. Everything in the



place is on the computer. Everywhere you look, little red lights are flashing on and off as the machines remember things and make decisions. People are standing in line in New York hoping to work with that kind of equipment. Daryl and Eric are doing me a favor. It could turn into a career, they say, laughing over the phone when they call me late at night. A genteel, electronic life in media, just like theirs. What else am I doing?

The road has curved and climbed to the top of this hill; now it levels out up here in the sunlit trees. On the tape player, Derek and the Dominoes launch into "Why Does Love Got To Be So Sad?" one of my favorite songs since I first heard it, a long time ago. I turn the volume up. The lyrics are supposed to convey remorse and bewilderment, but the music itself says get up and dance your ass to the moon.

Katy turns the volume down. "You always play it too loud," she says. "It ruins it."

"You used to like to hear it loud," I say.

"Not as loud as you," she says.

I leave it turned down and drive along, thinking about the time we've spent together. I think of it as a year composed of a million individual moments of sympathy and joy, each of them wafting up and away from us like a bubble or a balloon. That's what I'm envisioning—the essence escaping from people's lives in millions of bubbles, some big, some small—when I come around a sharp bend in the road and see a great silver-gray behemoth hovering in the sky in front of us.

"The Goodyear blimp!" I say.

"Oh," Katy says, seeing it. "There it is. It's big."

"Big?" I say. "Big?"

"Very big," she says.

What a monster it is, flashing in the sun, filling up the space between two dappled hilltops. I haven't seen it in years, don't remember it as quite this unearthly. I drive up until we're next to it, then I pull over and we get out. It's like a skyscraper that fell down and then floated away, or a rocket ship lying on its side in the air. You cringe and expect it to fall on you, and it's scary. If you dreamt this thing, you'd wake up.

"I can't believe it," I say.

"I knew it was coming," Katy says.

"You did?"

"I heard about it at school. They're televising the football game today."

"You didn't tell me. You never even mentioned it."

A light breeze blows into the meadow next to the road, and the blimp actually bobs to and fro up there. Something comes over me when I see it move. I start running back and forth along the pasture fence with my head thrown back, taking deep breaths as if to breathe the blimp in. That tires me out and I lie down on my back, my arms open as if to embrace it. I can see Katy out of the corner of my eye, leaning against a fencepost with a bemused expression on her face.

Then the blimp swings around and floats away. We follow it for a while in the car, thrilled each time it comes into view through the trees. Finally I can't spot it anymore. Seeing the blimp has made me feel good again—tiny and lifted up out of myself. Katy is tickled by how much I like it. She likes me better when I like things, she says.

ON THE HIGHWAY COMING DOWN OUT OF THE HILLS, you get a wonderful view of Bill and Wendy's trailer park. From that perspective, it seems to have been inspired by the ruins of Mayan civilization—its deeply terraced knoll tapering pyramid-fashion up to a small mesa on top, with pink and turquoise and baby-blue rectangles perched on each plateau. I can imagine Rudy Beck, the developer and landlord, coming across pictures of Mayan ruins and getting the inspiration to do a trailer park based on them, but the resemblance is probably accidental. Rudy is a widower in his sixties. He lives alone on a small farm up in back of Tanglewood Terraces, his name for the trailer park. Wendy invites Rudy to all her cookouts and patio parties, and usually he shows up. He has a few drinks and tells bad jokes and pats all the women on the back to see if they're wearing brassieres. Everybody thinks he's a beautiful old guy.

Bill and Wendy live in a lime-green trailer at the very top of the park. Their rig is a relic of the days when a mobile home was a thing of enchantment. On the inside it has that optimistic forties look—solid-oak paneling, countertops that pop out of the walls, chrome trim on everything. On the outside, though, it's a shack. The neighbors are embarrassed, and want Rudy to tow Bill and Wendy's house away, but where the rubber tires should be there are concrete blocks and rusted wheel hubs. They bought it where it stands. Wendy filled the trailer hitch with dirt and planted geraniums in it.

She's out in front when we pull up, gathering kindling for the pit barbecue. Some of her long brown hair has gotten tangled in the twigs she's holding.

"Katy and Saint Francis!" she says, skipping over to hug and kiss us as we get out of the car, poking us in the chests with her kindling. She's wearing khaki shorts and a pink halter top, and she looks very nice.

"Hey, Wendy," I say. "Awfully warm out here for November, isn't it?"

"I know," she says, beaming. "I knew it would be."

"I hope you haven't abused your magical powers," I say. "Surely you wouldn't cast a spell on the weather."

She steps back and brandishes one of the larger twigs. "That wasn't nice," she says. Her eyes are narrowed down to slits.

"I was joking," I say.

Wendy has studied magic, and sometimes she casts spells for her friends—for the common cold, unrequited love, job interviews, things like that. She put a matchmaking spell on Katy and me back when she was trying to fix

us up; she told us about it afterward. She's working one now for Katy's dissertation. But Wendy does only white magic. Changing the weather would be black magic, even changing it for the better.

"Let me tell you what happens to people who joke about magic," she says. "Little things start to go wrong in their lives. Then bigger things." She taps my cheek a few times with her twig and smiles. "But I told you what a great day it would be," she says. "You heard it here first, O ye of little faith."

"I always believed you," I say. "I think Katy had doubts, though."

"Wait one minute," Katy says. "It was the other way around. He was the Doubting Thomas. I was the believer."

"That sounds more like it," Wendy says.

She takes Katy's hand, and they wander off to gather more kindling. They haven't had a chance to see each other in a while. They reach the edge of the clearing where the trailer park meets the trees, then they squat down and break dead branches scattered in the underbrush. I can hear the sound of their voices, though not the words themselves. Wendy is trying on Katy's sunglasses and facing out over the trailer park, but I feel her looking at



BIRTHDAY BUSH

Our bush bloomed, soon dropped
its fuchsia chalices. Rags
on the ground that were luscious
cups and trumpets, promises and brags.

A sprinkle of dark dots showed entry
into each silk cone. Down among
crisp pistils thirsty bumblebees
probed. Buds flared in a bunch

from tender stems. Sudden
vivid big bouquets
appeared just before our birthdays!
A galaxy our burning bush,

blissful explosion. Brief
effusion. Brief as these
words. I sweep away a trash
of crimson petals.

—May Swenson

me. She's nodding her head and saying something and putting her arm around Katy's shoulders. Wendy is a natural confidante, born with the gift for it. People sense this, and tell her all their secrets, and she simply absorbs them like one of those mystics who take on the bad karma of others.

Once, before she knew Bill and before I knew Katy, Wendy and I were lovers. It lasted about a month. I remember it now as a month of my telling Wendy all my problems, over and over—why I'd just dropped out of graduate school, why I didn't know what I wanted to do, why I couldn't stop doing destructive things. I can't recall Wendy ever confiding much about herself. I thought I was in love with her, and when she ended our affair I waited for the grief to hit me. But I'd emptied all my sorrow into Wendy. There wasn't enough left for a broken heart.

I take our groceries into the kitchen, and then I head out to the back yard to fix up Wendy's birdbath—a three-foot marble oyster shell with two cherubs perched on its lips. The boy cherub is standing up, lost in thought or looking at the sheep in Rudy's hilltop pasture. The girl cherub is sitting on the other side of the oyster shell, gesturing with a chubby arm to the boy cherub, trying to get his attention. The birdbath has an electric pump inside it; when you fill it up with water and turn it on, the boy cherub urinates endlessly into the shell.

Wendy and Bill are bored by the birdbath and don't keep it up, so the first thing I do when I come over here is hose it out and get it going. It makes me happy to see the birds enjoying their bath, splashing and carrying on. If I have some stale bread or birdseed, I throw it around the oyster shell. Then I sit in a lounge chair and watch the birds for hours, meditating on the great differences between our lives. Sometimes I whistle their own tunes back to them, and they hop around in circles trying to figure out where the strange bird is. Wendy and Bill call me Saint Francis of Assisi; they won't call me by my real name anymore.

While I'm hosing bird droppings off the cherubs, I hear Bill working across the road in the shed he rents from Rudy. Bill is a dedicated person. With his hands and a few tools he can do amazing things. Everything he knows he taught himself. He never went to school. He can make guitars and wooden flutes and play nice music on them. Lately he's been earning a living by making reproductions of antique furniture. His own furniture designs didn't sell very well. One of Bill's passions is science fiction—he's read just about every sci-fi novel ever written—and people around here aren't ready for tables and chairs from outer space.

I plug in the birdbath and walk over to Bill's shed. Inside, he's hand-rubbing a walnut love seat. He wants to go to a shopping center for some extra beer.

"Will we be back in time for the football game?" I say. "What time do football games start? I had my heart set on it."

"Football game?" Bill says. "Something's happened to Saint Francis of Assisi. He wants to watch football. On television. He must have been out by himself in the woods again, having one of those visions."

He picks up a screwdriver and pretends to screw something into my head. I tell Bill that I want to watch the football game to see the Goodyear blimp, not to see the football.

He spreads his arms and looks up at the ceiling. "My faith in him is restored," he says.

IN THE CAR ON THE WAY TO THE STORE, BILL IS TRYING to convey what it was like when the blimp appeared above his trailer park yesterday. It sailed in and hovered right over the pasture in back of the house, as if scrutinizing Rudy's sheep out there. It was cigar-shaped, Bill says, and silver, and there was a cabin on the bottom for the aliens.

"They come from a highly advanced civilization," he says.

Best of all, Bill has proof that the blimp exists. Wendy took pictures of it, two entire rolls of color slides. The shopping center we're driving to has the overnight photo-finishing place where she dropped the film. Bill says Wendy is talking about doing a whole series of oil paintings of the blimp, paintings with a kind of cargo-cult energy behind them, mythological energy.

"She really got bitten by the blimp bug," he says. "She's totally blimped."

"Katy knew it was coming and she never even mentioned it. I think she takes blimps for granted."

"Could be," Bill says. "Or maybe she just forgot."

"She's going to Florence with her creepy teacher."

"She's doing that? Well, people do these things. She has work she has to do."

"She's leaving, Bill. Taking off."

"She's coming back."

"Not necessarily."

"Oh. Well."

"I'm taking the video thing in New York."

"Into the madness with Daryl and Eric." He takes my free hand and shakes it. "We'll miss you, lucky dog. But we'll survive it, even if you won't. You sound like your eyes are being plucked out. Admit you're happy about getting out of here while she's gone."

"I'm happy."

"Admit you're excited and wish you were going tomorrow."

"I'm excited. I wish I were going tomorrow."

At the shopping center, the young bloods are racing their cars around the parking lot with the tops down, tape players screaming, girlfriends dangling out over the sides. I go to the liquor store while Bill goes to the photo place.

The liquor store is really a liquor supermarket, with shopping carts, floor-standing pyramids of canned cocktail

mixes and cases of beer, eight or ten check-out stations. I stand in a long line. Some of the customers are clearly on their way to the football stadium. I stare at their reflections in the tinted front windows, studying each person in one of the checkout lines until I realize that it's my line, that I'm the suspicious man in the sunglasses with the two cases of beer balanced on the child-seat of a shopping cart.

In the parking lot, Bill is lying on the hood of the car, his back against the windshield, two white boxes of slides in his lap. I load the beer into the hatchback, turn the tape player on, hop up onto the hood with him.

"We got the car, we got the beer, we got the tunes," Bill says. "And we got the blimp. Look out, girls."

We hold the slides up to the sky. There it is, sailing through each frame like an apparition. Anything in the picture with the blimp seems comical, as if part of a montage. Bill himself is in some of them, borrowed from a different world. There are long shots, medium shots, close-ups of the silver ship.

"I want to see it again," I say. "In person, never mind on TV. Let's drive past the stadium and get a look at it."

Bill shakes his head and waves his hands. "We don't want to hassle with the stadium." He presses my wrist up against his wrist as if to mingle blood.

"Are we blimp brothers?" he says.

"Sure," I say. "Blimp brothers."

He winks. "I know where they keep it," he says. "At night."

WHEN WE GET BACK, THE COOKOUT IS ALREADY under way. Cars are parked all around the trailer, the stereo is playing, the barbecue pit is glowing on the lawn. People are dancing and playing volleyball. Rudy sees me and waves with a can of beer. He has his arm around Katy's shoulders; they're doing a kick dance to the music on the stereo. They dance over to where I'm loading the new beer into a garbage can full of ice.

"You got a real good woman here, son," Rudy says. "I might have to steal her away from you."

Katy laughs and bumps Rudy with her hip.

"Looks like she's already gone, Rudy," I say. I smile at Katy. She frowns.

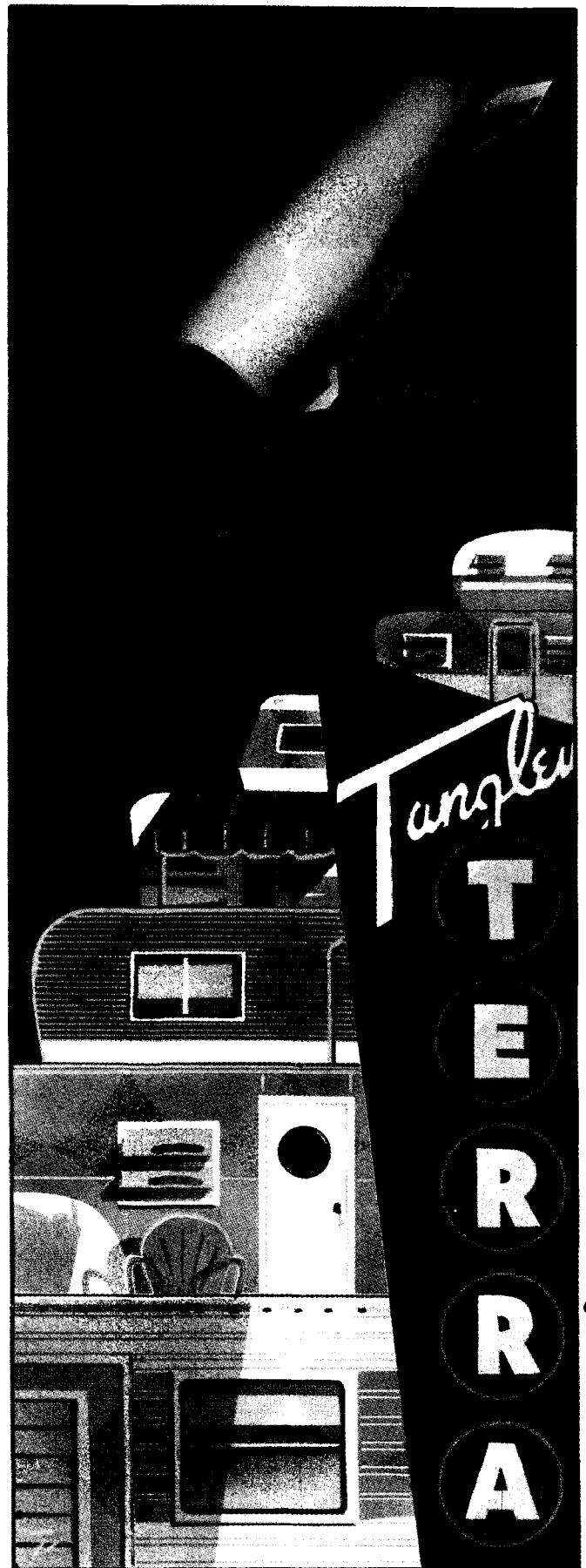
"Hear that, honey?" Rudy says. "He's letting you go. He's turning you over to me."

"Hey, Rudy," I say. "I'm just curious. You ever heard of the Mayas?"

"The Mayas? Is that a rock group? Is that what's playing now? All this stuff sounds the same to me. I'd dance to anything with this little ballet star here." He gives Katy a hug.

"And you're looking real good on those dances, Rudy," I say.

"Son," Rudy says, "dance all you can now while you got



the chance. I know you don't believe it, but someday your legs are gonna hurt when you get up in the morning. And keep drinking that stuff, so you can have one of these." He pats his belly.

I toss him a fresh can of beer. "Saint Francis of Assisi used to call his body Brother the Ass."

"He got that one right," Rudy says.

Katy points at me. "He's Saint Francis of Assisi," she says. "He said that."

Rudy grins and looks back and forth to see which one of us is putting him on.

"I'm not the real Saint Francis of Assisi," I say. "But the real Saint Francis of Assisi has been an inspiration to me. People would ask him if he didn't get lonely wandering around all by himself, and he would point out that he had a glorious and gracious lady by his side, and that her name was Poverty."

"I don't get it," Rudy says.

Katy runs her tongue over all her teeth, then she starts Rudy dancing again. "He's just being modest," she says. "He's the real Saint Francis of Assisi. He said those things."

"You can't fool her," Rudy says to me, dancing off.

I open a beer and dance into the trailer. People are lounging on Bill's Martian furniture, watching the football game. On the television screen is a blimp shot from directly above the field. Seen from up there, football is almost comprehensible. During breaks in the action, there are shots of the blimp itself, poised over the stadium like a thought in a cartoon, as if all the people at the game are thinking the word "Goodyear," with a mythic winged foot separating the syllables.

In the kitchen, Wendy is standing at the counter slapping soyburger patties between her palms while Bill holds color slides in front of her face.

"Unreal," she says, bobbing her head to get the right light behind the slides. "Awesome. If you were a tribal people and this thing flew over, you'd worship it, right?"

"Definitely," Bill says.

Then Wendy notices me in the doorway.

"Saint Francis of Assisi," she says. "I hear you're a member of the blimp brigade."

"I'm one of the original blimp brothers," I say.

"I also hear you're one of the original nightmares to try to live with." She holds up a soyburger as if she's going to throw it. "You and me are going to have a little talk, pal. About you in your big boots stomping around on the tender soul of my friend. You were supposed to think about somebody else for a change. You were supposed to make her life nicer, you weren't supposed to make it worse. I thought we discussed that. So how come she's a complete emotional wreck? What have you been doing in that apartment for the past year besides feeling sorry for yourself?"

I look at Bill. He's holding slides of the blimp in front of his eyes like dark glasses and pretending he's not here.

Behind him I can see the birdbath through the bedroom window, the boy cherub peeing into the oyster shell, the beautiful birds frolicking about, the pasture, the sheep, the sky.

"That's not fair," I say. "Life isn't that simple. I've tried."

"Don't give me that," Wendy says.

"It takes two," I say.

THE COOKOUT STILL HAS PLENTY OF PARTY LEFT IN it when the sudden twilight is upon us. The days are much shorter than in the summertime, we'd forgotten about that, and with the sun going down it's getting cold. Bill has the slide projector set up on the picnic table, a sheet draped over the clothesline for a screen.

I'm helping Katy put plastic forks and plates into a big green garbage bag. No mosquitoes are flying in our faces, no crickets are chirping. The birds have finished the hamburger rolls and flown away.

"These were good plastic forks, don't you think?" I say. "The heavy-gauge kind that don't break when you lay into the potato salad. Are they dishwasher safe? Maybe we should take some of these home and use them again."

"They're disposable," Katy says. "You're supposed to throw them away. Why do you want to take home the garbage?"

"You're right. Same goes for these nice plates, I guess."

"Same for the plates."

"And they would just be more possessions we'd have to divide up."

"I didn't hear that."

"I think you're making a big mistake choosing Fletcher over Rudy," I gesture to the pasture and then to the trailer park behind us. "This could all be yours someday."

Katy laughs. "I haven't been asked," she says.

Rudy is down at the base of the lawn by the birdbath, peeing into the pasture with some of the other guys. They're singing a drinking song.

"Rudy's really ripped," I say.

"Rudy's a wonderful, sweet man," Katy says.

"So what if I simply forbid you to go to Florence?" I say. "What if I chain you to the bed and refuse to let you out? Or how about if I stow away in your trunk and go along as your research slave? You could pass me a plate of gruel every day while I sat in the basement typing your index cards."

"Those don't sound like very attractive options," she says.

Then Bill flips on the slide projector. The Goodyear blimp appears on the screen, flying over the same back yard we're standing in. People cheer. Bill is wearing a white-plastic spaceman helmet and shooting a ray gun that makes sparks and an otherworldly, oscillating sound. He pretends Rudy is an alien, and chases him around the lawn. Then Bill aims the gun at the sky and fires a few bursts. "We are not alone on this planet!" he announces.

"He's been smoking that pot," Rudy says to us.

This is true, but when we look, the blimp itself is up there in the darkening sky like a big electric bug, its display lights traveling the length of its belly and spelling out the score of the football game and then a plug for all-weather radials. A giant likeness of a tire rolls in colors across the lights. Everybody cheers and applauds.

"Wendy's going to do paintings of it," Katy says to me. "She's putting me in one of them."

"I already have a deposit on that one," Rudy says. "That one's already spoken for."

Katy smiles and puts her head on Rudy's shoulder. "We know where they park the blimp," she says to me. "We're going to see it. Want to come along?"

"I don't much care for blimps," I say.

"Oh, come on," Rudy says. "Be a sport."

IT'S SEVEN OR EIGHT MILES TO THE BLIMP, BACK UP IN the hills where we were this afternoon. Bill is driving with his helmet on, shooting his ray gun out the window for the caravan of friends that's following us. Rudy's in the passenger seat with Katy on his lap. I'm in the back seat with Wendy.

"Going to see old Brother Blimp, eh, Saint Francis?" Bill says, passing me a bottle of whiskey.

"Old Brother Blimp," I say.

"Saint Francis of Assisi would have loved the Goodyear blimp," Wendy says, loading her camera. "He was kind of a tribal guy."

"He does love it," Katy says.

By the time we get to it, about a thousand people are already there. Cars are parked everywhere on either side of the road. I can't see anything until we get out and stand up.

Then I'm moved in a way I never was by any movie scene of the aliens landing their mother ship. The blimp is on top of a grassy hill in the meadow next to the road—stately, plump, big as the hill itself, floating with its nose attached to a mooring mast. It seems generous of the blimp to cooperate and be captured this way by the tiny people. Its running lights are flashing across the landscape like lightning but in colors, bouncing the great silhouette in and out of focus against the dark horizon. Somehow, without being told, all the people approaching the blimp have formed two single-file lines to its nose and tail. Nobody climbs the hill except on one of those two streams of quiet pilgrims. We're on the line for the tail. It's really cold now, and in the colored light you can see everybody's breath escaping in little clouds.

Katy catches up to me and takes my arm. "Everything's gonna be all right," she says. "Things'll work out."

We look at each other for a minute, face to face.

"Wasn't a saint sent down to make sure the birds have a bath?" She gives me a kiss. "Wasn't a blimp sent down to reward him? Have a little faith, okay?"

"Okay," I say. "Will do. Check. Roger."

She giggles and slaps me on the back. Then she slips and falls down on the dewy grass and gets up laughing. "I guess I've had some whiskey," she says.

When we get to the top, Rudy is there, getting the low-down from a Goodyear technician in blue coveralls.

"This isn't the only one," Rudy says to us. "They have a whole fleet of these babies."

He's finding out how many cubic feet of helium go into a blimp like this, how many square yards of two-ply Dacron were used to make the skin. Rudy was in farm equipment before he retired, and he likes the technical aspects of things.

"You guys could've kept her with me," he says. "I got a nice pasture closer to town."

"We don't like to be too close to town," the technician says.

A heavy rope is dangling from the tail, and Rudy goes right up and pulls on it. The whole blimp comes closer to the ground, which surprises even Rudy. We hunker down beneath the enormity of it. When Rudy lets the rope go, all two hundred feet of blimp bounce back up into the air. It makes us gasp, and, as we're gasping, Bill nudges Katy and me out into the clearing below the cabin of the blimp. He raises the visor on his spaceman helmet and fires a blast with his ray gun.

"I always knew your people would visit my people," he says to the Goodyear crew.

Laughter bubbles through the crowd. Even the technicians chuckle and nod to one another.

"Hold hands now, lovebirds," Bill says to Katy and me.

We laugh in a groaning way and cover our eyes, and then uncover them and look at each other. We're embarrassed, but it wouldn't be fun not to play along. We hold hands and stand there shivering. I can see Wendy in the crowd taking our picture.

"Is this it?" Katy says. "Am I getting married now?" She laughs and staggers a bit. "Rudy, you're a witness to this. Bill, are you ordained?"

Bill fires another blast with the ray gun. "I have here two sample Earthlings," he announces. "They have not been happy on this planet and have volunteered to leave. I offer them in exchange for information about your world. Take us to your leader." □

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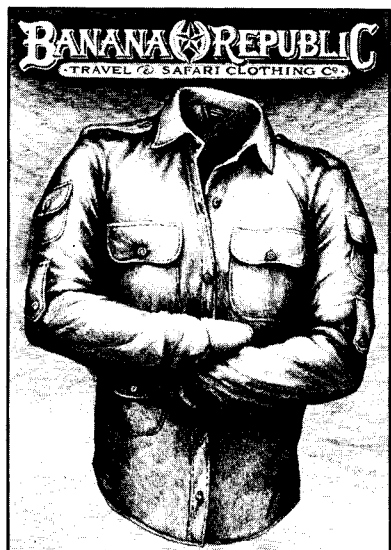
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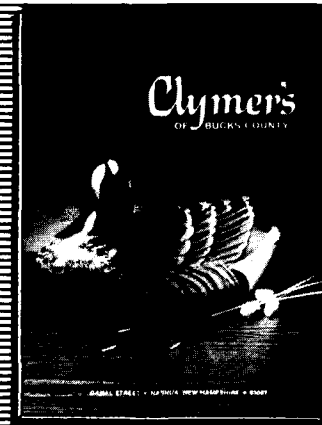
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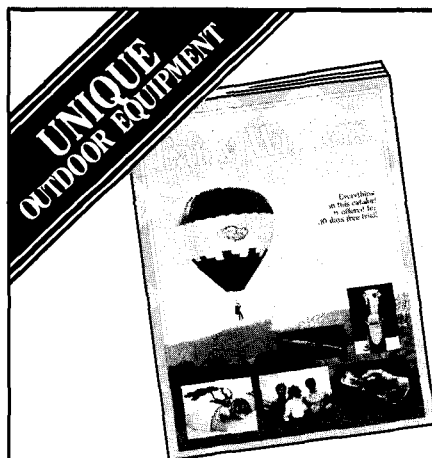
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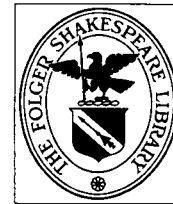
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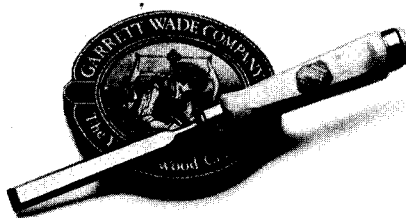


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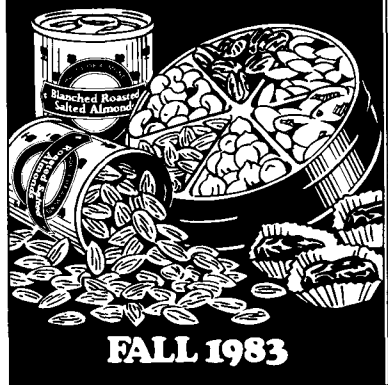
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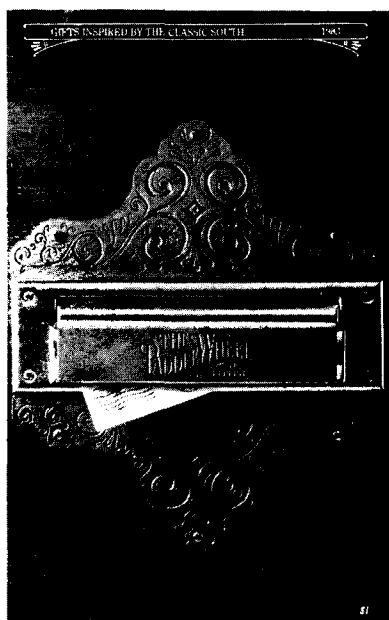


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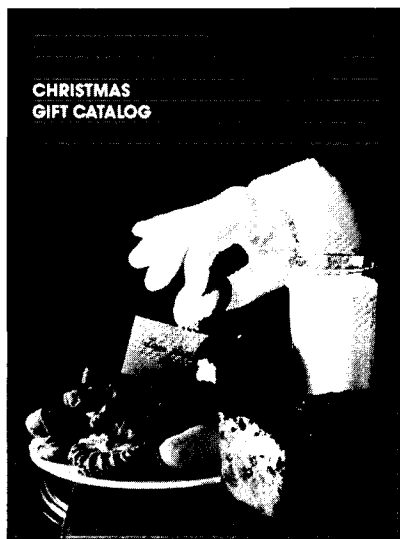
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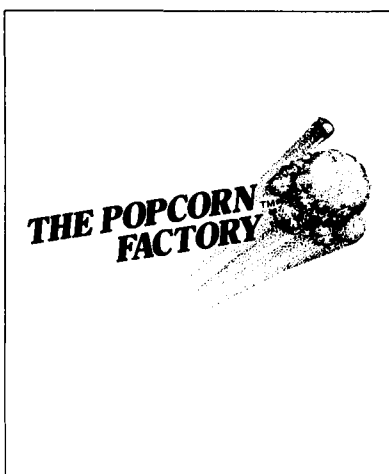


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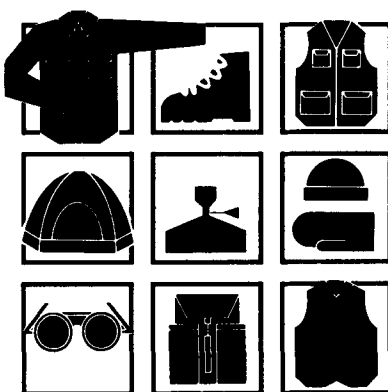
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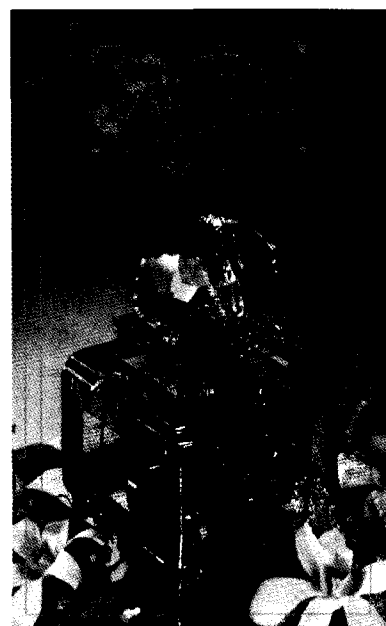


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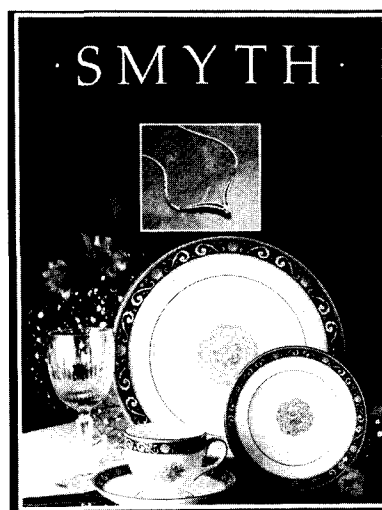
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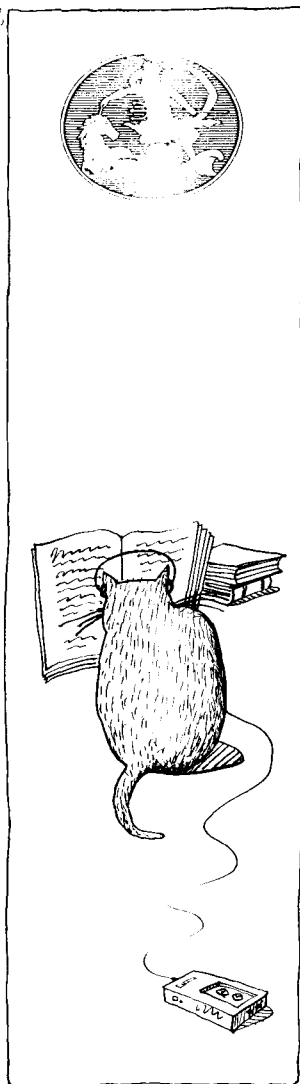
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MY CAT BOOK WON'T COME

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



"HOW'S THE BIG cat novel coming?" Are the words I hate to hear. The average person cannot know how it feels to be under the gun as I have been—six and a half years struggling with the big one, the cat book to end them all. The longer it takes, the bigger it has to be. Every day, the question that I must live with grows: whether anything can be that big.

Get off of that!

Like a cat, I am out on a limb. And there is no calling the fire department. As I told Ted Koppel, on *Nightline*, fire departments today don't get cats down out of trees. "What you are saying, if I may summarize, then, is this . . ." said Koppel—those oddly catlike eyes never quite flicking.

"All I am saying," I snapped, "is that contemporary fire departments don't get cats down out of trees. 'You've never seen a cat skeleton in a tree, have you?' they ask." The skeletons of cat-book writers, on the other hand . . . The skeletons of true cat-book writers, I mean.

Get off!

To have declared openly, as I did on the CBS Morning News, that the Garfield books are *not* cat books, because "Garfield is not only unamusing; Garfield does not convince as a cat," was to fling down a gauntlet before a consensus so entrenched, and so pleased with itself, that the issue is quite simply whose reputation will stand, mine or the literary establishment's. To have revealed in advance that my protagonist is a cat named Charles J. Guiteau was to take an enormous risk. To prove myself right about Garfield is to prove that millions of so-called cat-book lovers, and millions of professed *cat* lovers, are wrong in their love.

Get . . .

If one could extrapolate from fragments—as we do in our estimation of Sappho—the disinterested reader (but there are not even, appearances aside, any disinterested *cats*) would have to conclude that my book is, essentially,

there. The chapter in which Guiteau's "owner," the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, is racked by nightmares that he is Adolf Hitler—dreams accounted for, at length, when the Justice wakes to find that Guiteau, for reasons of his own, has crept into the Justice's bed and placed one paw beneath the Justice's nose to create the sensation of a small black moustache—is done. And, according to those who have read it in manuscript, it is fine.

But do they know? Until I know, I cannot move on. And my confidante Irene calls it sexist to depict the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court as a man. Five times that chapter has undergone anguished recasting. Each time, I have felt that something of what should be its unexampled potency has eluded my slow, stretched, pawing reach.

Get off!

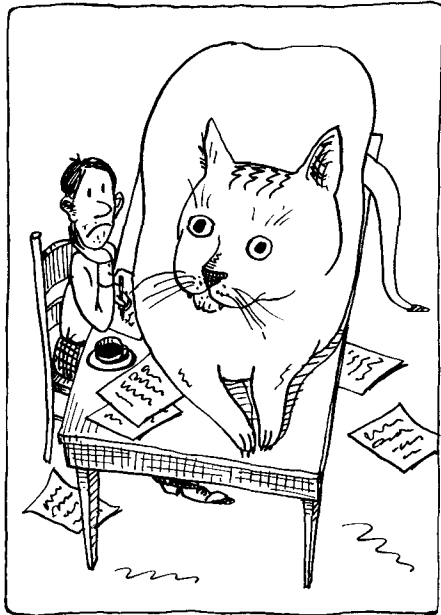
My friend Leo teaches deconstructive approaches to Latin American fiction, but you wouldn't know it to look at him out somewhere. I think he only does it because it's what's happening. He calls himself the Hillbilly Cat. "Elvis was the Hillbilly Cat," I say. "Was," he says. "You're from White Plains, New York," I say. "Gimme some slack," he says. Last night he left Lon's Miracle Mile Lounge with a woman who was . . . tawny. All of a softness well toned. I had her scoped out. She looked pensive, enigmatic, I thought. I was waiting until after "Twilight Time," thinking it might seem prurient to ask a stranger to slow-dance first. Then the neo-fifties combo swung into "Sixty-Minute Man," and I was counting down, "Ten . . . nine . . ." when Leo—before he can conceivably have known it was the right thing to do—went over to her table and took the painter's cap from her head (letting her hair flow down like butterscotch over a sundae) and put it on his own. He just now called to say she turned out to be a passionate attorney from Tulsa flushed with victory in a landmark harassment case, eager for a one-night romp punctuated by warm ablutions in her equally go-with-it friend Amber's condo pool,

with flume, steam, shower-massage, and bubbler attachments.

If you don't get off of that . . . !

GUITEAU IS AN "altered" cat. A mod-Gern cat, then. But how much of his character derives from that grim erotic neutrality, and how much from catness *an sich*? Can I ever know? Can I *feel* that I know? Guiteau's look is blank. The question burns.

Cats have no moral sense. Catch a dog on the couch and he leaps as if scalded and exclaims: "I'm off! I'm off the couch now! Oh, Lord! I wasn't . . . I was just . . . I was guarding it! *Dogs can sense when someone is about to break in and steal a couch and . . . Oh! I can't lie*



to you! To *you*, after all you've done for me! I was on the couch! How could I . . . I *know* better. You *know* I know better. I just . . ."

Catch a cat on the couch and it doesn't even shrug.

Dialogue does not flow from a cat. A cat does not even know its name. Or care. A cat has unreadable eyes.

Yet the books pour out. *Keeping Tabs* remained on the *New York Times* best-seller list for ninety-one consecutive weeks. In acquiring the film rights to *Another Man's Persian*, Avram Zorich went to eight figures. *Real Cats Don't Eat Couscous*, for all its dragged-in anti-Islamism, captivated reviewers from coast to coast. Marisha N. Puhl's *Kitten Kin*, with its sepia-tone photos of pipe-smoking, etc., kittens as archetypal "Uncle Ned," etc., struck me as too cute.

Her Kits, Cats, Sex and Wives I found, frankly, lurid. Yet Puhl's sales, hardback and paper combined, have passed the four million mark. I happen to know that Amsler Rizell, author of *Life With a Purrrpuss*, bought his first cat—*by mail*—in order to get a book out of it.

Get off of that!

The only writer in the field today who commands my respect is the French critic Yves Sevy-Ouiounon, who raises such questions as (my translation) "What must the cats look like who enter—as they must, else art is fraud—the world of Mickey Mouse?" Sevy-Ouiounon's thought breaks frames.

As do cats. The soft touch (with the poufy foot that seems never to *weigh* upon anything), the cherished photo toppled from the desk . . . I have paid my dues. Cats have intercepted my footsteps at the ankle for so long that my gait, both at home and on tour, has been compared to that of a man wading through low surf. And in my book it shows.

Get off!

Only someone whose domestic atmosphere has been permeated with cat hair for more than three decades could have conceived the plot-point whereby my assassin is unmasked. The mailer of the threatening note is a cat owner (cats themselves, *pace* Garfield, cannot use the postal service) who is too frugal to throw away the first two inches every time he uses Scotch tape, and who has neglected to fit his tape dispenser with a screen covering the exposed lower surface of that first strip of tape between roll and cutter, so that when he uses tape to affix the letters scissored from magazines to the sheet of paper from which the watermark has been removed, he uses—on the first two letters—tape to which adhere traceable cat hairs.

Get off of that.

I would not wish to leave the impression that my cat book is a thriller merely. That I have felt compelled to plot it so strongly—nine deaths—reflects the cultural conservatism (of which cats are part and parcel: dogs are Democrats, cats Republicans) pervading the arts today. The book's indwelling ambition far transcends "story." What the book would do would be as near unknowable as the animal entailed. *Intrinsically*, the book would pounce, loll, and go *m'rowr*; would present thee with felinity for a while.

Some mused-upon titles, none right:

Cat's Up!
More Ways Than One
Unkindest Cat
Tabby La Raza
Now I'm the King

To enter the world of my cat book is to enter an ancient consciousness, an abyssal shallows, in whose context narrative focus, as the contemporary book-buyer knows it, is as *arriviste* a notion as foot reflexology. (Which Leo has taken up. Purely to meet women.) It will not be an easy book to read. It is not easy in the writing. There have been repeated setbacks involving my own cat and the physical manuscript. Get off of that. I'm telling you, Mieu-mieu, *get off of that*. I swear, *I'll wring your neck!* I mean it! Mieu . . .

A dog book comes when summoned. A cat book, when it will. □

MUSIC

THE OPERAS OF HAYDN

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN



THAT FRANZ JOSEPH Haydn is one of our greatest composers is doubted by no one today. Over the past forty years, such scholars as Karl Geiringer, Jens Peter Larsen, and H. C. Robbins Landon have made us vividly aware of the richness, variety, and sheer volume of Haydn's creative output. Thanks to their scrupulously prepared editions and enlightened critical commentary, Haydn has at last been rescued from the cozy "Papa Haydn" stereotype that had dogged him ever since the time of Schumann and Mendelssohn. The record companies have been quick to capitalize on the opportunity thus afforded. We now have not only authoritative and relatively cheap scores of Haydn's 106 symphonies, sixty-eight string quartets, sixty-two keyboard sonatas, and forty-three trios for violin, cello, and keyboard, but also excellent recordings of almost all of these works, and of many of his masses, cantatas, divertimentos, and songs. The one important area that has, until very recently, been almost totally neglected is

William H. Youngren teaches English at Boston College.

Haydn's operas. Indeed, most people never think of Haydn as an opera composer at all.

Yet he certainly thought of himself as one, and so did his contemporaries. His friend Georg August Griesinger tells us in his 1810 biography of the composer that Haydn was advised, by Gluck, among others, to travel to Italy to further his operatic career, and that "Haydn sometimes said that instead of the many quartets, sonatas, and symphonies, he should have written more vocal music." In 1776, when he was asked to contribute an autobiographical sketch to an Austrian literary magazine, Haydn proudly singled out three of his operas (along with two other vocal works) as the "compositions of mine [that] have received the most approbation." Though he referred to works "in the chamber-musical style," he made no mention of his symphonies, sonatas, or other instrumental works. And in 1781, reporting to his Viennese publisher the success recently achieved in Paris by his vocal works, Haydn wrote: "But I wasn't at all surprised, for they haven't heard anything yet. If they could only hear my little opera *L'isola disabitata* and my most recent opera *La fedeltà premiata*: I guarantee that such work has not yet been heard in Paris and perhaps just as little in Vienna."

Since the very beginning of his career, in fact, Haydn had been an opera composer. His first commission came in 1751 or 1752, when he was about twenty, from Joseph Felix von Kurz-Bernardon, the leader of a famous comedy troupe, who hired Haydn to write the music for his play *Der krumme Teufel* (*The Crooked Devil*). The score has unfortunately not survived, but we know that the work had a brief success, and Haydn probably wrote other operas for the troupe during the 1750s. In 1761, Haydn entered the service of the Esterházy, Hungary's most prominent noble family, as vice-Kapellmeister. During the next few years he wrote several operas for Prince Nicolaus Esterházy, who had a great interest in the theater. The only one of these early works that has survived is the 1762 pastoral drama *Acide*, based on the Acis and Galatea story. Meanwhile, Prince Nicolaus was enlarging one of his hunting lodges into the elaborate palace of Eszterháza, built to rival Versailles. His ambitious plans included the construction of a conventional theater and a marionette theater, for both of which

Haydn was to compose operas in the years that followed. Until Prince Nicolaus's death, in 1790, a good share of Haydn's time was spent not only in composing operas but also in reworking and conducting those of other composers. Under Haydn's directorship, Eszterháza, despite its rural location, southeast of Vienna, became one of the important international centers for the performance of Italian opera.

Haydn's directorial work for the Esterházy was painstakingly documented by Dénes Bartha and László Somfai in *Haydn als Opernkapellmeister* (1960); a shortened and updated English version, by Bartha, is contained in the collection *New Looks at Italian Opera* (1968), edited by William W. Austin. But astonishingly little has been written about Haydn's own operas. Full scores of almost all the surviving ones have now been published, but their appearance has not produced the critical analysis and commentary one would expect. The standard biographies of Haydn all devote a few dutiful pages to his operas, but aside from Helmut Wirth's virtually inaccessible *Haydn als Dramatiker* (1940) and a scattering of journal and festschrift articles in German and English, there are only Robbins Landon's chapter in the 1973 *Age of Enlightenment* volume of the New Oxford History of Music and his more extensive comments in his five-volume *Haydn: Chronicle and Works* (1976-1980). It is especially surprising that such excellent books as Charles Rosen's *The Classical Style* (1971) and *Sonata Forms* (1980), and Leonard G. Ratner's *Classic Music* (1980), which have a good deal to say about the crucial role of opera in the formation of the classical style, and which discuss in detail the operas not only of Gluck and Mozart but also of such relatively obscure composers as Niccolò Jommelli and Carl Friedrich Graun, say not a word about the operas of Haydn, the first great classical master.

This time, it is the record companies that have led the way. Before the late 1970s, there were only a few, quite inadequate, recordings of Haydn operas; then Philips inaugurated a series conducted by Antal Dorati, whose complete Haydn symphonies for London Records a decade earlier had done so much to familiarize us with Haydn's development as a symphonist. Unfortunately, the opera series has now been canceled, with only eight of Haydn's fifteen surviving

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operas recorded: *L'infideltà delusa*, 1773 (Philips 6769 061); *L'incontro improvviso*, 1775 (Philips 6769 040); *Il mondo della luna*, 1777 (Philips 6769 003); *La vera costanza*, 1778 (Philips 6703 077); *L'isola disabitata*, 1779 (Philips 6700 119); *La fedeltà premiata*, 1780 (Philips 6707 028); *Orlando paladino*, 1782 (Philips 6707 029); and *Armida*, 1783 (Philips 6769 021). Worse still, only three of these—*L'infideltà delusa*, *L'incontro improvviso*, and *Armida*—are still in Philips's American catalogue. The others, however, may be obtained from André Perrault International, 73 East Allen Street, Winooski, Vermont 05404. On all eight recordings, the playing of the Lausanne Chamber Orchestra is crisp and buoyant, and the casts include

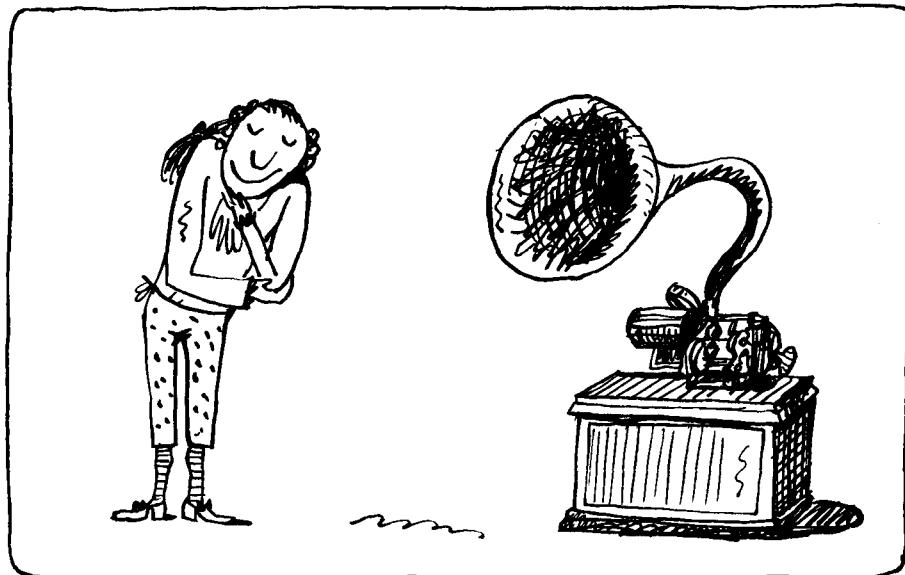
sic, are an embarrassing failure. As we saw, neither he nor his contemporaries thought this, and it is not at all borne out by the recordings cited above. Yet the myth has proved extraordinarily tenacious.

One frequent, though quite unfair, complaint is that Haydn's mature operas are exceptionally long. In *Haydn: Chronicle and Works*, Robbins Landon, who probably knows more about Haydn than anyone else in the world, applauds the "concentration" of a couple of the early operas, but laments the "profusion" that set in with *L'incontro improvviso*, which he refers to as a work of "fantastic length" that, if performed uncut, "would last nearly as long as a major Wagner opera." Yet in the Dorati

plaint is that Haydn almost always had poor librettos to work with. Indeed, the titles of most of his operas are enough to put off many listeners: *L'infideltà delusa* (*Infidelity Confounded*), *La fedeltà premiata* (*Fidelity Rewarded*), and *La vera costanza* (*True Constancy*) sound drearily moralistic; *Il mondo della luna* (*The World of the Moon*) and *L'isola disabitata* (*The Uninhabited Island*) invoke the eighteenth century's proto-science-fiction fascination with strange and alien realms; *Armida* and *Orlando paladino* call to mind Tasso and Ariosto, and seem a musty throwback to the stylized world of Baroque opera. Even if we push our way past the titles, and read the librettos, they do seem an unpromising lot, set in improbable circumstances and crowded with unrealistic characters.

But can one ever predict, just from reading a libretto, whether or not a musical genius can turn it into a good opera? If we did not know the works in question, could any of us really guess that great operas could be composed to the librettos of *The Coronation of Poppa* or *The Magic Flute* or *Tristan und Isolde*? Surely, no one would have predicted, before the fact of Balanchine's magnificent creations, that great ballets could be made to Tchaikovsky's seldom-heard Second Piano Concerto, or Webern's *Five Pieces for Orchestra*, or Fauré's incidental music to *Pelléas et Mélisande*. With ballet, the point is obvious: the dramatic interest lies in the dance, and in what the dance can make of the music. With opera, the corresponding point, though less obvious, is no less valid: the dramatic interest lies in the music, and in what the music can make of the text.

THE TRUTH IS that Haydn came into this own as an opera composer with *L'incontro improvviso* (*The Unforeseen Encounter*), in 1775—just the time in his career that Robbins Landon and others begin to deplore the length and improbability of his operas. The 1768 *Lo speziale* (*The Apothecary*) has been much praised for its "realism," and it does indeed deal with believable human beings and have a plot that is both tricky and well made. But the music is mostly quite boring and conventional. The first of the operas so far recorded in which we hear Haydn's authentic voice is the 1773 *L'infideltà delusa*, which, like *Lo speziale*, concerns ordinary people and involves a false notary and a faked marriage con-



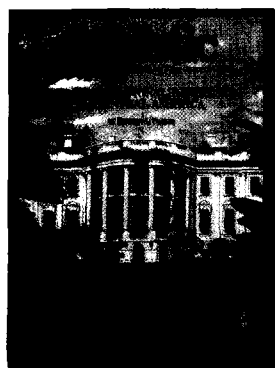
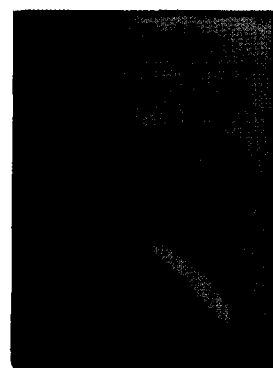
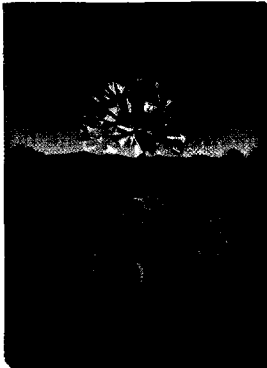
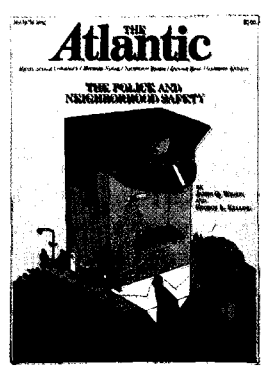
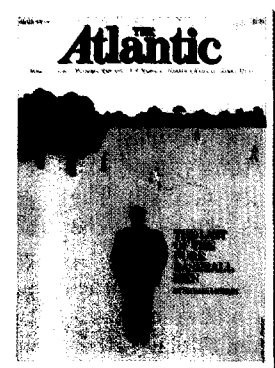
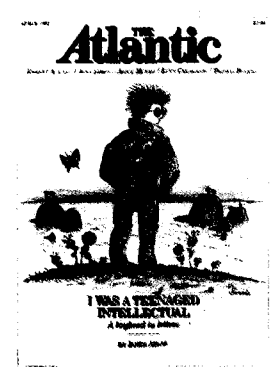
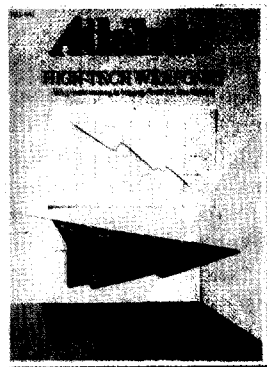
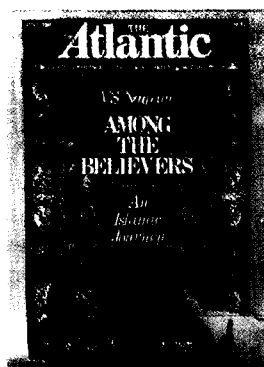
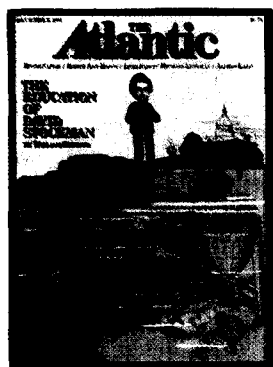
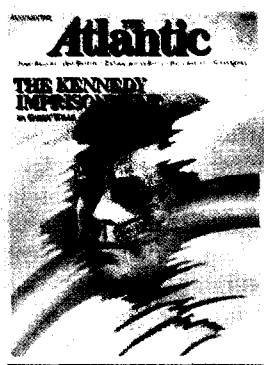
such first-rate singers as Frederica von Stade, Jessye Norman, and Edith Mathis. Less significant is the series on Hungaroton, which so far comprises three operas: *Lo speziale*, 1768 (Hungaroton 11 926/27); *L'infideltà delusa* (Hungaroton 11 832/34); and *La fedeltà premiata* (Hungaroton 11 854/57). The last two do not measure up to the Dorati versions; *Lo speziale*, an interesting early work, may be ordered from Qualiton Imports, Ltd., 39-28 Crescent Street, Long Island City, New York 11101.

WHY HAS SO little critical attention been paid to a sizable body of work by a great composer in a major genre? The last trace of the nineteenth century's trivializing view of Haydn is the myth that his talents were not suited to dramatic composition and that his operas, though they contain some fine mu-

recording, which contains all of the music and omits only a few pages of recitative, the opera takes about two and a half hours—as against four hours or more for most of Wagner's mature works. Similarly, Robbins Landon writes of *Il mondo della luna*: "Like almost everything Haydn composed for the stage at this period, it is far too long (uncut, it would run to about three hours and twenty minutes)." Yet the Dorati recording, which, again, contains all of the music and takes only one two-page cut in the recitative, actually runs to about two hours and forty-five minutes. Colin Davis's excellent recording of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, on the other hand, runs to just over three hours—yet nobody ever accused Mozart of being undramatically profuse or *Così* of being a work of fantastic or Wagnerian length.

An apparently more plausible com-

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tract. But right from the splendid little overture, we are in a world far different from that of *Lo speziale*. The superb, and justly famous, opening quintet, in which we are introduced to all the characters, is a warm and expansive ensemble that sets the tone for the whole work. In the operas that followed, as the plots grew more improbable, Haydn's music grew more inventive and exploratory, the orchestration richer, the vocal writing more elaborate, the finales more dazzling. Finally, the titles prove highly misleading. For *Il mondo della luna*, he created music of sweet and serene enchantment that forces us to share the eighteenth-century fantasy of a lunar utopia even as we laugh at the intrigues by which the astrologer Ecclitico and his friends contrive to win away the daughters and maid of the credulous old man Buonafede. In *La vera costanza*, Haydn took the totally improbable situation of the fishermaid Rosina, who has somehow got herself secretly married to Count Errico, and brilliantly exploited the gap between the meaningless intrigue that seethes around her and her complex and varied emotions as she stands at the center of it all, affected yet unshaken. *Orlando paladino* turns out to be a hilarious spoof on its madly energetic hero, a wild farce in which Haydn even parodied Gluck in a mock-solemn aria given to Charon, boatman of the Styx.

When Haydn scholars discuss his operas—and almost no one else ever does discuss them—they rather nervously assure us that we must not expect them to be like Mozart's, by which they mean that we must not expect realistic situations and characters, psychological penetration, or swift-moving dramatic action. But does Mozart consistently give us these things? In *The Marriage of Figaro*, the opera most often invoked in such discussions, he certainly does. But when one recalls the ending of *Don Giovanni*, or the *donnée* of *Così fan tutte*, or virtually the whole of *The Magic Flute*, one is forced to say no. The reason we love Mozart's operas is not that they conform to those standards of psychological realism and dramatic effectiveness that critics so often appeal to but never formulate precisely. Such standards are in fact loosely derived from nineteenth-century plays and novels, and are inappropriate to both Haydn and Mozart.

In Haydn's operas, we are constantly encountering improbable characters

placed in unlikely situations; yet the music explores the emotions of the characters at great length, and forces us to take both characters and emotions very seriously—even as we laugh at the improbabilities. Leisurely and expansive, yet not at all profuse in a derogatory sense, Haydn's operas revel in the opportunities that their librettos provide for creating what the literary critic Kenneth Burke once called "perspectives through incongruity." This should come as no surprise to us, for the eighteenth century was very fond of creating such perspectives. At just about the time Haydn was maturing as an opera composer, Dr. Johnson praised Pope's *Rape of the Lock* for exhibiting "in a very high degree the two most engaging powers of an author: new things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new." It was the eighteenth century's interest in this sort of ironic juxtaposition that caused its writers to imagine voyages to the moon or to the kingdom of Lilliput, or letters sent back by a Persian or a Chinese traveler to his countrymen from a France or an England in which he found everything startlingly new and strange, yet also oddly familiar. The eighteenth century was, we recall, the great age of satire.

Haydn's interest in placing his characters and their actions in a new and unexpected light often led him to play rather mischievously with the operatic conventions of his time. Students of eighteenth-century opera, perhaps taking these conventions a little too solemnly, have sometimes missed this point. Consider, for example, a moment in *L'incontro improvviso* that has often been sternly criticized.

The plot of the opera concerns two lovers, Ali and Rezia, who eloped, only to have their ship captured by pirates, who separated them. Ali has just arrived penniless in Cairo, having spent two miserable years searching for Rezia. Unknown to him, she is there too, the favorite slave of the Sultan. The climax of the opera will obviously be their reunion, their "unforeseen encounter." Yet when Haydn arrives at this point, he does not give us the grand and rapturous duet we expect. Instead, the lovers genially exchange anecdotes in recitative, and then Rezia illustrates her story of travail by singing a little song that the pirate captain sang to her and her two confidantes as he smoked his pipe, enjoining them to drown their sorrows in

tobacco! What could be more ineptly anticlimactic?

Taken in its full dramatic and musical context, however, this moment is one of Haydn's characteristic masterstrokes. Before we meet either Ali or Rezia, we are introduced to the characters of the opera's subplot, Ali's servant, Osmin, and a fraudulent dervish who teaches him how to beg and shares with him the profits of the successful Egyptian con artist. Haydn's music vividly communicates the enormous pleasure to be had from the abundant stores of food, drink, and—*nota bene!*—tobacco accumulated by the supposedly needy beggars. By the time Rezia comes on the scene, she has already spotted Ali, and her first aria is devoted not to the pain of their enforced separation but rather to the power of love to restore contentment. Soon she and her confidantes, Balkis and Dardane, sing a long and beautiful trio, languorous and very richly scored, with the orchestra's two oboists playing English horns, in celebration of hope and good fortune. Their pleasure, we feel, is a higher version of that felt by Osmin, the dervish, and their cohorts: the music constantly enforces the relation between the two plots. Therefore, though Ali, when he first appears, does sing of his pain and frustration, both the music and the text have so firmly stressed pleasure and enjoyment that we know his distress will soon be relieved. There is no suspense involved when the lovers do finally meet, in Act II, and Rezia's little song is just what the moment calls for, because it maintains the generalized stress on pleasure that has suffused the work, keeping alive the relation between the two plots, even down to the allusion to tobacco—a relation that would have been disrupted by too intense a concentration on the drama of their reunion.

If Haydn had cared to use it, he already had at his disposal L. H. Dancourt's libretto for Gluck's version of the same story, his 1764 opera *La rencontre imprévue*. Dancourt and Gluck do give Ali and Rezia a big duet when they are reunited, and the story about the pirate captain is relegated to recitative, and is told by Balkis, not Rezia. But Haydn's libretto was specially prepared for him by Carl Friberth, a prominent member of the Eszterháza company who sang the role of Ali. Although we know nothing about Haydn's role in the preparation of the librettos he set, Friberth was a friend with whom he often worked close-

ly, and it surely makes sense to assume that Haydn could have had a duet if he had wanted one, but saw that the libretto as reworked by Friberth better suited his purposes.

One is even tempted to imagine that Haydn had a hand in shaping this and others of his librettos, since his instrumental works, as well as his operas, are full of surprises like Rezia's little song. I am thinking mainly not of obvious instrumental effects, like the one that gives the "Surprise Symphony" its English nickname, or the loud, flatulent bassoon note near the end of the serene slow movement of Symphony No. 93, but rather of the abrupt changes of key, the sudden pauses, the unexpected extensions and distortions of phrase, the momentarily disconcerting harmonic alterations that occur everywhere in his symphonies, quartets, and other instrumental works. Unlike the Baroque music that precedes it and the Romantic music that follows it, classical music is strongly characterized by the swift and effortless alternation and juxtaposition, or even fusion and interpenetration, of seeming opposites, by a surprising mix of spa-

ciousness and abruptness, by a pervasive sense of wit and irony. It is an art saturated with theatricality, and the works that Haydn composed for Prince Nicolaus's two operatic theaters played a vital role in its formation and development.

THERE ARE STILL a great many questions about Haydn's operas that remain unanswered. What is his real relation to Mozart and to Gluck? Why, in his last two operas, did Haydn turn away from the sort of mixed or semi-comic opera with which he had had such success, and revert to the older *opera seria*? Bartha and Somfai have shown that the operatic repertory at Eszterháza was dominated by mixed operas until about 1781, but that after that date Haydn more frequently performed serious, even tragic, works. In 1783, he wrote *Armida*, his last opera for Eszterháza, which centers on the hero Rinaldo's conflict between love and duty, and in 1791, while in London, he wrote *L'anima del filosofo* (*The Soul of the Philosopher*), which is based on the Orpheus story but uses the traditional tragic ending, which both Monteverdi and Gluck had rejected.

It is most regrettable that the Philips series was canceled before Dorati had a go at *L'anima del filosofo*. One would also like a chance to get acquainted with Haydn's other surviving operas: the 1762 *Acide*; the 1766 *La canterina* (*The Songstress*), an intermezzo intended to be played between the acts of an *opera seria*; the 1769 *Le pescatrici* (*The Fishermaidens*); and two marionette operas, the 1773 *Philemon und Baucis* and *Die Feuerbrunst* (*The Conflagration*), which dates from between 1775 and 1778. From the last two we would learn how (or whether) Haydn changed his style when he set a German text.

But these and other pressing questions must wait until Haydn's operas are better known. One hopes that day will not be long in coming, for the best of Haydn's operas are not only enchanting works in themselves, far better than their sparse and lukewarm press would lead one to believe, but are also essential to an understanding of his nature and development as a composer, to the development of the classical style, and to the history of eighteenth-century opera. So far, we have barely scratched the surface. □

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BY HOLLY BRUBACH



HERE IS A LIST of the things I was looking for in an inn: Peace and quiet. Privacy. Beautiful countryside. A comfortable bed. A big bathtub. A home-cooked breakfast. A working fireplace, if that's not too much to ask. No organized recreational activities. I figured that staying at an inn would be a lot like staying in a lovely private home, with all of the clean towels and none of the social obligations that come with being somebody's houseguest. It seemed as if the quintessential inn would be somewhere in New England, so I bought all the guidebooks I could find and started looking for it.

The descriptions I read made most inns sound wonderful and pretty much alike. What makes them different, I soon discovered, is their innkeepers. It's how an inn is run that will make your stay there memorable. After I visited several inns that had nothing more than a few four-poster beds to recommend them, it occurred to me that today's innkeepers could learn a lot from Bing Crosby's example in the movie *Holiday Inn*. His inn took on his personality, and his personality was irresistible. Eventually, I found three inns that, each in its own way, live up to the standards Bing Crosby set. But, as I learned the hard way, there are very few that do.

One is in Maine, in Northeast Harbor, a busy summer resort on Mt. Desert Island (at the opposite end of the island is Bar Harbor, a bigger and busier resort). If the Grey Rock Inn isn't exactly away from it all, it is at least above it all, perched on a cliff overlooking the harbor and high above Asticou Inn, which is something of an institution. Asticou's outlook on life is written right into its floorplan: the cocktail lounge and dining room are spacious, furnished in early-country-club decor, while each of the forty-four bedrooms is barely larger than its bed. There are bellhops and a swimming pool and moorings where guests

who arrive by sea can park their yachts. This is the hub of the summer social scene in Maine, and the wrong place to go if you were thinking of holing up with a few good books.

People who prefer to be where the action isn't would be far better off at Grey Rock, which was built as a private home. It has a cozy sitting room and breakfast room, and only nine guest rooms, all of them good-sized, light, and airy, each with a view of the harbor.

My friend and I turned up the Grey Rock Inn's hairpin driveway just to get a look around, and found the front door standing open. We walked in. "Hello?" we called. The faint reply sounded British and as if it came from the rafters. Janet Millett arrived downstairs and introduced herself as the innkeeper. We had interrupted her window-cleaning on the top floor (we apologized) and caught her in her work clothes (she apologized). She had considered, she said, telling us that she was the maid and that Mrs. Millett had gone into town, but thought it better to stick to the truth and beg our pardon for her grubby appearance—not grubby at all by our standards, which are high enough.

After a guided tour of the guest rooms, she offered to put us up for the night, although she was not yet officially open for the season, which runs from early May to mid-October. (Most inns near ski resorts stay open year-round, but many others close after the peak time for foliage.) We settled on the room wallpapered with large roses and furnished with two four-poster beds—one

canopied, with rose-patterned sheets; the other a high single bed, with ruffles of eyelet in tiers, that looked as if it had been designed for the Sleeping Beauty. There were two chairs, one a rocker; a green carpet; an antique floor lamp with a red silk shade that softened the light; a Victorian bench upholstered in pink velvet; and, on one wall, a scene of aristocratic-looking men and women dancing an open-air gavotte. The details were beyond the call of an innkeeper's duty—crystal doorknobs, candlesticks on the dressing table, a bathroom mirror in a tooled silver frame.

Grey Rock manages to pull off warmth and grandeur at the same time, not an easy task. The breakfast room is an eye-ful—a profusion of crystal, marble, antique glass, white wicker, peacock feathers, and Oriental fans. There are flowers everywhere, some real, some silk.

Decor isn't everything, of course, but it does set the tone of an inn, and in this Mrs. Millett has the visual equivalent of perfect pitch. She brings together elements as disparate as cypress paneling and white wicker furniture, she mixes dissonant periods and unlikely colors with a free hand. The only unifying theme to these eclectically furnished rooms is Mrs. Millett herself. Her presence at Grey Rock is pervasive but unobtrusive, idiosyncratic, and gracious.

She serves only breakfast, which is included in the price of the room. But the island is at no loss for restaurants, and there are several lobster pounds nearby. The most famous in all Maine is in Lincolnville, which is not so nearby but is right on the way if you're driving north to Mt. Desert Island. In fact, my friend and I managed to make the Lincolnville Lobster Pound on our way to practically every place we went. It has fresh fiddleheads in season, a takeout window, and no pretensions.

Mt. Desert Island, despite its name, has no desert at all. The name is from the French; Champlain called it the "island of the deserted mountains." Most of them are in Acadia National Park, which is half a mile from Grey Rock. Whether or not you're the backpack type, the park is one place you must go, if only to take a turn around Ocean Drive and see the scenery. Since my friend and I are the sort of people who take their sleep when they can get it, we missed watching the sun rise from the top of Cadillac Mountain, a daily ritual that, we were told, draws quite a crowd.



Holly Brubach is a staff writer for The Atlantic.

THE INN AT Weathersfield, near Perkinsville, Vermont, is an eighteenth-century farmhouse set back from the road, framed on all sides by giant maple trees. Like Grey Rock, it is furnished in different periods and styles—in this case, colonial, Victorian, and what-have-you. But the similarity ends there. Where Grey Rock is elegant, the Inn at Weathersfield is funky. The towels look slightly worn—clean, mind you, but worn. The phone booth (most inns have no phones in the rooms) is the closet under the stairs, but the closet wasn't emptied when the phone was installed—there's still an old soccer ball and a Mouse Trap Game on the shelf. And on the nightstand in my room was a driftwood sculpture, with a little glass seagull hovering in flight, supported on a wire. Maybe this was somebody's souvenir of a trip to the shore. At any rate, it was not in keeping with the brass bed, the American Empire love seat with dolphins carved into the frame, or the oak dressing table with kerosene lamps on either side of the mirror.

Part of this inn's charm is that it looks so lived-in but doesn't feel it: the beds are firm, and the plumbing is in fine repair. My corner room had a shower instead of a tub, but its fireplace, rocking chair, and little balcony giving onto the roof made up for it. Ron and Mary Louise Thorburn run the Inn at Weathersfield the way parents with lots of children and dogs run their homes. Doors open and close continually.

The area around Weathersfield is full of good day trips, including hiking, skiing in winter, and a drive across the Connecticut River into New Hampshire to Augustus Saint-Gaudens's house. There are dozens of other inns nearby. I ran a reconnaissance mission one afternoon to the Three Mountain Inn, in Jamaica, and found it unselfconscious, homey, and inviting. Its keeper is a former New Yorker who got disgruntled working on Wall Street, moved to Vermont, and put out a welcome mat. I didn't have time to stay for a night, but wished I did.

Tea at Weathersfield is served daily at five o'clock or so, in the front parlor or, if it's nice, on the porch. It was long past five when I got back, and the other guests came in late too. But our hosts seemed to think nothing of it and—by this time it was seven o'clock—offered us tea, coffee, wine, sherry, and whatever they happened to have in the pan-

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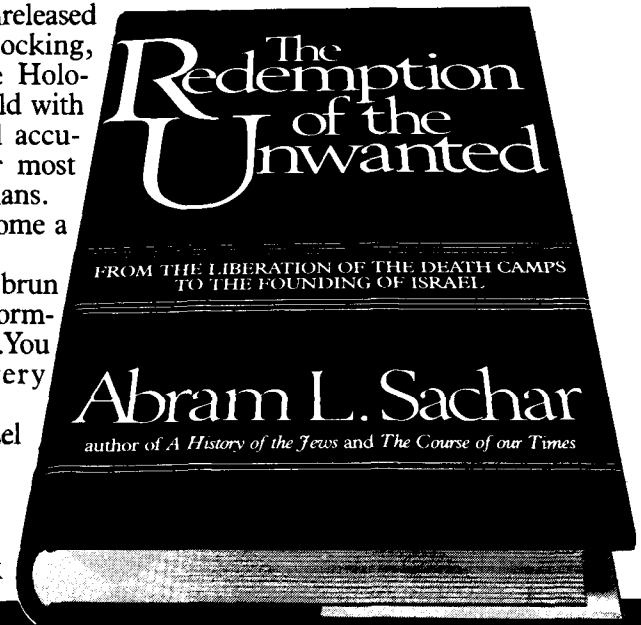
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try. Mary Louise is the chef for dinner, which is served to the public, and breakfast, which is more extensive than the average continental rolls-and-butter, juice, and coffee. She cooks eggs Florentine or Benedict, French toast, or pancakes, and Ron delivers them to your room, a luxury few inns provide.

Besides the Thorburns, the cast at Weathersfield includes Mary Louise's two aunts, ages ninety-three and ninety-five, who mostly keep behind the scenes. They help out with the breakfast dishes and trim the wicks on the kerosene lamps, a chore that has logically fallen to them because they had kerosene lamps when they were girls. Occasionally, the younger of the two snitches the mints set on the guests' pillows at night, to satisfy her sister's craving for sweets.

I DID FIND A third inn that seemed to me ideal, but not before checking in and out of a lot of others that weren't what I thought they would be. In my searches, I was able to formulate a rule or two. The first is to be wary of guidebooks. No one of the four I bought could be trusted completely. Norman T. Simpson's *Country Inns and Back Roads*, now in its eighteenth edition, was the first, and it created a market for other guides and a demand for new inns. Elizabeth Squier and Suzy Chapin's *Guide to the Recommended Country Inns of New England* is amiable, but difficult to read because they are in the maddening habit of using hands (☞) in the middle of their descriptions to call the reader's attention to an inn's distinguishing features. These may be as appealing as ☞ home-baked bread and as drab as ☞ smoke alarms. Architectural Digest's *Country Inns of America* (one volume for lower New England, one for upper) is worthwhile for the full-color photographs, although experience soon proved that no matter how many words it's worth, a picture may be only half the truth. I found *Country New England Inns*, by Anthony Hitchcock and Jean Lindgren, to be the most informative and down-to-earth.

Discretion and magnanimity are wonderful qualities in a friend, but I would prefer that the person writing the guidebook I'm using be indiscreet and unforgiving. These guides, when they don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at all. They are all in the business of enticing their readers to country inns, and so they grant every inn the benefit

of the doubt, avoiding superlatives and comparisons.

The only way to read these books is responsively. Do not let your imagination make a fresco out of the sketchy information they provide. Be suspicious. Be tough. When the guidebooks list everything there is to do in the inn's vicinity, ask why they're trying to get you out of the house. When they rhapsodize about the two-hundred-year-old chandelier in the vestibule, come back with: Fine, but what about the guest rooms?

Be on the lookout for backhanded compliments. If you're as suggestible as I am, you might take Hitchcock and Lindgren's description of the Old Tavern at Grafton, in Vermont, as "an inn that makes few mistakes" to mean that this inn is perfect. The descriptions make it sound more formal and sedate than an inn like Weathersfield, but you would have to go all the way to Grafton to find out just how dull a place the Old Tavern really is. True enough, it makes few mistakes, which is to say that it errs on the safe side. The meticulous restoration has been carried out by the Windham Foundation, and the style is anonymous, homogenized, as if the decorating had been done by committee. The dining room features "traditional New England fare"—cranberry relish, apple pie with cheese, and other specialties of Yankee cuisine—and Mozart's Fortieth Symphony as background music. I would rather not eat to music, but if I have to, I would rather it not be such a big statement in G minor. I guess the rationale here is that Mozart is the right period. If anything, the Old Tavern's dogged authenticity serves as a reminder that what was luxurious in colonial America is spare by today's standards, and this is an idea you would rather run across in a history book than in an inn where you're paying \$60 to spend the night.

The second rule is that the trip to some idyllic country inn is not a trip to be taken alone. Which isn't to say that it can't be done alone, but it's not as much fun and it's difficult—even more difficult, I found, than being on your own in a foreign country. This has partly to do with the food: for some reason, you can more easily sit down alone to a croissant and a demitasse of strong black coffee at the Ritz in Paris than you can face a stack of blueberry pancakes all by yourself at a country inn. I pulled into the Inn at Weathersfield alone and found myself one of only five guests—the others were

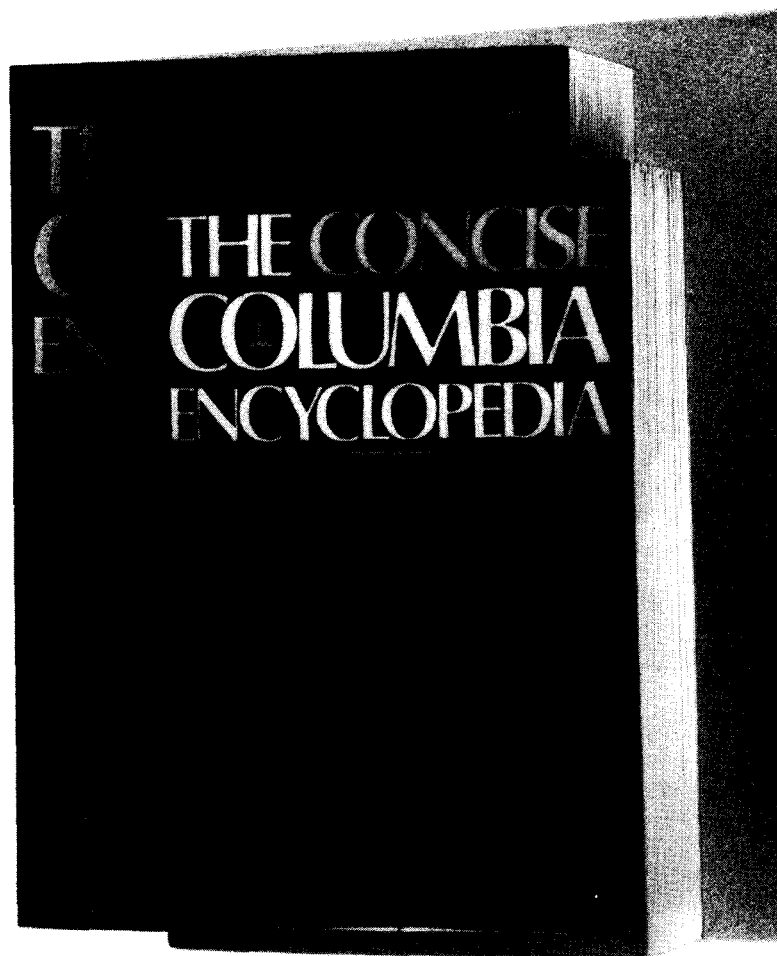
two couples on their honeymoons. An experience like this can leave you feeling like a character in one of Barbara Pym's novels—pathetic and valiant—when what you came for was a vacation.

BLANTYRE, IN LENOX, Massachusetts, is in none of the guidebooks, and it's so lavish and imaginative that you can't help but want to share it with someone, and so expensive that you want someone to share the cost. Constructed in 1902 as an anniversary present from a man to his wife, the main building is a Scottish manor house, a copy of her family's ancestral home. There are tennis courts, a swimming pool, a hot tub, and a sauna, and only eight rooms in the main house, some of them suites, which range from \$150 to \$300 a night. (I did not see the fourteen rooms in the carriage house.) Mine, the Ashley Suite, was a small bedroom with a queen-size canopy bed, a sitting room, and a bathroom, all wallpapered and upholstered in Laura Ashley prints, which this suite carried off without looking twee. There were fresh daisies, a bottle of wine, a plate of Brie and Bremner wafers, and fresh fruit waiting for me on my arrival. There was a telephone on the nightstand and a television in the sitting room, shampoo and a disposable razor in the bathroom, all of which may be standard in a luxury hotel but are rare in an inn. What you pay for at Blantyre is a sense of generosity, and it's well worth the high price.

Blantyre's proprietress, as she is called in the brochure, is Ann Fitzpatrick, a young woman of great humor, good taste, and sophistication, and the daughter of the keepers of the Red Lion Inn, in Stockbridge. Blantyre is clearly her notion of what an inn should be. It is a very persuasive notion.

Dinner was four courses and forty-some dollars, and, though the chef offered to make me any abbreviated version of the full menu and serve it in my suite, I decided to skip it and go for a drive around the Berkshires instead. I found Edith Wharton's house, in a disgraceful state of disrepair, and wandered out toward Tanglewood. When I got back to Blantyre, Ann was standing in the main hall playing hostess, engaging the guests in conversation and pouring after-dinner drinks, none of which ever show up on your bill.

Ann took a small party of us on a tour of the unoccupied guest rooms. (She of-



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fers this favor only to guests; in her efforts to ensure their privacy, she discourages all sightseers.) My favorite was the Corner Room, wallpapered with *trompe l'oeil* swags of yellow satin and furnished with a queen-size carved four-poster bed, Oriental occasional tables, and pieces from the original estate. If the Corner Room is already booked when you call to make your reservation, you might ask for the Laurel Suite, a large bedroom with a sitting area and adjacent dressing room.

When I got back to my room, I found that the maid had closed the curtains and turned down the bed. On my pillow was a chocolate mint and a breakfast menu, to be filled out and hung on the door-knob. Would I like room service to call me before they brought my breakfast in the morning? Well, yes, come to think of it, I would—I hate being surprised by room service. What time? What newspaper would I like? *The Berkshire Eagle*, *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*? I'll take the *Times*, thank you. French toast, eggs any way you like, sausage, bacon. . . . I checked the box for the basic continental breakfast, and went to sleep. Next morning, my breakfast arrived on schedule, but not before room service had called to ask, Would it be all right to bring it now? The tray held fresh daisies, a glass of fresh-squeezed orange juice, a pot of coffee with a cosy to keep it warm, and a basket of fresh blueberry muffins that were 90 percent blueberries held together with a little muffin batter. In the midst of all this, propped up on a placecard holder, was a card. The message on it, written in a graceful script, read: "Good morning, Miss Brubach. The temperature is 52°."

Grey Rock Inn (Janet Millett, innkeeper), Northeast Harbor, Maine 04662. Summer telephone: (207) 276-9360. Winter telephone: (207) 276-5526. Open early May to mid-October, \$75-\$90 a night, including continental breakfast.

The Inn at Weathersfield (Mary Louise and Ron Thorburn, innkeepers), Route 106 (near Perkinsville), Weathersfield, Vermont 05151. (802) 263-9217. Open year-round, \$64-\$100 a night, including breakfast and afternoon tea.

Blantyre (Ann Fitzpatrick, innkeeper), Lenox, Massachusetts 01240. (413) 637-3556. Open June 1 to October 31, \$150-\$300 a night, including continental breakfast. □

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CHARACTERS AND THEIR LANDSCAPES

by Ronald Blythe. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$14.95.



THE BRITISH MAN of letters Ronald Blythe is best known for two superb works of "oral history," *Akenfield* (1969), a revelation of life in a traditional English village, and *The View in Winter* (1979), a book that, posing the question "To be old today is to be contemptible. Why?" invites a number of the aged to comment on what it's like to be very old. The modern invention that makes all this possible, the tape recorder, prompts those who talk in its presence to behave in special ways, hinted at by the style of the interrogator. When Studs Terkel asks questions, people's answers are blunt, open, "confessional," often angry. With Blythe, their answers frequently border on the poetic. "I have these deep lines on my face," one rural worker told him, "because I have worked under fierce suns." An American reviewer of *Akenfield* couldn't believe that Blythe hadn't jazzed up that sentence. But no, he assures us in "The Writer as Listener," one of the essays in this new book, that "odd and untypical remark . . . came out of an emotion which our meeting had unwittingly released."

Two people he admires were also empathetic listeners. The socialist Henry George possessed such power of sympathy as to "carry him," his son said, "directly into another man's place." And then there is Dorothy Wordsworth. She, Blythe says, "loved people, loved listening to them, and accepted each one of them as individual and unique. She approached every living soul with that special quality which her brother and his friends called 'imagination'—a kind of deep luminous truth." Blythe warms to this quality because he shares it: he loves the folk he interviews. They are rural people, like him: Blythe has spurned literary London to associate himself with a small village in East Anglia. And, like him, his village subjects have an instinctive

sense of history. The contemporary is only the contemporary, they all know, and soon it will attach itself quite seamlessly to the past. The fortifications still conspicuous to the walker on the Suffolk coast, he observes, have been built "to repel Bonaparte and Hitler."

But Blythe is more than an affectionate interviewer with a passion for rural England and a deep feeling for history. As the fourteen essays, lectures, and reprinted introductions of *Characters and Their Landscapes* indicate, he is also, as he confesses, a "chronic reader," of topography as well as of people and books. He is fascinated by the effect of terrain and local weather upon certain writers, such as the poet John Clare, and by the power of locality and containment to release and to enlarge certain sensibilities the way extensive distant travel does others. Some people, he points out, have seen the most "when the view was strictly limited." There are some poets and novelists, he notes, who "paradoxically . . . discover that it is *not* by straying far from the headland that they are able to transport their readers into the farthest realms of the imagination and its truths, but by staying put." Thus Blythe is attracted to artists and writers who have enjoyed a permanent "osmotic action" with a particular place: not just to Clare but to John Constable, Thomas Hardy, Emily Brontë, whom he sometimes sees as more talented versions of the rural workers and elderly survivors he delights to understand. Of "the indigenous man" Blythe observes: "What he sees, he is. Flesh becomes place."

Doubtless many Americans will be impatient with this retrograde stick-in-the-mud philosophy. Five million of us move to a new state every year, and in late spring and summer you can hardly negotiate the turnpikes for the moving vans. "The majority of [Americans] queried . . . in an annual poll said they would prefer to live somewhere else," write Richard Boyer and David Savageau, whose *Places Rated Almanac: Your Guide to Finding the Best Places to Live*

Paul Fussell is the author of *Abroad: British Literary Traveling Between the Wars*. His new book, *Class: A Guide through the American Status System*, will be published this fall.

in America is what Blythe's place-rooted *Characters and Their Landscapes* would resemble if you took it all the way through the looking-glass. Americans apparently assume, even when they've found their ideal place and moved in, that they'll not want to stay there continuously, for one of the *Almanac's* criteria of desirability is proximity to a major airport, permitting escape from even the ideal place when the inevitable restlessness strikes. Blythe's view is dramatically different. Far from sympathizing with those who, upon retirement, flee from Scranton to the Sun Belt, he would identify himself with the eighty-four-year-old schoolmaster he quotes in *The View in Winter*: "If you have worked in a place for half a century, as I have, stay there. Stay there, stay there. Hang on to what you have made when you had the strength to make it. None of it can be replaced."

BUT REMAINING QUIETLY in one place and studying it until you understand it is not the only kind of behavior Blythe admires. He also celebrates those who, like Henry George and William Hazlitt, declining to compromise their own clearly possessed values, have the perceptiveness to see what's actually taking place out there and the courage, when it's loathsome, to denounce it. "The very essence of Hazlitt," Blythe finds, "is his dangerousness, and not only with respect to the reactionary climate of his own day, but when and wherever freedom and truth are compromised by those actions which are summed up as the 'art of the possible.'" With many critics today turning their backs on questions of emotional, artistic, and ethical value, it is refreshing to encounter someone like Blythe risking words like "freedom" and "truth." He is also a critic who, describing some of Dickens's "party scenes," is unpretentious enough to use a word like "marvelous," and elsewhere to jog the reader with a phrase like "Have you noticed?"

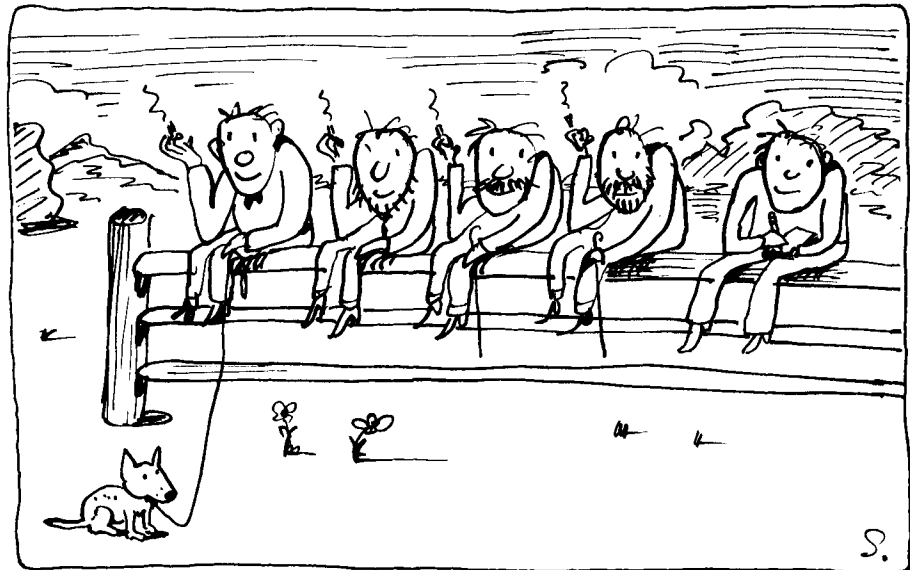
Blythe's critical masterpiece in this collection is "Death and Leo Tolstoy," an extended and profound meditation on death disguised as a critical essay on Tolstoy's *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*. Like most later inhabitants of what will become modern, "rational" Western culture, Ilyich is a "death-illiterate," unable to face the one fact that gives the most meaning to life and love. "To refuse to look at it," Blythe points out, "is the

most certain way of shrinking our responses to everything else." The modern way of dealing with death is to consider it "a social tragedy which could be conquered by means of compassion, economics, and improved medicine." With sensitivity and notable imaginative resourcefulness, Blythe indicates the gulf between the contemporary sanitizing of death and past attitudes, of which Michelangelo's is one: "If we have been pleased with life then we should not be displeased with death, since it comes from the hand of the same master."

If Tolstoy is revealed as an exemplary interpreter of human nature, his obverse is suggested by Blythe as he pillories some egotists unable to reconcile themselves to the actualities of life. One is Dr.

had used her gift like an extra gadget in the lavatory."

Equally telling is Blythe's treatment of Thomas Davidson, the vague but pretentious late-Victorian founder of the New Life Fellowship, of which he appointed himself sole guru. The movement was going to reform the world by apolitical means, especially by "the renewal of the self." Not unlike such anti-industrial, pastoralist gestures as Chautauqua and the communes of the 1960s, the New Life organization (really a mere projection of Davidson's *libido dominandi*) secured property among the sublime mountainscapes of upper New York State and developed itself into, as Blythe acutely notes, "the apotheosis of all nineteenth-century summer camps



Marie C. Stopes, the once-famous birth-control enthusiast and author of *Married Love*, recalled by Blythe in a quietly hilarious reconstruction of an evening during which Dr. Stopes discoursed (very badly) about The Sonnet to a literary society and then attended a small dinner party in her honor. "We were very near dessert before contraceptives entered the conversation, and when they did, she talked of them wearily, like a writer who is dogged through an industrious career by his single best-seller." She seemed annoyed with everyone at the party, "sick to death of us all." What was giving her offense, Blythe gradually inferred, was humanity's stolid refusal to act angelic. "She had taught the man in the street to heave overboard the prurience and taboos of centuries so that he could soar up into the ultimate fulfillment of bliss—and what had he done? The oaf

and reading parties. Sunburnt girls, young men singing German songs, ladies lying in hammocks sewing balsam pillows, plain and plentiful food, music, uninhibited talk, free companionships, books and, at the back of everything, splashing water." This, argued Davidson, was what the New Life was all about, as he might have put it if he'd been our contemporary. "He was writing an important book when death came for him," Blythe comments, delicately placing Davidson as a type of reformer too much the dandy to associate moral ends with political means, as well as too vain and verbal to resist the temptation, disciples gathered round, to vapor the program all away in talk.

WHETHER CELEBRATING OR stigmatizing, Blythe's intellect and imagination are naturally so allusive that he

can hardly write a sentence without historical resonance. Speaking of a Christmas spent in his Suffolk village, just after describing the immense traditional meals consumed on that day, he notes the "frozen stains on the lane made by the discreet lorries which weekly deliver straw soaked in horse urine from Knightsbridge Barracks to our mushroom factory on the old World War Two aerodrome." Two past eras are evoked there, cunningly brought alive for just a moment, the diesel truck measuring the distance back to the world of the cavalry, the contemporary manufacture of specialties for the "gourmet" culture recalling the hungers and deprivations of the wartime past. There, one magical sentence conveys in miniature an affectionately ironic little history of our times, good and bad.

"The past isn't dead," William Faulkner once said. "It's not even past." It is Blythe's easy, unselfconscious intimacy with the past that lies behind his success as a humane critic, and one strikingly impervious to the fads of the moment. He honors the excellent regardless of what people will say, behaving like his favorite Henry George in rejecting "all kinds of class inhibition, popular cant and myth." The neglected and out-of-the-way solicit him always, and he celebrates writers as unstylish as Maeterlinck and John Cowper Powys, George Crabbe and Norman Nicholson. When Blythe criticizes literature, he's looking for the real human being down there under the words, behind the "styles," behind the "period" performance of the language. It is this human being, the person in the artifact he beholds, that he's always probing for. Some historical diaries, he notices, in their "easy jumble of pomp and homeliness, remind one of those florid seventeenth- and eighteenth-century tombs above which a fatherly peer, semi-nude, peruked and amiable, returns the adoring stares of marble cherubs with the same kind of sensible affection as at one time must have accompanied strict advice to his own little boys not to play too near the moat."

The critic as human being: that is Blythe. Reacting to the music at a carol service in his village church, he says: "'Once in Royal David's City' defies all criticism and shakes the collective emotion." He then pays homage to its forgotten author: "Cecil Alexander wrote it in 1848," and adds, as one human being proud of another, "when she was twenty-

five. . . ." And he ends by emphasizing that the present moment has meaning only because it's part of the past. The music of the carol "pours through the architecture like a river and out over the frosty hummocks in the churchyard and the path which has become such a climb because centuries of those fortunate farmers have been dug into it, their dust raising it up." I doubt that a battalion of contemporary semioticians could tease all the meaning out of the word "fortunate" there. □

ASSAULTING REALISM

BY ROBERT TOWERS

WINTER'S TALE
by Mark Helprin.

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$14.95.



ONE CAN UNDERSTAND the impatience of writers with the demands and constrictions of realistic fiction. Many of them perceive it as an exhausted mode, though realism (like a sick king who has had to surrender whole provinces) still holds a position of shaky dominance. Its arch rival, literary modernism in all its protean guises, is also in a bad way, its energies depleted, its experiments old-hat. Is the situation ripe for a romantic revival such as seems to be occurring in music and painting? Instead of attempting painstakingly to create an acceptable simulacrum of the world as we (at least some of us) experience it, or to forge verbal artifacts that are sufficient unto themselves, wouldn't it be more exhilarating to restore our atrophied sense of wonder, to write about a magnificent white horse that can soar like Pegasus, to conjure up a band of troll-like criminals in perpetual pursuit of a saintly orphan who is both a burglar and a master mechanic, to describe a fantasized New York City with all the resources of an unashamedly poetic prose?

Mark Helprin obviously thinks so. He has made romantic forays before, in several pieces from *Ellis Island and Other*

Stories (a collection much admired by a number of reviewers and prize-givers) and in his first novel, *Refiner's Fire*, in which the narrator's adventures seem as whimsically arbitrary as those of any knight-errant. Now, astride a huge, fire-breathing dragon of a novel, Helprin has mounted an all-out assault on the ramparts of realism, brandishing the sword of fantasy and shouting his battle cries: "Vision! Apocalypse! Ecstasy!" The boldness, not to saychutzpah, of *Winter's Tale* may well leave the reader stunned.

The horns of Elfland—not so faintly blowing—can be detected in the rhythms and diction of the opening sentence of the novel proper (it follows a brief, rhapsodic prologue): "There was a white horse, on a quiet winter morning when snow covered the streets gently and was not deep, and the sky was swept with vibrant stars, except in the east, where dawn was beginning in a light blue flood." Escaping from his master's stable in Brooklyn, the stallion crosses the Williamsburg Bridge and makes his way to the Battery, at which point the imagery becomes positively incandescent: "The pale gold agitated in ascending waves of heat and refraction until it seemed to be a place of a thousand cities, or the border of heaven. The horse stopped to stare, his eyes filled with golden light. . . . He stayed in the street . . . while the gold strengthened and boiled before him in a bed of blue." At the Battery, the horse rescues a man fleeing from a sinister gang dressed in bowler hats and heavy coats—and so we are launched on a phantasmagoric flight that will last nearly seven hundred pages.

The fleeing man is Peter Lake, the burglar-mechanic "hero" of the novel, a man who appears, disappears (presumably dead), and many decades later reappears (transformed) in the course of a time scheme that extends from the early years of this century to the advent—once catastrophic and life-renewing—of the third millennium. His pursuers are the Short Tails—men "with strange bent faces, clifflike brows, tiny chins, noses and ears that looked sewn-back-on, and hairlines that descended preposterously far"—and their cruel leader, Pearly Soames. The horse, Athansor, has a habit of appearing at crucial moments to aid the forces of Good in their struggle with the persistent forces of Evil, represented by the marauding Short Tails. This

Robert Towers teaches at Queens College. His new novel, *The Summoning*, will be published this fall.

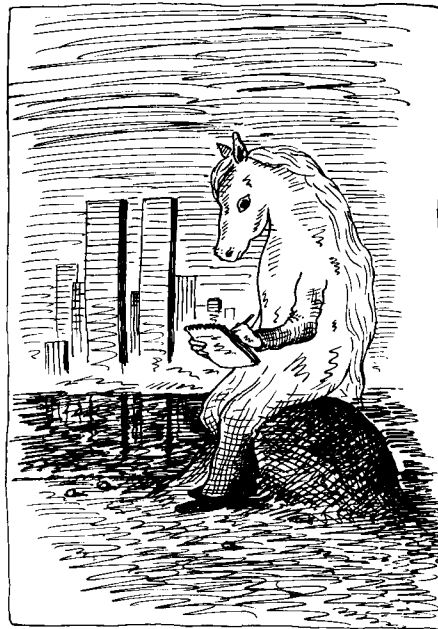
dynamic interplay of forces—call them Eros and Thanatos, if you like—is embodied in scores of characters (emblematic figures, really, for Helprin has no interest in psychological realism) and myriad episodes and images; it supplies whatever narrative energy the book possesses.

Confronted by superabundance, I will mention only a few of the figures and elements that are woven into the fabric of *Winter's Tale*. There is Beverly Penn, the beautiful, elusive, and ailing daughter of a newspaper publisher; for a short time before she dies, she is married to Peter Lake, who is forever afterward haunted by her image. Hardesty Marratta is a stalwart young man who spurns his father's millions, retaining only a golden salver on which is inscribed an Italian motto celebrating the perfectly just city—one of the themes that runs throughout the novel; he marries a girl from the remote Lake of the Coheeries, and they have a daughter, Abby, who dies and subsequently undergoes a surprising resurrection. Then, there is Praeger de Pinto, who is also inspired by the ideal of the just city, and becomes mayor of New York at the city's moment of apocalypse. And finally, representing man's unrelenting drive toward transcendence, there is Jackson Mead, the eternal builder of bridges, who, as the millennium approaches, arrives in New York harbor in a towering ship, determined to erect the greatest bridge of all—one that will extend from the city into the empyrean.

HELPRIN'S FANTASY-spinning apparatus works prodigiously. He invents not only a fabulous New York City—a towering, tunneling metropolis raised upon contrasts and oppositions—but also the Bayonne Marshes, a region inhabited by a primitive and unkempt tribe of Baymen, and the Lake of the Coheeries, “so far upstate that no one could find it,” where in winter the village is covered by thirty feet of snow. He invents a special weather for New York, including a great white cloud mass that surrounds the city, cutting it off from the hinterlands, and a series of arctically severe winters during which the Hudson River is frozen its entire length and travel is possible only by skates, sleigh, or ice boat. There must be at least twenty descriptions of winter—lyrical or grotesque set-pieces, in one instance involving complex snow palaces, whose rooms

serve “as impromptu restaurants, hotels, shops, and inns,” and thousands of tents pitched on the ice.

Not only settings but countless episodes display the fecundity of Helprin's imagination. At one point, Peter Lake is able to project Short Tails through the air by sheer force of willpower: “Swinging his closed fist around his head, he made the Short Tail circle at phenomenal speed, ten feet above the gables and chimneys of the mews. The Short Tail went faster and faster, and his colleagues spun their heads like a group of dogs following an energetic bee, until he began to leave a trail of smoke, and suddenly burst into flame.” Given the choice implicit in Blake's motto “Enough! or



Too much,” Helprin emphatically chooses the latter.

Furthermore, nearly every image, every incident, seems to cry out for thematic interpretation. Archetypes abound, symbols proliferate. Perhaps the presiding theme can be derived from another aphorism of Blake's: “Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.” In various ways, the message is delivered a thousand times. One can speculate, if one wishes, on thematic parallels between Helprin's novel and Shakespeare's play *The Winter's Tale* (disappearance and restoration, metamorphosis, reconciliation, and so forth), but do such parallels matter? A large body of literature and folklore seems to underlie the imagery of the novel. In the

evocations of the variety, squalor, and sublimity of New York, Walt Whitman's “Crossing Brooklyn Ferry” and Hart Crane's “The Bridge” will spring to the reader's mind. The noble horse Athansor will remind some of the noble lion Aslan in C. S. Lewis's Narnia series: the Bayman called Abysmillard (“Sores marched around his body and were visible through all his matted and well-manured hair—as were the occasional living things that sometimes poked from within”) will remind others of some creature in the Tolkien sagas. *Winter's Tale* is exceedingly bookish in its inspiration.

Does it succeed as a novel? My answer must be a slightly qualified negative. A number of Helprin's inventions are spectacular, and some of his effects are richly suggestive. But frequently they seem more willed than inspired. Again and again, I had the sense that my responses were being coerced, that the author was trying to batter me into an acceptance of the book's visionary and poetic powers. The Blakean visions of transcendence and redemption are too glibly asserted: “All time was compressed, and he and the others were shaken like reeds when they realized fully what had come about, and why. And then they were taken by a wind which arose suddenly and carried them up in full and triumphant faith. As they ascended, in mounting cascades, they saw that the great city about them was infinitely complex, holy, and alive.” Too often one is made conscious of the effort to whip the language into flame. Occasionally the results verge on the ludicrous, and the novel sinks under the weight of excessive purple and gold.

It is, of course, possible that *Winter's Tale* will become a cult object, embraced by those adolescents of all ages who are especially prone to magical thinking and to a craving for instant transfiguration. But I doubt it, for the novel contains a more serious weakness than any hitherto mentioned. For all his inventiveness, Helprin has failed to provide his fabulous material with a proper fable—the compelling story that is essential to romantic fiction, whether it be an epic by Tolkien or a sub-literary effusion by Barbara Cartland or by one of the purveyors of shopping-mall gothic. In the absence of a sustaining narrative interest, I regularly felt myself succumbing to the tedium of yet another set-piece, dazzling or otherwise. □

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SHORT REVIEWS



SHALIMAR by Kamala Markandaya. Harper & Row, \$15.95. Ms. Markandaya's latest novel concerns the activities of AIDCORP, an outfit that will go anywhere to build anything that a developing nation needs, wants, or can be persuaded by the company's adroit officials to believe it ought to have. When introduced, AIDCORP is busily constructing an elaborate and luxurious vacation resort on a stretch of Indian coast previously inhabited only by simple and sometimes hungry fishermen. The collision between rural innocence and technological sophistication, between old tradition and modern innovation, can easily provoke a novelist to sociological outrage on behalf of either element. Ms. Markandaya is far too humane to turn partisan. She offers no polemics, no great confrontations, no orthodox big scenes. What interests her, and steadily entertains the reader, is the delicate, often unspoken, succession of sympathies, confusions, blunders, hostilities, and tactful inspirations that arise among her characters. These characters are a wonderfully varied assembly of differing Indian types and assorted Europeans, and the murky currents of comprehension and bewilderment operate within each group as often as they arise between the groups. The book has no villains and no heroes, although Rikki, a clever and talented fisherman's son, and Tully, a descendant of empire builders, may be considered a composite hero. Between them, they represent the best of India's colonial past and the hope of India's future. Rikki has cheerfully attached himself to the new resort, which is called Shalimar. Tully has inherited a house in the area, a beautiful wreck called Avalon. Ancestral dream worlds may differ, the author implies, but people of good will are very much alike.

OVERDRIVE by William F. Buckley, Jr. Doubleday, \$16.95. Mr. Buckley has assumed that a move-by-move record of one week in his bustling life, together with such recollections, reflections, and droppable names as occur to him en route, will be of benefit to the public.

Ah, well, to err is human, and Mr. Buckley is not divine.

A COLD MIND by David L. Lindsey. Harper & Row, \$13.95. The weapon appears early in this tale of multiple murder, and the killer turns up soon afterward. The question that keeps the reader jittering in suspense is whether the police will be able to recognize the former or catch the latter. Mr. Lindsey has produced a sound spine-tingler.

SUDER by Percival L. Everett. Viking, \$13.50. Although the ending of this first novel is less than satisfactory, the progress to it is a remarkable, and promising, medley of the sad, the funny, and the preposterously inventive. Mr. Everett's hero and spirited narrator, Suder, is a black ballplayer—third baseman for the Seattle Mariners—whose appalling slump may be either the cause or the effect of his retreat into what has to be considered madness, although, given the man's problems at home and on the field, retreat in itself is perfectly reasonable. It is Suder's method that is questionable. He proposes to take flight, personally, no aircraft involved. He also acquires an elephant and several distinctly peculiar acquaintances. Even daffiness provides no escape from a daft world.

WILLA by Phyllis C. Robinson. Doubleday, \$17.95. Ms. Robinson's life of Willa Cather concentrates on the connection between the novelist's writings and the people and places that she knew. That is about all a biographer can do with a subject whose discernible activities as teacher, journalist, editor, and author were of the utmost efficiency and propriety, and who also saw to the destruction of a considerable chunk of her private correspondence. Cather's life truly lay in her art. The merit of Ms. Robinson's book lies in its power to make one wish to experience that art directly—in short, to read Cather, either newly or again.

CHICKENHAWK by Robert C. Mason. Viking, \$17.75. A licensed pilot, and wild to try helicopters, Mr. Mason joined the Army in 1965 and went off to Vietnam to serve his country in what he considered the most suitable and congenial way. Helicopters, as he carefully and vividly explains, are tricky things to operate but can do wonders when well managed. He flew slicks—machines that carried little in the way of defense, but anything else

that could be got aboard and off the ground. They were constantly shot at and frequently brought down. Mr. Mason was lucky as well as skillful. He survived enemy fire, descents through slots between trees, and takeoffs from impossible rock ledges. He describes these hairy experiences well. He does equally well in describing dirt, fatigue, Army horseplay, official lunacies, interesting comrades, and the available entertainment. His prose, low-keyed and carefully unemotional, lets the facts of misjudgment, destruction, mutilation, and death make their own cumulative and devastating effect. His report is exciting, and moving, and the ending is a bitter shock.

DAYS OF VENGEANCE by Harry Mark Petrakis. Doubleday, \$14.95. A witless murder sends the killer fleeing to America, pursued, in proper Cretan style, by the victim's brother, bent on bloody revenge. The year is 1909, and Mr. Petrakis's description of the booby-traps lying in wait for unwary immigrants rings wickedly true. The details of deceptive contracts, savage labor conditions, secret union organization, and union-busting tactics compensate for the novel's basically conventional plot.

A TIGER FOR MALGUDI by R. K. Narayan. Viking, \$14.75. The narrator of this tale is Raja, who is eleven feet long. Impossible? Not at all. Raja is a tiger who suffers as many troubles as any human protagonist and is quite humanly puzzled by his predicaments. His adversities include a whip-wielding circus owner and a muddle-headed movie producer. The intervention of a saintly hermit saves him from utter disaster, but piety and vegetarianism are difficult for Raja to practice. The road to virtue is hard, and the destination unreachable. Mr. Narayan has not taken up tigers through any loss of interest in the oddities and follies of people. He offers, through Raja's somewhat mystified eyes, splendid examples of both. The scene in which the citizens of Malgudi organize to evict Raja from the headmaster's office is memorably hilarious.

LIVING WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS by the Harvard Nuclear Study Group. Harvard, \$12.95; Bantam, \$3.95. A portion of this recently published book originally appeared in *The Atlantic* in somewhat different form.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the August Puzzler, "ASTEROIDS"

	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l
1	P	A	R	S		E	C		L	O	P	S
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Across. 1. PA(R)SEC (anag. + r); L(O)PS 2. IDEA (hidden); S-HARP 3. TRAGEDI-ANS (anag.) 4. COLUMBIA (anag.) 5. HIMALAY-AN (*hail may* anag.) 6. T-RACE; T-AGS (t + anag.) 7. DE-ED-ED (*Ed* rev.); REMS (hidden rev.) 8. AND-ROMEDA (*roamed* anag.) 9. R-ESHOT (r + anag.); CARP (double def.) 10. SEAM-AN; IONIA (*in a* anag.) 11. S(A-TELL)ITES 12. KEROSENES (*anag.*) Down. a. PIT-C-H(ea)D-ARK b. ADROIT(N)ESS (anag. + n) c. REAL-M; RED SEA (homophone) d. SAG-A; AERA-TE (rev.) e. SELDOMER (anag.) f. EDUCE (alternate letters); HAL-O g. C-HI(M)ED; MONS (hidden) h. A-BATE (*beta* anag.); TI(L)E i. LAN(YAR)D (*ray* rev.); CO-IN j. O-SAGE; ANTE (rev.) k. PRIM-ARIES l. S-PANS (rev.); S(P-A)S

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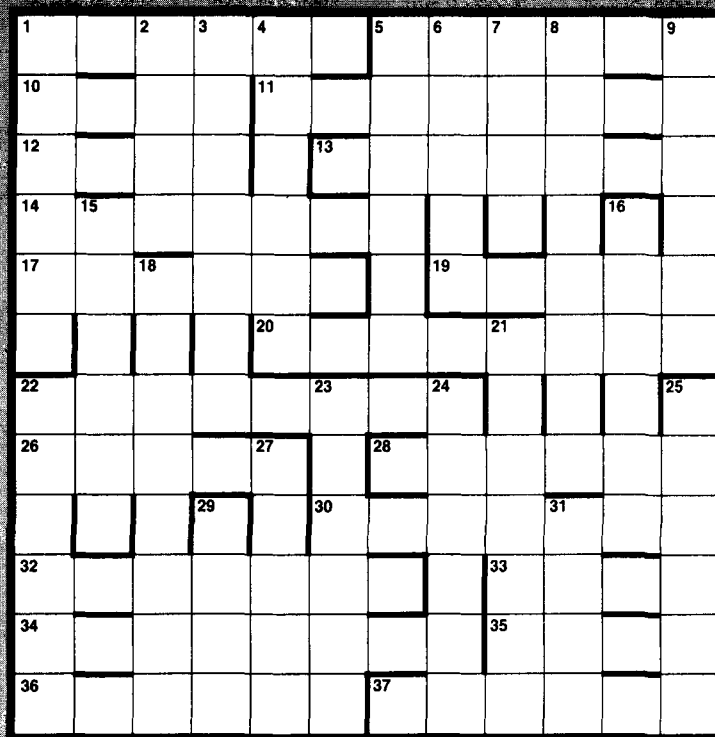
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

ABSOLUTELY!

In this month's puzzle, 17 answers are too long to fit into the diagram. Solvers will find that they can resolve this difficulty by treating the answers . . . absolutely. Answers include 9 proper nouns.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 125.



ACROSS

1. Mark, a bachelor, has a bug (6)
5. Wager about poor serviceman's lodgings (6)
10. Banner displaying a queen (4)
11. Family fate is kept secret (11)
12. Foppish, silly ad did fine (9)
13. Adam learns all about an amphibian (10)
14. Rejecting jogs, I'd get out of shape (7)
17. Enlisted soldier gets in before command performance? (6)
19. Chinese guy mended drain (8)
20. Doctor cited finer toothpaste (10)
22. Birds let loose showed irritation (8)
26. Made a counter-argument end in a rush (8)
28. Ugly crone pinches rear of stick figure (6)
30. Litigant in run-of-the-mill squabble (9)

32. TV shows presenting foods to audience (7)
33. Close to a barker (4)
34. Tess upset about kiss that's wettest? (8)
35. Boston University involved in hackneyed praise (7)
36. A king hiding in ale container (6)
37. Tiny particles could make no mess (6)

DOWN

1. Gloomier start of season (summer) (6)
2. Vehicle filled with neat new fuels (7)
3. Comedian running into embarrassed victims of jokes (10) (2 words)
4. Harmony with a "C" string (6)
5. Live a decade sapped of strength (6)
6. I make a hit with religion (5)

7. Louisiana, North Dakota, and Texas withholding a payment (7) (2 words)
8. Green haystack in Irish town (8)
9. Implement that makes kitten fur be ruffled (11) (2 words)
15. Painter makes most of entrance (6)
16. Outlaw eats half-cooked rat (9)
18. Group of spies holding ceremony with royal standards (8)
21. Celebrity accepts order to attack rising bigots (7)
22. Orchestra type includes fancy bass (9) (2 words)
23. Scandinavian person on a lurching subway? (9)
24. Poet penning misdirected passage for society girl (9)
25. After *Flipper's* over, personality comes up with cold symptoms (8)
27. Duck a sailor (5)
29. Choose a chopper (4)
31. Hesitation is found in no ruler (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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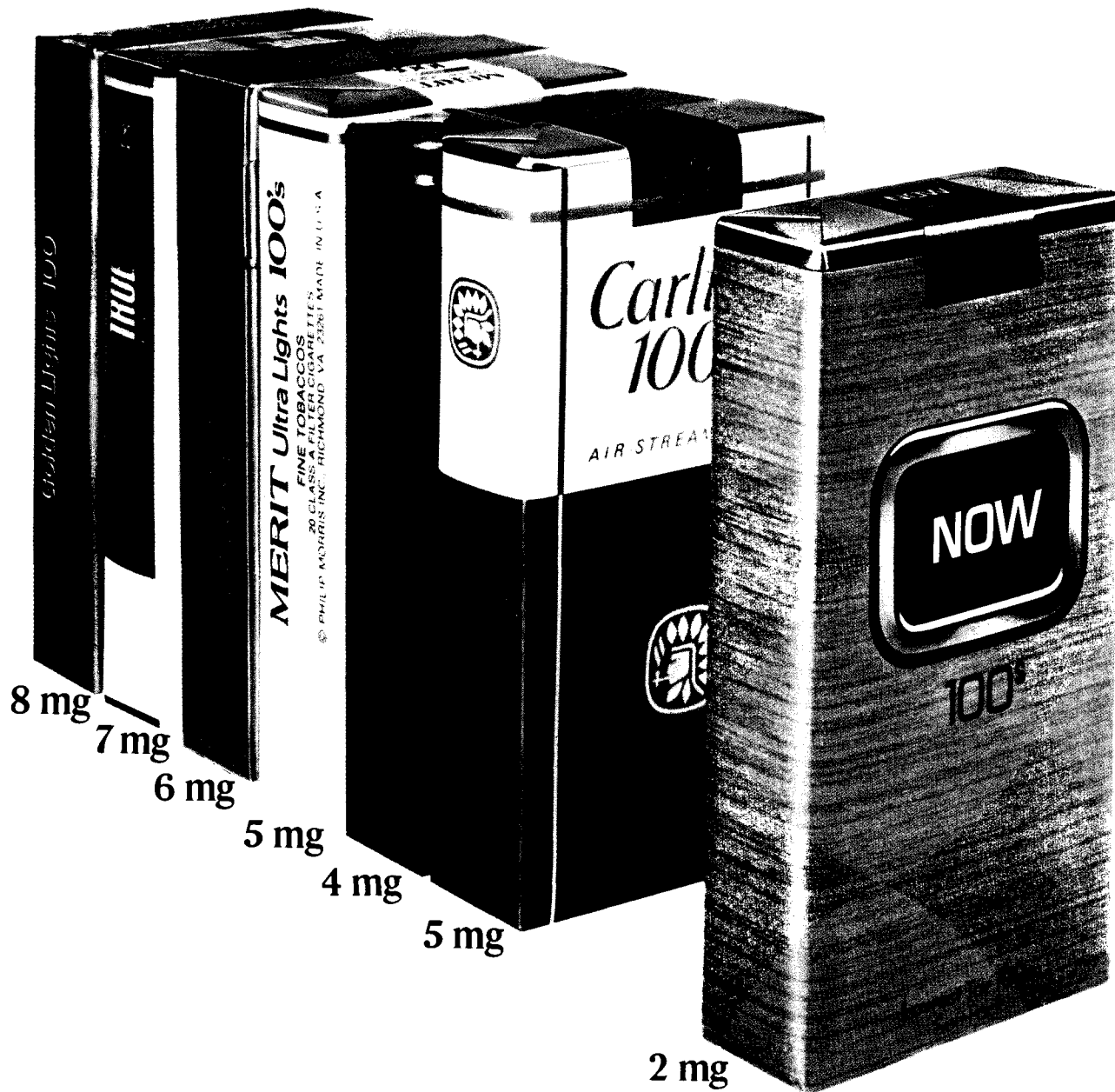
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